The art of Wheedling Enlarged
Best of friend thou art real
Will Plaid Masters

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PROTEUS REDIVIVUS:

The ART of

WHEEDLING

OR

INSINUATION,

In General and Particular CONVERSATIONS and TRADES.

Together

With the several Actions, Inclinations and Passions of both SEXES, and of all their Professions and Occupations.

Discovering

Their many Tricks and Designs to Self-Advancement, though by Indirect Wayes and Methods; Fitly suited to these times, to prevent the Vertuous from Abuses, and to detect the Enormities of the Vitious.

Furnished with many delightful Songs in various Chapters.

Compil'd and Publish'd formerly by R. H. *but now Reprinted with Additions in every Chapter, to almost one half of the Book, By the same* Author.

LONDON.

Printed for *W. D.* and are to be sold by most Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*, 16[illegible]4.

Bibl.
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To Middleton

THE AUTHORS EPISTLE and APOLOGY TO HIS INGENIOUS FRIEND *N. W.* Esq;

SIR,

IN *a late Conference between you and me, (retiring our selves from the unpleasant discords of ratling Carts and Coaches, and the Confusion of City cries, (which obstruct the Freedom of an Active Fancy) you may be pleased to remember the Complaints I then made against the misunderstanding Vul-*

gar, *in censuring so severely the Author of the* English Rogue, *concluding him to be the Actor too: how irrational that Opinion is, I shall leave to any indifferent Person to judge, without Suggesting this; that as it is impossible for any one man to act all those Villanies contained in that Book, so if any one committed but the tithe of them, certainly Justice, though Blind, would soon find him out, and lop him off as an useless, Rotten, and Pernicious Member of the Commonwealth, and not let him live at home in quietness, so long as I have done, without ever appearing before the face of Justice upon any account, much less as a Criminal.*

I cannot say I have done well in

the

the publication of some Books, yet I intended no ill; for my design was not to propagate Vice, but so to detect it, that at the sight of its ugly lothsomness, men should shun it worse than the greatest Contagion.

But you may say, to detect Sin, is to teach Sin; the discovery of Vice, like the Hydra's *heads, doth rather increase, then decrease the Vitious; for Vertue is seldom found to spring from overflowing glasses, and Chastity from Bawdy* Aretins *lascivious Pictures: that wicked Persons, and wicked Actions, should rather be damn'd in obscurity, than by the Pen preserv'd to Eternity; that it is a Sin against Piety to give Wickedness any Life of Me-*

mory; so the Villain became lost that set fire on Diana's *Temple, and* Manlius *was forgot in* Rome *that did an injury to* Rome: *Wicked Names dishonour fair Report, and if by compulsion the Pen must glance upon them, they ought ever to be accompanied with execrations, and Devil must be their only Appellation.*

I cannot deny but all this is true; yet consider, Brutus *and his Confederates, are not forgot in* Livy; Sinon *lives in* Virgil, *and* Pandarus *in* Homer; *there is a* Lais *memorable in* Corinth, *and a* Lamia *in* Athens, *and why should we not match those Rampant* Whores *with a pair of as lusty* Rogues, *one* Spanish, *and the*

the other Engliſh; *not but that other Countries have as large a ſtock of each, but only want recording. If Vice ſhould lye conceal'd, how ſhould we know good from evil; the Miniſter, 'tis true, Diſcovers, Arrains and Condemns it, and with that ſeverity Executes it in the Pulpit, that none can ſtand before him but with fear and trembling; the Law hath ſeveral puniſhments for offences beſides down right hanging: thus, though I have not played the immediate Executioner of ſuch Vices as I have preſented to publick view, yet I have laſht ſome at the Carts Arſe, others I have Carted, and given others the opportunity, as well as my ſelf, to pelt Villany with the*

rotten Eggs of scorn and reproach, whilst every one that would, might pour on her head the Piss-pots of what Ignominy they pleased.

I need not urge more Arguments to prove the honesty of my Intention in Printing the Witty Extravagant, and that my principal aim was not private advantage, but the general benefit of every individual Person, and that it should not be imputed as a fault in me, if any make a bad use thereof, or wrong construction; some vainly, and falsly supposing me, not only so meer a Fool, to relate my own extravagances, but so great a Beast, nay Monster, to wrong the known Piety of my Parents.

According to the promise made

in my Poſtſcript *to the firſt Part of the* Engliſh Rogue, *I purpoſed to have finiſht that Book in a* Second Part, *travelling him through the gentiler parts of* Europe, *Topographically deſcribing all places of eminency, with an account of what Tricks and Rogueries he committed where-ever he came; but the Cudgels were ſnatcht out of my hands before I had fairly laid them down, I intending to have had but one more bout at the ſame Weapons, and ſo have compleated the* Rogue, *but ſeeing the* Continuator *hath already added three* Parts *to the former, and never (as far as I can ſee) will make an end of peſtering the World with more* Volumes, *and large* Edi-

tions, *I diverted my intention into this Subject* The Art of Wheedling, or Inſinuation, *wherein, I have been at no ſmall pains in the Method and Contexture : What I have Collected hath been out of the Choiceſt* French *and* Engliſh Authors, *not ſo much as caſting an eye upon any Copy of the aforeſaid* Continuator, *that might any ways aſſiſt me in this Compoſure.*

Not to tire you Sir, with a tedious Epiſtle, I ſhall only give you a ſhort account of this preſent Publication, and conclude. Though in this Treatiſe I have endeavoured to detect the moſt remarkable Wheedles *of ſeveral* Trades *and* Profeſſions, *yet I have avoided all*

all reflection on particular Persons: and as it is impossible to recount the Wheedles *of all* Mysteries *and* Occupations, *so it is not requisite to meddle with some subjects, that may either be superiour or inferiour to our Discourse.*

My main drift in this Discovery, *is to come to the knowledge of our Selves, by the knowledge of others. That incomparable sentence,* Nosce te ipsum *(proceeding from that* Exchequer *of all knowledge,* Pythagoras) *ought to be engraven on the Frontispiece of every mans heart, evermore in a practice applicative, that it may prove the* Elixir Salutis, *the never failing* Recipe *of Humane Welfare: but to know a mans self is not so*

proper

proper (*saith* Menander) *as to know others; and certainly, had he lived in these Hypocritical and debauched times, necessity would have compell'd him to be laboriously studious in this* Art, *carefully inspecting the variety of mens humours to prevent the prejudice proceeding from the practices of such men, who are generally well read in all the Subtle* Arts of Circumvention. *According to my ability, I have discovered some, and as these shall prove Successful in the acceptation of the World, I shall bestow my pains in a further* Collection, *and shall Correct my present defects in some other* Impression.

Therefore, without the knowledge of our Selves and Others, we

are

are like Crazy Veſſels, yet richly laden, which are toſſed up and down in the Ocean of Ignorance ſo long, till we are either ſhatter'd in pieces againſt the Rocks of diſorder'd deſires and affections, or elſe boarded, and made prize by ſuch, who live on Pyracy *and* Rapine, *Cruzing on the Coaſts of Craft and Circumvention.*

The ſecret of Wiſdom *conſiſts in this, That a man knows what he is himſelf, what he may do, and what he ought to do; and the Soul of* Prudence *lyes in this, that a Man knows what others are, what they may do, and what they are deſirous to do; he that hath gain'd this knowledge, hath acquired the greateſt advantages of life; and*

may

may ſail, or ſafely ride it out at Anchor in the greateſt Storm that can happen.

To ſtudy well the Knowledge of our ſelves, is the ready way to come to the Knowledge of others; and though the Art of knowing others ſeems to have no other ends than to diſcover the Inclinations, Motions of the Soul, Virtues and Vices, and what for advantage may be obſervable in others, yet doth with the ſame labour teach every one to find out in himſelf what is either good or bad, and to deduce more rational and impartial judgments thereof, than if he firſt conſidered them in his own perſon. We cannot by our ſelves come to a perfect knowledge of our Selves; for if, as in a Mir-

rour,

rour, *the Soul attempts the beholding of her ſelf in that Self-reflection, Self-love corrupts and poiſons all the judgments ſhe makes thereof: thus Men tranſported with Anger, though never ſo injurious in that action, by beating or reviling, think all the Reaſon and Juſtice on their ſide: the Covetous Man thinks his ſordid cares the effects of Prudence and neceſſity; the Prodigals expences are excuſed by the undeſerved name of generoſity; The* Philautiſt *or ſelf-admirer being rais'd by the indulgent hand of Fortune, to the top of Natures preheminence; as a petty God directs his imagination far beyond the level of Humility, and thinks his worſt of actions beſt, but at laſt is loſt in his*

own

own foolish Self-contemplation; and indeed every man commonly looks upon himself through a Magnifying Glass, so that he cannot behold his true proportion. In short, as all our Inclinations and Habits please and honour us, so all our Passions seem rational to us, that we may therefore apprehend their imperfections, it is requisite we saw them in another, that being a Glass which flatters not, le Miroir qui ne flatte Point.

The knowledge of a Mans self, as it principally concerns the Soul, so it neglects not the Body, and hath a careful and watchful eye for its Preservation, endeavouring to save the Viol *from cracking, as well as the infused* Aqua Cælestis *from*

cor-

corrupting: Thus the perfect and ſound eſtate of Soul and Body is maintained by the knowledge thereof, and that chiefly by the due obſervation of ſuch things as may be hurtful, or helpful thereunto; this is an Art obtain'd by a very few.

As to the knowledge of others, we have been in the ſtudy of it ſince there were but three men in the World, yet if what we have purchaſed by much travel and inquiry, were put into the Ballance with what we have not attained to, I believe you will find (Sir) that the Scale of Ignorance, will out-weigh that of Knowledge. Certainly there is no Art ſo full of uncertainty, as for one Man

to

to know another, and though there are ſeveral helps, as the lineaments of the Face, lines of the Hand, and Conſtitutions of the Body; yet theſe are inſufficient to lead us into a perfect knowledge. We cannot deny that Vultus eſt Index animi; *and though the eyes are the Caſement of the Soul, yet they frequently prove falſe Glaſſes; though as the* Turk *believes every mans fate and fancy be written in his Forehead, yet the Letters are ſo obſcure, that we cannot read them. The moſt probable way to get this Art, is by* Converſation, *according to the Italian Proverb,* I ſaw thee at *Rome,* I knew thee at *Venice*; *and without this it is impoſſible for any to practice the Art of* Wheedling,

ling or Inſinuation, *and it is pity ſo bad a uſe ſhould be made thereof, which is not my intent in this Preſent Publication; for I'le aſſure you my ſole intent is only to diſcover how knaviſhly ſome* Wheedle *for advantage, and to teach men to be wary of Hypocritical undermining Inſinuations.*

For my own part, as I cannot in all points Juſtifie my ſelf from having any ſhare in thoſe Wheedles *herein contained, neither dare I affirm my ſelf a Practitioner in a half here recommended to your view, yet give me leave (Reader) from ſome good grounds to believe that they are too frequently uſed in this Age.*

Its now eight years ſince I compil'd this Hiſtory, and more Experience

perience and Converse both abroad and at home has almost made this a new Book, above one half being Expung'd, and more made new; (though reduc'd into a lesser Volum and Price, which you may thank the Honest Printer for) these Extraordinary Alterations and Additions may let us see the Different increase of Vice and Vertue, in order to the avoiding the one and pursuing the other; which is all desired in the last Labours of

Sir,

Your Friend and Servant,

R. H.

The

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Proteus

Proteus Redivivus,

Or the ART of

WHEEDLING

OR

INSINUATION.

CHAP. I.

The signification of the Word Wheedle.

THIS mysterious word *Wheedle*, without offence to the signification, in my opinion pleads no great antiquity, neither can it boast it self the legitimate off-spring of any learned Language. In neither find it registred in the *Mouldy Glossaries*, nor an Inhabitant in the *New World of Words*. Since then neither *Golius*, *Goldman*, *Buxtorfius*, *Stephanus*, nor any *English Expositors* give us neither the Etymology nor signification of this word *Wheedle*, we must apply our selves to the

Canting Dictionary, as the *ultimum refugium* of our better information; where you shall find the word *Wheedle*, imports a *ſubtil inſinuation into the nature, humours and inclinations of ſuch we converſe with, working upon them ſo effectually, that we poſſeſs them with a belief that all our actions and ſervices tend to their pleaſure and profit, whereas it is but ſeemingly ſo, that we may work on them our real advantage.*

Vid. *Engliſh Rogue*, *The Devil's Cabinet broke open*, &c. Wheedling, *quaſi* wheeling *inde Wealings* near *Flushing* a refuge in neceſſity.

CHAP. II.

The Nature of Wheedling, and what the Practice thereof directly drives at.

THE *Art of Wheedling* is a Science, wherein is taught, by converſation, a general knowledge of the Humours, Paſſions, and Inclinations of male and female, according to their ſeveral Ages, Sexes, Profeſſions and Occupations, whereby the Profeſſors of this profound *Art*, ſuiting their deſigns to the Nature of the Perſon, and Profeſſion, they take effect according to their deſires and expectations. Advantage is the ſoul or center of this *Art*, regarding no other intereſt, but its own, and ſubſervient to none, but for preſent or future profit: There is no living Creature, which from its birth brought not this Science into the World with it either more or leſs, according to the ſagacity or dulneſs of every Individual. Man is the chief Maſter of this Art; Yet

Yet every man hath not the ingenuity to plum the depth thereof, and for want of this knowledge become a prey to those that understand it. Beasts, Fowl, and Fish, in their several degrees participate hereof; by which means they receive sustenance from each other. If you will be fully satisfied of the truth hereof, first read Men, and see how they act upon the Stage of this World; then read Books, which contain the History of those Animals last mentioned.

This Art of Wheedling, which some would have called *Complaisance*, is in plain terms, nothing else but the *Art of Insinuation*, or *Dissimulation*, compounded of mental *Reservation*, seeming *Patience* and *Humility*, (self-obliging) *Civility*, and a more than common *Affability*, all which club to please, and consequently to gain thereby.

This profitable (if rightly practised) *Art of Wheedling* hath something more in it than barely wealth, which perswades men to follow its dictates, or directions; for the welfare of the whole body depends, and moves upon its hinges; this admirable *Art*, by a secret and most powerful charm, calms the rage, and greatest displeasures of the most Potent; disarms our Enemies, when in the greatest fury, and wrests the sword out of that hand, that is just about sheathing it in a scabbard composed of flesh and blood; this, and much more it does by feigned submissions, and by pretending an untainted entire friendship, whereas, if there be not downright enmity, yet there is no other respect for the person, than what is in outward appearance, to engage him either to lay aside his present anger, or perswade, and oblige him to some kindness extraordinary. Here let me give the Wheedler this caution, that as he must have an especial care of falling into a condescensi-

on that is too baſe and low, ſo let him always avoid ſharp contradictions, whether he be in the company of Superiors or Equals; framing his gentle Negatives after that ſubtle manner, that they may ſeem to differ little from *Affirmatives.*

Diſproving what is moſt agreeable to the conſtitution of any perſon (though never ſo vitious) is diſobliging, which the *Town-ſhift* or indigent *Gallant* indeavours to ſhun, and lives ſplendidly thereby, and inſtead thereof applauds things done by the glittering rich *Fops*, though unworthy of every honeſt mans approbation, imitating thoſe *Greeks*, of whom that ingenious tell-troth Satyriſt *Juvenal* gives ſo pleaſant a relation; *theſe men* (ſays he) *will conform themſelves to all ſorts of company; do you laugh, they will ſtrive to laugh louder; if you are penſive and ſad, and prone to weep, they ſhall inſtantly deluge themſelves in tears; if you complain of cold, they ſhiver, as in the extremity of a Tertian Ague fit; and if you do but ſay, the weather's warm, they will cry out, they are ſwelter'd with heat.*

———*Rides? Majore cachinno*
Concutitur: flet, ſi lachrymas conſpexit amici,
Nec dolet, igniculum Brumæ ſi tempore poſcas,
Accipit Endromiden; ſi dixeris, æſtuo, ſudat.
Juven. *Sat.* 4.

If you tell a lye, though never ſo groſly falſe, they ſhall ſwear to the truth of it, without a *Subpœna*; in the middle of your diſcourſe they ſhall ſay; *'tis ſo indeed*, not in the leaſt underſtanding what you meant. In ſhort, without feeling any of your paſſions, or underſtanding any of your actions, they appear more affected and concerned than your ſelf, and never fail to compoſe and conform their countenances and actions to yours.

They

They are like a fish called a *Polypus*, of whom it storied, that it hath the power of converting its colour into that which is neareſt it, and moſt contiguous for ſelf-preſervation; theſe *Proteï* of this looſe age can turn themſelves into any ſhape, ſo that the converſion of the form will produce any profit or advantage.

CHAP. III.

What Qualifications are requiſite in a General Wheedler, or Diſſembler.

ANtiquity hath reaſon to ſay, that the caſe is the ſame with Sciences, as with Seeds, and Plants, which never bring forth any thing, if they meet not with a ſoil fit for them: it is certain, that there is not any wherein that Truth may be more evident than in this *Science*, which is not only a bare *Art of Wheedling*, or diſſembling with Men, but likewiſe an *Art* or *Science*, wherein every one is taught the knowledge of Men, through Converſation, and by their ſeveral Temperaments, Inclinations, and Paſſions; for it will become barren, and of no advantage, if it meets not with a Genius, and diſpoſitions neceſſary thereto.

As few Men are qualified for this *Art*, ſo ſome Mens Profeſſions, and others tender Conſciences will not permit, nay, rather abſolutely deter them from the Study and Practice thereof. There is no man ſo fit to make uſe of this damnable *Science*, as he that hath Shipwrack'd his Conſcience in the tempeſtuous diſcovery of an Eſtate; whoſe

mind must be illuminated with secret lights, and guides of some invisible *Dæmon*, directing him through the difficult ways, and various Meanders of this Diabolical *Art* and *Science*. This black Hellish Brat must be cloth'd like an Angel of Light, and when he prays, it must be to this purpose,

——Da justum, sanctumq; videri.
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus objice nubem.

Let me seem just, and holy, let the night
Ore-cast my frauds, let clouds obscure their light.

Let me now dissect this *Wheedle*, or take him in pieces, and you shall find his principal Members are *good Natural parts* with the gifts of *Reservation*, *Dissimulation*, *Flattery*, pretended *Patience*, *Humility*, *Civility*, *Affability*, *Plausability*, with other ingredients hereafter mentioned, which make up his composition.

I propose good Natural parts in the qualifications of a *Wheedle*, because it is impossible for him to exercise any of the other recited to his advantage, unless he have a good natural Genius, which ought likewise to be improv'd by Experience, and Languages, though there are a great many insinuating Rascals, who successfully *Wheedle* only by common sence, with the help of a little reason; wherefore in the first place I shall discover what Genius a *Wheedle* ought to have, and how qualified by Art.

The first Qualification of a Wheedle, a good Genius; adorn'd with Real or Counterfeit Learning, or Languages acquired by Travel.

IT is not to be call'd in question, that no man is more capable of all manner of business, than he, who having good natural parts, is indued also with a competent stock of Learning, gilt over with forreign speculation, and experience.

A good *Genius* is able to do much of it self, but it will act wonders, when Learning, Language, and Experience are inoculated therein. Wit alone, though natural, yet if active, and acute, can apparel it self with a thousand variable delightful colours, and suit it self with as many more pleasant resemblances, it will shine gloriously in the Hemisphear of the Intelligent; yet still Learning ought to be the fewel to the fire of this wit; for, if it wants the feeding, it will eat out, and consume it self.

Moreover if this good *Genius* be not frequently practised with men, and brush'd over with ingenious conversation, it will become so soil'd, and dusty, that little shall appear in it legible, but the Characters of Ignorance, and Rusticity.

Excellent parts without Learning, may be said to be in Ore, unwrought, untry'd, which Letters, Time, and experience fashion and refine. Such a man so qualified hath good mettal in the inside, though rough, which only wants scowring, and polishing without; and he that hath these rougher parts made smooth, and filed, (if rightly used) outvies all other splendors of this World, and is the greatest benefit to the Universe, and Himself.

Such a person, whose natural, and acquired parts contend for priority in excellence, scorns these his better parts should play the *Bawd* to any base action, or that they should *Pimp* for him by an ignoble *Wheedle*, or *Insinuation* for preferment: He is happy enough already in what he enjoys; and his happiness is the greater in this, that he cannot be dispossessed of what he holds in *Capite*, which gives him so great a satisfaction in the contemplation of that perfection he hath brought it to, by his indefatigable study and industry, that no worldly honour, or advancement can raise him to an higher pitch of contentment.

It is the *Pretender* to Learning (having an indifferent *Genius*) of whom I shall discourse, which is the first qualification of our *Wheedler*; a Fellow, who must so well act the part of a *Scholar-Mountebank*, that his *Art* may prove other mens delusions. He must be trick'd up in all the accoutrements of Learning, having the terms of Art of most Sciences, and his mouth stust with variety of Sentences, (like a *Jugler* with small Ribbonds of several colours) collected from Classical Authors, as well Poetical as Historical, which he may disgorge upon all occasions to the admiration of the *Non-intelligent*. And the better to perswade some, that he is a very contemplative man, and a profound Scholar, when he walks it is near some publick place, where he may be seen with a Book in his hand; if in the Church, he hath a *Greek Testament*, or Hebrew *Bible* in his Pocket, which he will not trouble himself to open, unless he observe some stander by look over him.

In Company, more learned than himself, he hath the wit to hold his tongue; for though he

hath

hath no real Learning, yet he hath so much cunning not to let the Word know it, to avoid being laugh'd at for an *Insignifico*; thus this poor Devil fools himself most, by endeavouring to cheat others; for he conceits nothing in Learning, but the opinion, which he endeavours to purchase without it; whereas did he rightly understand himself, he might with less labour cure his ignorance, than go about to conceal it.

To the intent he may pre-possess his Auditors with a good opinion of him, he is still citing for himself, *That a Candle should not be hid under a Bushel*, and for his part he will be sure not to hide his own, though it be but a Snuff, or Rush-Candle.

Some good parts we will allow him to have of whom he is over-sensible, and is no Niggard in displaying them to advantage; like a *Lottery*, that shows more than belongs properly to the Master, and is like it too in this, that nothing parts from it, or him, but that the Trumpet sounds, fill'd with the breath of vanity and vain-glory.

By these Artifices, *viz. Terms of Art, scraps of* Latine, and *scrapings* from ingenious Company, he hopes to gain a splendid reputation in the World; he is a great Plagiary of Tavern, and Dramatick wit, which he useth to bring in upon such and such hints; he crowds his memory with new Songs, witty Sayings, and far fetcht A-la-mode words, and seldom fails of an opportunity to wind them in.

These are his accomplishments, which (with the good Armour of his face, which is Cannon proof (for he is dash'd out of any thing, sooner than countenance) he hopes will bring him into the acquaintance of a great many, and Great men too. With whomsoever he gets acquainted, he

Regiſters their Names, Lodgings, and Habitations, leaſt he ſhould loſe the leaſt hope of doing himſelf a kindneſs; for that end he carries a Table book in his Pocket, in which he writes every days advantageous promiſe made him, or whatſoever obſervations he made of any mans words, or actions, which may tend to the future benefit of himſelf, or friend, if it be poſſible for him to entertain a friendſhip for any perſon.

He carefully obſerves duely, and ſeaſonably to perform his viſits or attendance; and thus at laſt Preferment ſtumbles on him, not ſo much for deſert, but becauſe he is ſtill in the way, or he ſtumbles upon it being ſhoved forward by Languages, he hath got by Travel, waiting on ſome Gentleman into Forreign parts, and no Language tickles him more than the *French*, becauſe he knows ſo many *Engliſh* Gentlemen fooliſhly doat thereon; by which means *Monſieur* is too frequently prefer'd before their own Countreymen. Miſtake me not, though I inveigh againſt this ingrateful kind of Foppery, I have not the leaſt diſeſteem for Travel, knowing how many benefits accrue thereby.

St. *Auguſtin* calls this World a *Great Book*, (then *Men* are the *Epitome*'s) and certainly none ſtudy theſe *Books* ſo much as the *Traveller*. They who never ſtir from home, can hardly be ſaid to have read a leaf of the *Greater*, and are in a manner as ignorant as that *Taunton woman*, who having never been a mile out of the place of her Nativity, and being married to one living about twenty miles from that place, as ſhe travel'd to her new home, ſtill cry'd out, *John, John, What do'ſt mean to do? carry me to the world's end?* Bringing her home with much ado, he told her (according to the beſt of his knowledg) that the world

was

was a hundred times, at least, as wide and large as the ground they had rid over; to which she reply'd, *John, If thou wer't not my Husband, chud say, thou art a greater Lyar than any in that world thou talk'st on.*

'Tis true, a man may read men at home, but if he go no farther, he shall never have the reputation of a man generally read, but be like that dull fellow in *Pliny*, who could never learn to count above five. *Homer* sets forth *Ulisses*, as the wisest of all the *Grecians*, because he had travel'd much, and had seen *Multorum hominum mores, & Urbes*: thus *Seneca* saith, *Imperitum est animal homo, & sine magna experientia rerum, si circumscribatur Natalis soli sui fine.* Man is a raw unskilful animal, and void of experience, who is still confin'd within the narrow limits of his own Country.

As Travel furnisheth man with universal knowledge, so it acquaints him with hardship, and so adapts him to indure patiently whatever mean condition perverse fortune hath thrown upon him, till his own wit by Services, and insinuation shall redeem him from that slavery, and place him to his better satisfaction. It was an excellent saying of *Seneca*; *Malo tibi male esse, quam molliter*; I had rather thou shoulst be sick, than soft. It is reported that the *Coral Tree* is neither red, nor hard, till taken from its Maritime habitation; nor can man, in my opinion, make the best advantage of his knowledge, till he hath in some manner imitated the *Romans*, in putting out their Children to be Nursed by *Lacedemonian* women, till they were three years old; then they were removed to their Unckles, till seven, or ten; then they sent them to *Tuscany* to be instructed in Religion; and at last into *Greece* to study Philosophy.

Now

Now what greater advantage can accrue to him that would live merrily by his wits than diversity of tongues, by which he shall understand, and be understood, nay and beloved by all Nations? This advantage Travel produceth, in that it doth in some manner take off that Aborigenal Curse the *Confusion of Tongues*, which is such a curse indeed, that it makes men who are of one kind, and made to be sociable, so strangely to fly one another, that as an eminent Father of the Church said, *A man had rather be with his dog, than with a man whose Language he understands not.* Nay, this diversity of Languages makes a wise man pass for a fool in a strange Country, and a fool to pass for a wise man, when he speaks that language perfectly to them who understand it but in part, or who have but some small glimmering light to lead them into the depth thereof. This makes the poor wandring Exotick thrive indifferently where e're he comes, and *Monsieurs* services courted (as I said before) for the *French* Tongue, though he hath neither wit, person, or habit, to render him acceptable; though he be ragged, this soon metomorphoseth him into the garb of the times, and by a narrow inspection you shall find it his *Imprimis*, and all the *Items*; whose fantastical cringes to Ladies are his dayly study, and only devotions; and though born with the art of talking idley, yet some female *French* admirers love him the better for it, being by that the more suitable to their company. My own experience informs me this; for I knew a Gentlewoman of good quality, who who would not admit of the Caresses or Courtship of her Lover in English, and could not prove successful in his *Amours*, till he made his addresses in a forreign Dialect. Nay, such is the love and respect we bear all Trades-

men

men; what-ever, who speak any other Language than our own, or go out of the notion of Out-landish, that we desert our own Countreymen, though every way as ingenious in any Art or Mystery, to follow them, which is the general and just complaint of thousand of Artificers in the City, and through the whole Kingdom.

We may farther understand the advantages of knowing, and speaking more Languages than our own from the general itch, which possesseth the better sort of people to be acquainted with them; so that now a days you cannot come into any mix'd Company, where a *Pantaloon*, or an *A-la-mode* Suit, endeavours to hide the imperfection of its Master, but that you must imagine *Babel* is revived; for every one endeavours to gloss his slender parts by those Languages, he hath learn'd by Travel, or otherwise; some *snuffling* out the *French*, others *blustring* out the *Dutch*, as if they intended to blow their *Cheeks* into *Bag-pipes*; whilst others are endeavouring to make the lofty *High-Dutch* to pass for *Greek* amongst the Ignorant, whilst their Bellies in the mean time are croaking out the *Hungarian*. Now he that can best suit any Language that is spoken in Society, by his good proficiency therein, is sure to make a conquest of one heart at least; if withal he apply himself to his wonted flattery, by possessing the speaker (though what he delivers be imperfect in sence, for want of words, as well as in pronunciation) that he speaks the Language like a *Native*: This (though false applause) oftentimes so swells him, causing him to look so high that he cannot see the head of Mr. *Wheedle*, who by this means, most certainly, and securely picks his Pocket.

And here I cannot omit the relation, how one was soundly basted for his arrogance, and igno-

rance

rance upon the like account; This Gentleman was a *Grammar Frenchman*, who was flatter'd by his *Wheedling Master*, that he had made a wonderful, and more than common proficiency in the *French Tongue*, for ſo ſhort a time; this unmerited praiſe did not only melt the Money in *Monſieur Engliſh* his Pocket, but likewiſe prompted, and emboldned him to engage with all *French* Diſcourſes he happen'd to meet with, glorying in that courtly embelliſhment; it happened unfortunately that he fell into ſome Company, where was a Gentleman born in *France*, who could ſpeak little or no *Engliſh*, but ſpeaking altogether his Mother-Tongue, he was applauded by this talkative *Fop* (not knowing juſtly what Countryman he was) in theſe words, *Monſieur, ma foi, vous parlez Francois comme un Naturel*; which is, you ſpeak *French* like a Natural: intending to ſay, you ſpeak *French* like a Native of *France*; *Monſieur* at firſt, and ſecond time took little notice of it, but the other perſiſting in that abuſive Encomium, in a very great paſſion, call'd him *Bougre*, *Jtan Foutre*, and I know not what beſide, and not ſatisfied with that, he did ſo beat and kick him, that he could neither ſpeak *French* nor *Engliſh* for half an hour after.

The *French* have a ſignificant *Proverb* to this purpoſe, *Parlez bien, ou parlez rien*, ſpeak well, or dont ſpeak at all; which is ſomewhat like the *Iriſh*, *Aber began, aber ghemah*; Speak a little, and ſpeak it well; this caution our *Wheedle* ought to take ſpecial notice of; for if he do not, inſtead of advancing his reputation, he may either leſſen or deſtroy it. Wherefore if he ſpeak to the judicious, let him ſpeak nothing but what is proper, and if preſt in a Diſcourſe beyond his ability, there are twenty ſlights by which he may ſhift his

neck

neck out of the collar, by his humble submission, acknowledging his insufficiency to proceed further; and by this yielding a conquest to others, he may probably gain an absolute victory over their hearts, or at least he shall have the title of a modest man conferr'd upon him.

Though the *Italian* and *Spanish* are elegant Languages, and very useful in the building up a structure of Knowledge, yet the *French* is more generally entertain'd by our Gentry, who had need to have good Lungs; for a long sentence seems by the pronunciation to be but one word: it is my opinion, by a long converse among them, one might understand them by the gestures of their body, and motion of their fingers, as well as by their tongue, they abound so much in both whilst they are discoursing; but as for the *gentle shrug*, (as they call it) it may be mistaken by the *Scotch* for a *louse remove*.

To conclude, besides the aforesaid profits which attend a Traveller, it makes most affairs successful he takes in hand; it enricheth him with a world of experimental knowledg; it makes him a hardy and knowing Souldier; it enables him to be a spye in all companies; for by pretending ignorance in the Language they speak, and mingling with them, he finds out their designs, and can cross, or cherish them as he thinks it may tend to his advantage.

Lastly, It makes him welcome to all men, sought after by his betters, and listned to with admiration by his inferiors, especially if he have the glib faculty of sliding over his relations and reports; and thus whilst he lugs them by the ears, he hath full hold of their hearts, which by prudence he may form to the assistance of his necessity, or most important affairs.

The second Qualification of a Wheedle, Reservation.

THE Pilot that steers him steddy in the turbulent Sea of worldly business, and with safety too, amidst the most subtil practices and contrivances of men, is his reservation, concealing himself from the knowledg of others, whilst he is most busily employed in the knowledg of other mens affairs. He is like a cunning *Gamester*, who whilst he prudently conceals his own Game, he hath an eye of his own prying into his adversaries hand, or another employed to that purpose, by a stander by, his Confident. Shewing of Cards before they come to be plaid, occasions not only loss to him that so imprudently doth it, but also to those whose interest is twisted, and engaged with his; by keeping close his hand, as at *Put*, he makes you believe his Game is better than it is; for without boldness you will seldom win at that sport, *putting* boldly many times at a (careless) *six*, or *seven*, when the Adversary, by that confidence believes it a Duce, or Tray, and not daring to see it, is a loser thereby: thus his good clothes are his Coat-cards, which he will give you a glimpse of, that you may suspect his hand is better furnished than it is, but fearing the loss of his designed success, will permit you to inspect no farther.

He holds this as an undeniable maxim, that no wise man will put confidence in him, who at any rate will discover himself, and fearing from hence, that he may be left to himself, void of advice in the necessity of his affairs, he will keep his mouth close shut, though he hazard a drowning

ing within, for want of opening the ſludgate of his body to give ſome vent to that Ocean of liquor he drank, for the glibber carrying on ſome notable deſign. If he diſcourſe any thing, it ſhall be about matters indifferent; and if he pretend to tell you a ſecret, engaging you to ſilence, it is only to try your truſt, for it is ſo well contrived, he matters not what man hears it.

I have often been ready to laugh out-right, when I have ſeen him affronted or abuſed with expreſſions more than civil: in bridling of his Choler-ick juſt reſentment; Oh how he hath chew'd upon the bit; fleſh and blood would not ſwallow thoſe words; thoſe bitter Pills the ſtomach riſes againſt; yet prudence made him do it; though he prick'd his chops, like the Aſſe eating thiſtles: reaſon told him he could not do amiſs in hiding the reſentment of ſuch affronts and offences; becauſe it gave him not only the better means of revenge (if the matter deſerved it) but alſo to prevent a further provocation, leſt he who hath offended him, ſhould bury him in greater miſchiefs, thereby to diſenable him for ever from proſecuting a revenge. Not but that he knows there are ſome occaſions wherein ſilence would be ſuſpected; for where a great offence is committed, and the perſon ſuffering is ſilent, any rational man will look upon him either as a ſenſeleſs lump of ſtupidity, (confeſſing thereby his guiltineſs) or that his anger is only ſtop'd for the preſent, that it may break out with greater violence in the execution of its vengeance: wherefore he will ſometimes expreſs his diſpleaſure, but in ſuch a manner, that the lightneſs of the complaint, and his modeſt or ingenious confeſſion of the fault may make him believe the like ſhall never be committed, and that

for

for the future; the detection thereof shall never hereafter be revenged.

Whatever he hears material, he treasures up in his breast, and is hardly induced to make any one the Secretary of his intelligence: He never communicates any thing of that stock, but when he sees a palpable advantage will accrue thereby; for if he discover any thing said, or is to be done to the injury or great prejudice of his supposed Friend, he does it only to insinuate himself into Credit and Confidence, and when the report is found true, if he be a grateful man, he cannot go without reward.

Sometimes he finds it necessary to separate two, by forging Lyes, one against the other, so subtilly contrived, that by circumstances they shall believe them real truths: This he does by pretending a real Friendship to both, and no prejudice to either, till he hath made the wounds of their Friendship incurable, and then is his time to step in, and supply the place of him he lately dispossest, or supplanted.

More shall be said hereafter, in what particular cases this reserved humour stands him most in stead; and therefore I shall pass to the next Member, which is *Dissimulation*, none of the least requisite Qualifications of a *Wheedle*.

The third Qualification of a Wheedle, Dissimulation.

HE thinks there is as absolute a necessity of dissembling his words, as saying his prayers, and is never better pleas'd with them, than when they look like *Janus*, with two Faces, or like the *Devils Oracles*, with a double construction:

ction: And thus he will protest how entirely he loves you, when he hates you mortally; much like a *Neopolitan*, who will imbrace you with one arm, and with the other hand stab you to the heart. Should he be really a servant to as many as he seems to be, when he cryes *Your Humble Servant*, he would have as many Masters as *London*'s *Conflagration* consumed Houses. To all these he vows an absolute Command, but they must be possest of more Rhetorick than ever *Quintilian* was Master of, if they can entreat him to do any thing but what shall tend to his own advantage; if you had followed him as close at the heels as I have done, you would not forbear smiling to observe how many he hath beguiled with his kind proffers, who had not the discretion to distinguish between a general promise, and that which is particular; for all his proffers, as they are universal, so he looks not upon them as binding: For example, he protests solemnly he will do any thing for you; but come to the push, he will do nothing, but what future profit shall perswade him to; ask to borrow money of him, he tells you he was obliged by his Wife, before Marriage, to the contrary; desire him to be bound with you, the Scrivener shall have an *Item* from him not to take him as Security sufficient; if arrested, entreat him to be your Bail, and ten to one he will send you word *himself*, that he is not within. Never minds his promises; for he accounts them but a kind of unmannerly words, and in the expectation of your manners not to exact them, if you do, he wonders at your ill breeding, that you cannot distinguish between what is spoken, and what is meant.

He may be fitly compared to the *civil Ghosts* *Æneas* met with in his descent to Hell, that were

Friends

Friends to talk with, and Men to look on, but graſping them he found them Air which glided through his Fiſts. One great part of his time he imploys in the ſtudy of pleaſing expreſſions, and fine phraſes, of which he is no Niggard, but keeps open houſe with them for all *Comers* and *Goers*; if any one is taken with them, and ſo miſtakes the Broacher of them for a Friend, inſtead of *Juno* he graſps an empty cloud, for theſe are the baits he catches *Gudgeons* with, and the gaudy Artificial Flies the unwary raſh *Trout* is betray'd by to its deſtruction. If he get any one by the Ear, his breath is ſo infectious, that it is ten to one he Fly-blows it, and Maggots his underſtanding; and from the corrupting of his manners, he works him into what form he pleaſes, and frames him as he liſt: and when he hath effected his deſigns to the utmoſt, all the *Fop-Gallant* can ſay, is, that he was cheated in a very fair obliging manner, and abuſed with the greateſt reſpect.

Take a view of him as he walks in the ſtreets, and you ſhall obſerve his company, if it be not good, yet it ſhall be gaudy; and who can diſtinguiſh men by their out-ſides? external appearances frequently deceive our imaginations, and hood-wink our underſtandings; goodneſs of Apparel frequently belyes the greatneſs of an Eſtate, in telling the World, that the Globes of the Door-poſts being guilt without, the houſe contains nothing but Gold within; *Or, that ſam eminent Phyſitian, of Thirty years practice (as he himſelf ſaith) is the Maſter of that houſe, where thoſe glorious outſides ſtand, with whom, if you ſhould happen to talk with, you will find an empty boaſting Quack, whoſe impudent non-ſenſical Bills, and the ignorance, and impudence of the People, have raiſed him to the repu-*

reputation of a Velvet Jacket, and a better estate than Worthy Men may justly merit.

Sometimes this *Wheedling Rascal* will insinuate himself into Society that is really Virtuous, and Noble, and then his greatest ambition is to be seen, and useth an hundred stratagems to be publickly taken notice of in that company; for this he knows must pass for a Rule infallible, *that men shall go under the same account, and character of the Company they consort with: Pares cum paribus facillime congregantur; like to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*; and therefore our *Wheedling Politician* will never appear abroad, if he can help it, accompanied with persons, whose habits do, or actions have rendred them scandalous, or villanous, fearing lest the censure of the people should justly fall on him for such Association: and indeed in this he is highly to be commended; for it is too generally known, what bad Company hath been the destruction of many a young man who might have liv'd happily to themselves, and comfortable to their Parents, had not those Wild Miscreants, (with whom they daily convers'd with) been the instruments to take them shamefully out of this World by the hand of Justice. But to return where I left off, though this Wheedle kept company much better than himself, he never desired to be good, but he would not seem bad, and for no other reason, than that he finds it a prejudice to business; and therefore he is a constant *Hearer*, and goes to Church, not for any love he bears to it, but for fear of censuring Neighbours. Oaths he hates, because they are unprofitable; and when he hears them belcht through a profane sulphurous mouth, he flies from them faster, than *Satan* at the Name of *Jesus*, or a Heretick from *Church-Organs*, or the *Common-Prayer*.

Lyes

Lyes he looks not on as half so sinful, and sometimes questions whether they are a sin or not, when a round sum hath been the product of their falsity; yet he hates to tell a Lye so, that every one may take notice of it: He lays his Lyes close, and hath always some pretence in readiness to justifie them; if he fears, he shall be detected, he plays the *Hocus*, and like a *Jugler* with his Ball, crys *Præsto, be gone*; then by a quick conveyance tells you he hath none of it, but such a one hath it, and so shifts off the infamy to another. By these means, and a thousand other *Wheedling tricks*, (too many to insert in this Chapter) doth this crafty *Dissembler* endeavour to palliate his own faults, and by a seeming Sanctity obtain the good Opinion of the people, that he may cheat them more infallibly, and with less suspition.

Ἑαυτὸν δ' οὐδεὶς ὁμολογεῖ κακοῦργον.
Seipsum nullus fatetur esse malum.

There is another sort of *Wheedle*, (of whom I shall treat of in his due place) but he is a Fellow that is debaucht in the highest degree, and yet he too would fain have some excuse for his *sins* and *trespasses*, though profanely; for if any one tax him with *Venery*, and condemn him for making his body a *Burnt-Offering* to his *inflamed Lust*, he will seek to justifie, and acquit himself with this Plea, and to seem wittily wicked, asks you, *What did* David *ail when he complained of his bones, and his sore ran down in the night?* If that won't stop the mouths of his Accusers, but they still reproach him for a common *Placket-Hunter*, whom *Plague*, nor *Pox*, no, nor the dreadful sight of his late *Fluxing Chirurgeon* can stop in the carier of his Lust and Whoring, he then pleads,

pleads, that though *Solomon* was the wiſeſt of men, yet was he over-rul'd by Women, and ſo addicted to their Society, and delighted in variety, that the Houſe wherein he kept them for his own uſe, exceeded in greatneſs the Grand *Seraglio*, as much as *London* doth St. *Albans*: and when he grew old, and could do no longer, he then cry'd out, *Vanity of Vanity*, &c. if he build Sconces, and run every where on ſcore; then he pleads that St. *Paul* pawn'd his Cloak. This is he that is like a *Tumbler*, and dares ſhow tricks of activity upon the very brink and Precipice of Hell, and play at *hide and ſeek* with the Devil, till at laſt he catches him in his Clutches, as the Cat does her wanton prey, and ſo ſpoils his ſport on a ſudden, when poſſeſt with the greateſt ſecurity.

The Fourth Qualification of a Wheedle, Flattery.

THE next thing we ſhall inſpect, is the *Flattery* of this *Philautiſt*, or *Wheedle*, whereby he captivates Fools, neither can the wiſeſt at all times eſcape him; for he is the Picture of a Friend, and by that means is miſtaken for what he is not; and as it is commonly obſerved, that Pictures uſually flatter, ſo he ever ſhews fairer than the ſubſtance; and although there be a vaſt diſproportion between him and a true Friend, yet in all outward appearances of Friendſhip he is more pleaſing, becauſe in his pretended love he uſeth no ſeverity nor contradiction of Humour; whereas a true Friend, unbyaſſed by intereſt, will take the liberty to tell his Friend what faults are obſervable in him, whereas he dare not to do it for fear of offence, and ſo will not

not loose his hold, for fear of losing his design.

And that he may not have his labour for his pains, by undertaking any fruitless work, he will never yoke himself with one whom Fortune hath rendred incapable of losing any thing worth the taking notice of; his aim is at such who stand aloft, or such whose plentiful condition tempt his pains to deceive them. *Such* men are his Books, which he continually studies; he plumbs their understanding, then gets a perfect knowledge of their humours, inclinations, passions, *&c.* having learn'd them so well, that he knows them better than themselves: by this door, by this breach he hath made in their affections, he enters upon their souls, of which he is able at last to take the very mark, or impression, and fashion his own by it, like a false Key to open all your choicest secrets. Having thus wriggled himself into a familiar acquaintance with your inward Faculties, he then makes his affections jump even with yours; nay, he will be so perfectly skill'd in all those he intends to *bubble*, that he will be before-hand with them with their thoughts, and be able, in a manner, to suggest them to themselves. He never commends any thing to you, but what he knows you like; and what you like, if not considerable, he will strain his Credit to purchase to make you a Present, thereof, for his future benefit: A piece of policy I used when I was a Child, to borrow pence of my Brothers to buy my Parents *Fairings*, or *New-years-Gifts*, whereby my Pennies multiplied into Shillings. This, as a Juvenile practice to Relations, is not excusable only, but allowable; but where Gifts are otherwise bestow'd, as snares to intrap the Receiver, which he takes as men do *Vomits*, or *Pills*, which un-

undoubtedly will work with him, to the purgation and clearing his Pocket of a sum ten times the value, it is not. *Martial* complains ingeniously of such sordid actions to *Gargilianus*, *Epig. lib.* 1.

Sordidius nihil est, nihil est te spurcius uno,
Qui potes insidias dona vocare tuas.
Sic avidis fallax indulget Piscibus hamus;
Callida sic stultas decipit esca feras.

There's nought more vile than thee, no baser shift,
Who cal'st thy snares by the false name of gift.
So the false Hook for greedy Fish doth wait,
And foolish Beasts caught by another bait.

He will borrow money of you to try how good his credit is, and he will be sure to pay it according to his time, that thereby he may have the opportunity of borrowing a larger sum he ne're intends to pay; and he knows afterwards how to keep out of the danger of an Arrest, by changing Lodgings, as often as Whores change Names, and Lovers.

To conclude with the *Flattery* of our *Wheedle-Master-General*; as he takes an Inventory of your humours, inclinations, and passions, so he hath a Catalogue of your Friends and Foes strangely registred in his Memory, not easie to be eradicated. To your Friends he speaks nothing but Panegyricks in your behalf, knowing they will tell you how much beholding you are to him for his good Opinion; to your Enemies all his discourse is nothing but aspersions, and reproaches, and whatsoever he gathers from them, tending to your disrepute and detriment, he hastily runs to inform you, with all the aggravating circumstances the Devil can invent: in requital of this kind-

neſs you cannot but eſteem him your Friend, eſpecially when you hear him ſay, *I proteſt, I ſpeak not this out of any prejudice I have entertain'd againſt ſuch, and ſuch, but only that I hate to hear my Friend abus'd, and I not tell him of it.*

He hath one pretty knack in making a man believe himſelf to be a very wiſe man, and of a deep judgment, by framing or forging a ſecret, which with a ſtrict injunction to ſilence, he whiſpers in his ear, and then beſeecketh his advice and counſel, and whatſoever he ſays, he ſeems to be perſwaded. To what he ſpeaks, he liſtens with as much attention, as a Malefactor receiving Sentence; and if he object any thing, it ſhall be ſome trifle on purpoſe to be confuted, and then with a ſmall elevated caſt of the eye, he ſwears, *I never thought of that, which is a good counſel as the whole World can afford*; and then with a ſmiling hug, and a thouſand thanks, he vows he will follow it to an hairs breadth; and taking his leave, he never thinks of it afterward, unleſs when askt the queſtion.

If he happen to be in the company of Wit-pretenders, where he eſpies a fit thing to be made a *Friend*, and a *Fool* of, he narrowly watcheth every word which drops from his mouth, and if caſually any ingenious Froth ſhould hang at the corner of his Jaw, he bids the whole Company to take notice of it, whilſt he is ready to burſt with an over-flowing ſtrained laughter; and leſt the others treacherous memory ſhould not treaſure up this golden *(worthleſs)* ſaying, he remembers it for him to all Companies, and will laugh longer again than any can laugh with him: This cauſeleſs laughter may put you in mind of *Cariſophus* the Paraſite to *Dionyſius*, who ſtanding at a great diſtance, and ſeeing his Maſter laugh with ſome of

of his Friends, he fell also into so loud a fit of laughter, that *Dionysius* aske him why he laught; *Because* (said he) *seeing you laugh, I imagin'd you spake something extraordinary which deserved laughter.*

Clisophus, another Parasite to *Philip* of *Macedon*, pretended himself lame, because the King had broke his Leg, and being about to be set, made the same *grimaces*, or scurvy faces, the pain extorted from King *Philip*: Suitable to what is storied in our own Countrey, that because *Richard the Third* held his Head aside, the Courtiers (he being their President) made it a Fashion. Thus *Martial* doth describe a Flatterer, *Epig. lib.* 12.

Mentiris? credo: vecitas mala Carmina? laudo.
Cantas? canto: bibis Pontiliane? bibo.
Pedis? dissimulo; gemma vis ludere? vincor.
Res una est sine me quam facis, & tazes,
Nil tamen omnino praest at mihi mortuus, inquit;
Accipiam bene te nil volo, sed morere.

Lye? I believe. Thy verses bad? I praise.
Do'st sing or drink? My voice and Boul I raise.
Do'st fart? Do'st play? I 'tis then Victor be.
What e're thou dost, is all alike to me.
But, says *Pontilian*, don't me death deny:
I'le except nothing, but I'm loth to deny.

This *Flatterer* will not adventure to chide you for your Vices, (but which is strange) for your Virtues; as, *you are too good, too just, too pious, or too temperate; Religion is not so severe to exact such Penance from you; there is more liberty given you, than you take, &c.* His aim in this is to chide you out of your Virtues, which he hath nothing to do with, it is your Vice he makes use

of, and wherein you may best use him; for he is never more active than in the worst diligences. Lastly, having dispossest you of your self, you are his, or any mans that will give him a hire to betray you. This fellow is the Devils Principal Secretary of State, who for his own Advantage, and the Ruin of others, can like the *Camæleon*, turn himself into all colours but Red and White, the Emblems of Shamefac'dness and Innocency. Thus *Alciat in Adulatores, Emb.* 53.

Semper hiat, semper tenuem, qua vescitur, auram
Reciprocat Chamæleon:
Et mutat faciem, varios sumetque colores,
Præter rubrum vel candidum:
Sic & Adulator populari vescitur aura,
Hianique cuncta devorat:
Et solum mores imitatur Principis atros,
Albi & pudici nescius.

Chamæleons always fed with Air that's thin,
Gaping for more, it turns that back again.
It changeth shape, nay changeth colour too,
But with the Red and White hath nought to do:
Thus *Adulators* fed by vulgar breath,
Gape, and devour still, till devour'd by Death.
Great mens black sins they Ape with healths ex-
(pence,
And lives, and dies, not knowing Innocence.

The fifth Qualification of a Wheedle, Feigned Patience.

A Pretended *Patience* is none of the least advantagious Qualifications appertaining to our *Wheedle*; who if he will be excellent

in

in his Art, must endeavour to bridle his passion upon all accounts: Let him often con that saying of *Bion*; *Magnum malum esse, non posse ferre malum*, that it is a great evil not to be able to endure an evil.

This Patience is imploy'd two ways, in speaking, and doing; in speaking, when by reproachful provoking expressions choler prompts a man to return an answer suitable; but that is imprudence, according to *Euripides*, Δυοῖν λεγόντοιν, *&c. Altero duorum colloquentium indignante, is, qui se non opponit, plus sapit.* He is the wisest man that shuns opposition, and controverse; but if he cannot so avoid it, but that he must be ingaged therein, let him discourse as unconcerned as he may, lest his rash heat may make him lose the opportunity by losing him he did intend to make his Friend: But above all, let him have a care of opposing him, in whose power it lyes to do him an injury, but rather suffer all, and not controvert any thing, though it may seem never so contradictory to Sense and Reason. Thus was *Lucius Metellus* (as you may read in *Tacitus*) his Wisdom by his Patience seen; when sitting in *Senate*, and unworthily reviled by a Great Man, he only answer'd, *Potentia tua, non patientia mea est accusanda*; thy power, and not my Patience is to be condemned.

Patience may be most advantagiously used, by supporting and dissembling of injuries: There is nothing betrays a man to more folly, than babbling passion, by which men are frequently displaced, and thrown out of very considerable imployments, who when the heat is over, are ready to hang themselves for being so rash and inconsiderate. 'Tis true, the venting of a Splenitick Humour, highly obliges the Fancy for the pre-

ſent, but it is the *Cut-throat* of all future deſigns. That *Courtier* doubtleſſy had never continued ſo long in favour of the *Court*, had he not bridled his paſſion; who being askt by a Noble-man what means he uſed to keep himſelf thus firm, for ſo many years, in Courtly eſteem, anſwered, *It was by a patient ſupporting injuries, and returning thanks in lieu of revenge, where he ſaw he could not effect it to any advantage*: And to avenge a man's ſelf unprofitably, (though it be ſweet) is in my Opinion as great a madneſs, as for an injur'd revengeful *Italian* to drink up a Pint of the rankeſt Poyſon, ſo that his Enemy will drink but half the quantity.

Now as our *Wheedle* muſt patiently endure all the affronts and contumelies that are thrown upon him by them, from whom he hopes for gain, abandoning his own humour, and giving the full ſwing to theirs, how ridiculous ſoever, if not hurtful; ſo he muſt exerciſe his *Patience*, by being diligent in the management of his affairs, and not to be diſmay'd, or deſiſt if he meet with obſtacles and repulſes, not reſting himſelf on one ſingle event, but with perſeverance, and againſt all oppoſition, muſt ſtill carry on his deſign; but with this caution, that he precipitate nothing, but always wait upon occaſion.

The ſixth Qualification of a Wheedle, Humility.

IF you will but conſider, how ambitious man is, and how much he covets honour, and reſpect, you will then conclude *Humility* to be an excellent Trap or Gin to catch ſuch *Wood-cocks*, who having nothing ſplendid in themſelves, ſeek,

nay

nay dearly purchaſe ſometimes theſe outward appearances, and ſubmiſſions from others, to force or extort an Eſtimation from the people; and never do theſe *Fops* more betray how conſcious they are of the poorneſs of their own Merit, than when they liberally reward their cringing Admirers. *Humility*, as it is the loweſt ſtep to the higheſt Stair-caſe, ſo it is always the dirtieſt, and yet it is the firſt ſtep to the top: he that will ſafely mount, and that ſecurely too, to the ſummity of Honour, ought gradually to aſcend, beginning with the loweſt ſtep, *Humility*, if otherwiſe, by precipitating, he may endanger the breaking of his Neck.

The wary *Whoedle* knows this very well, and will not omit any opportunity, wherein he may make uſe of ſo gainful, though ſeeming poor and ragged companion: and though he entertain within never ſo great a Pride, and Ambition, yet it is prejudical to ſhow it, and therefore he conceals that Vice with a pretended Humility, which he makes appear in his outward Behaviour five ſeveral ways; in his Apparel, Countenance, Geſtures, Words, and Actions.

Firſt, his garb he ſuits according to the people he is concern'd withal; If this *Proteus* hath any buſineſs with ſober Citizens, he endeavours to Cloath himſelf Civilly, not Phantaſtically *A-la-mode*, whoſe Breeches prevent the queſtion, *What, would you have your Arſe hung with Points?* Yet his Cloaths are not ſo abſolutely out of Faſhion, but that they have ſome Affinity and Relation to what is in preſent Vogue and Eſtimation, at leaſt they ſtand Neuter, or equally concern'd with the preſent and precedent faſhion.

If his buſineſs lie among the *Saints*, (as they call themſelves, thoſe perverſe and obſtinate Diſ-

senters from the Church of *England*) he then attires himself as contrary to the Mode, as he can find presidents among them, and cares not how ridiculous his garments appear in the Eyes of the *Wicked*, so that thereby he may Cheat and Cozen the *Godly*.

As for his *Countenance*, he frames that according to the Nature of the people he is to converse withal that day; if with Merchants, or wealthy Tradesmen, he takes a modest liberty to be chearful, with a moderate laughter, not loud nor flouting, and if he fears he hath exceeded his bounds therein, he soon recalls himself by a modest regard, and reconciled himself to himself, and the Company by what obsequious and respectful Ceremonies he can think of, proper to the present occasion.

If he be in a Phanatical Society, he takes special cognizance of their countenances, and frames his as like them as he can, which is a hard matter for him to do, (by reason of the Variety) without a great deal of Practice. As first for his Eyes, they must for a while be fixt, and stand still as the Sun in *Joshua*'s time, and then on a sudden, lest any should say, *black is his eye*, there is nothing to be seen but the *Whites*; for his sight is gone into the Labyrinth of his Brain, in search of his Soul, to ask the Question, whether she is ready for her Journey to Heaven. Next he imitates the pulling down of the neather Jaw to make his face look long and lean, the certain *indicium* of the Mortification of the Flesh: the next is the contraction of his Lips, the gathering up of his Chin, the thrusting out of his Head, and the four Faces he makes, would make one believe, that he is about to make a Close-stool of his Breeches, and being very Costive, he strains

hard

hard, but cannot do it without the help of a skilful *Midwife*, a known *Professor*.

In the third place we must consider his words, which are very pleasant, and always like blancht Almonds set in white Sugar; when he hath tickled your Ears so long as his Invention will hold out, or the occasion permit, he then will give others leave to speak, and will hearken with profound Reverence and Attention, applauding every thing that is spoken, not daring to interrupt with the least contradiction, and at the end of the Discourse, concludes *he never heard more Reason till then uttered, in so short a time, that each Syllable contain'd a whole word of deep wisdom and understanding*; and then a little after, takes him aside whom he hath thus applauded, and by some plausible pretence, borrows an Angel of him to be his Guardian to his Habitation. Sometimes as his necessity compels him, he steps into a Meeting-house, and there takes his Cue to hold forth a while, and being out of breath, he concludes his Non-sence with the Persecution of the Saints; and by laying open their grievances, he tacitly hints at his own Poverty, and exhorts them to Brotherly Love and Compassion, and is then recompenced for his vain Babble by a plain Contribution: but more of this in its proper Chapter of the Self-edifying Non-Conformist.

Lastly, Let us take a view of his Humility in his *Actions*, and that in a threefold manner; first, to Superiors let there be all Reverence and respect shown, that thereby he may give them to understand how well he knows his Duty, and how much he admires, and honours their dignity and Persons, by this means he invades their Affections, and by the perseverance of this respectful Deportment, he in time so overcomes, or con-

quers their former Indifference to do him good, that now they zealously study how to promote his Interest.

Secondly, where any thing is to be gotten, he will descend below his Equals, filling their Bladder with the wind of vain Applauses, knowing when to prick, and let it out again when he pleases. This condescension gains him very great Estimation amongst the Sober and Judicious, who look upon him to be a very humble man indeed, that will submit to his Equals; but especially in the third place, when they see he does it even to those who are beneath him, and are his Inferiors; this gains him credit, whether a Tradesman or no; for every one believes as he is no proud Man, he cannot easily be a profuse Man, and he that hath so much discretion in his humble Carriage, hath so much judgment to manage his business and expence with Prudence and Moderation, by which means the fear of what money is lent, or goods intrusted, will not be mis-imployed, but having made proper and good use thereof, the Creditor will in due time be repay'd satisfactorily, and with gratitude.

Before I conclude this Chapter, it is requisite I tell you how cautious our *Wheedle* is in the practice of his Humility; for he carefully observes a Mediocrity, not debasing himself too low, lest it should render him Despicable, but restraining his Humility within the bounds of Courtesie, and decent Affability; by his gentle Salutations and civil carriage, he obliges all, either Superior, Equal, or Inferior, imitating *Cæsar*, who wone the Peoples hearts by Caressing, and flattering even the vilest that were among them; and if we will but look home, we shall find several of our Nobles and Gentry have risen to a vast height of po-

popularity, by being not indebted to the Commonalty for civility, but rather making them their Debtors, by giving them such Presidents of an Humble, Sweet, and generous Deportment, that it was impossible for them to imitate; but I must desist from further enlarging this Chapter, having unawares fallen into the Seventh Qualification of a *Wheedle*.

The Seventh Qualification of a Wheedle, Civility.

Civility is another Ingredient which contributes to the composition of our *Wheedling Protæus*; and this is most observable in these four things, Cloaths, Countenance, Words, and Actions.

His habit ought to be suited according to the people he is to concern himself withal, never superfluous or Phantastick, yet proper, and sometimes indifferently Fashionable, sometimes improper, when (as I have said before) treating of his humility, necessity compels him to joyn with the Brethren, *for the edification, and building up of the outward man*. He must have a special care of his Countenance, it must be full of Kindness, continually smiling, avoiding feigned or affected simpering, for that is utterly destructive, discovering the Hypocrisie of his heart too plainly; and all sour looks must be utterly banisht his Compauy; in short his looks must be like the Companies, in every respect conformable.

His manner of speaking must be yielding, obliging, and not polemical, or opposing, concluding with what every one says, though nonsense, *it is right indeed; your proposition is undeni-*

able;

able; or all your Arguments are invincible.

Laſtly, his actions ſeem to aim at nothing more than what is honeſt, and juſt, whilſt he draws his arrow at profit only; when he is amongſt Irreligious perſons, who make a ſcoff at Divinity, he will be then as Debaucht as the worſt, Drink, Drab, and draw his Sword, (if he wears one) according as the honourable Company is inclined; for thoſe three Vices, if he finds them in rich men (into whoſe acquaintance he hath ſubtilly inſinuated himſelf) he makes them his Exchequer, which ſupplies him with Money, as neceſſity requires; for Drinking breeds Surfeits, which call upon the Phyſitian for remedy, and ſuch a one he knows skilful enough to kill the Patient, with whom he goes Snips; Whores he hath enough of all Sizes and Complexions, from Female perfection in *Epitome*, to the largeſt *Volume* of the Sex, whom he furniſheth with Cuſtomers of his own acquaintance, and they repay the kindneſs with a *Pox to 'em*. What more neceſſary man in this extremity, or fitter to be ſent for than Mr. *Wheedle*, to conſult about the Cure, who is a man of known Secrecy, and will procure an able Chirurgion, who will faithfully and ſpeedily perfect the Cure; he need not go far for ſuch a one, having always two or three brace of them at his command, with whom he agrees in groſs by the year, by reaſon of the multiplicity of Patients he helps them to, and hardly one of them *Clapt*, but by his *Procuration*.

Laſtly, he is infinitely pleas'd if any of his Company in their Cups is ſo Fool-hardy as to draw, no man then ſhall be more active than himſelf to part them, blaming them much for their unadviſed raſhneſs, and pretends with his utmoſt power to make them Friends, whereas in

in effect, he makes their breach the wider, on purpose in that suddain heat they may challenge each other, and knowing the next day, in cool Blood, they will be sorry for what was done, he hugs himself to think what fine work he will make with them both (especially if inclined to Cowardice) in reconciling them together. He hath been so often imploy'd in deciding differences arising from drunken Quarrels and Challenges, that he is not ignorant in the way of doing it, but will not stir a foot, unless he is certain to receive (as a *Counter-Officer* doth) Money on both sides: Sometimes he will seem to espouse the quarrel himself, and Fight for his Friend, (when he is sure there is no fear of danger) and this must pass for such an infinite Obligation, that no satisfaction can be made, answerable to so great a tender of Friendship.

The Eighth Qualification of a Wheedle. Affability.

Affability differs little from Courtesie or Civility, for they both consist in all outward signs and caresses, that may make a man Believe, and that confidently too, there is no person more Esteemed and better Belov'd, than they by this subtle insinuating *Wheedle*.

To this end, by civil Entertainments, and Treats at Taverns, he encourages his Guests (on whom he designs an advantage) to a freedom, and near familiarity with him, and the more to endear them to him, he makes a thousand Protestations of Love and Service, and that they may not doubt this Reality, he will diligently wait and never be at rest, till he hath found out some

slight

slight occasion to shew them he is as good as his word, and thereupon saith, *he is troubled the kindness is no greater, wishing the occasion of a higher concern might be the* Probat *of his hearty Services.*

He hates to interrupt the Discourse of another, (especially if it be about business) hoping to gather from thence some advantagious intelligence; besides, interruption or contradiction is no ways grateful to the Speaker, and therefore he gives him his utmost liberty, hearkning attentively with some evident signs of satisfaction and contentment, this cannot but please him, and this provokes him to discourse on, nay, to the discovery of his very Thoughts and Designs, where he finds so much Affability; Thus Mr. *Wheedle*, by the Practice of this Art, hath got a *Gift* secretly to unlock Mens hearts at pleasure.

To speak the Truth, that man who rashly interrupts the Discourse of another with eager reparties, or takes the words out of his mouth, endeavouring to Midwife his Fancy for him, or gives not attention to what is said, but tells a Story either to that purpose, or to any other, before the person hath ended his, is not only a testimony of contempt, but is a great piece of Ill-breeding, Rudeness, and Unmannerliness.

This *Wheedle* hath learned so much Prudence, as not to lose his Friend for an inconsiderable Jest, or biting Reply, and is so wise, as not to be strange, or offended at any Jest thrown upon him, because by so doing, he doth in a manner acknowledge the truth thereof; wherefore like a *Cunningham* seems to slight it, and so makes others believe there is nothing in it, thus he knows it passes without leaving any ill, or disadvantagious impression of him in the minds of the Hearers.

Lastly,

Lastly, having received any Pledge of Amity, either in Actions or Expressions, by promises of Kindnesses, *&c.* he often makes grateful acknowledgments thereof, attributing all to the goodness of the Donors Nature, fraught with every thing that is excellent in Mankind, to which he gives so much the more Credit, by how much every one is apt to be deceived with *Philauty* or Self-love, and too easily will perswade himself, that others believe he possesses those qualities which render him agreeable, and esteemed of all men.

The Ninth Qualification of a Wheedle, Plausibility.

THE *Affable* and *Plausible* Man are much alike, whose aim is the general Opinion, and therefore the *Wheedle* will be acquainted with Plausibility, and practise it too, because he makes a Benefit of that esteem his Plausible carriage hath extorted from the Vulgar undeservedly; in his behaviour there is observable a kind of fashionable Respect, but no Friendship. He hath an excellent Command over his Patience (as I said before) and his Tongue, which last he accommodares always to the times and Persons, and seldom speaks what is sincere, but what is civil. He considers who are Friends to the Company, and speaks well where he is sure to hear of it again. He hath this admirable Faculty in him, he can listen to a Foolish discourse with an Applausive Attention, and conceals his laughter at Non-sense, unless he thinks he can conveniently oblige the *Fop* therewith, and so blind him with an erroneous opinion of himself, that he may pick

pick his Pocket with greater facility.

Having thus given you a short but true Account of the Nine Cardinal Qualifications of a *Wheedle*, I shall here insert some other observations as I gathered them here and there scattered in his subtle Practices and Delusions.

He is one that thrusts himself violently into all Business, most commonly unsent for, unsee'd, and usually unthank't; every mans Business he makes his own, and, in his eager bustling, keeps ado, and does nothing in it at all; yet he cryes, *I have done what I can.* This man is wholly determin'd in himself, and his own ends, and his Instrument herein is any thing that will do it. His Friends, which he hath made so by his Specious Delusive Pretences, are a part of his Engines, and as they serve to his Operations and Design, are either us'd, or laid aside, to tell you the Truth, he knows not what a Friend signifies, as having never put it in Practice, but if he give any the Name, it is an infallible Sign he hath a Plot upon that Person. Never more Active in his Business, than when they are mixt with some detriment to other mens Estates; and he accounts it his best Play at this Game (as at *Boards-end*) to strike off, and lie in the place. Successful he is frequently in these undertakings, because he passes smoothly those Rubs which others stumble at, as *Conscience*, *Religion*, and the like, and gratulates himself much in the advantage. Oaths and Falsehood he accounts the neareſt cut to a plentiful Estate, and loves not by any means to go about by the tedious way of Honesty, and Plain-Dealing; and holds him to be a Mad-man or a Fool, who saith, *That Honesty is the best Policy.* He never hears a man speak in the praise of Plain-dealing, but his Choler is ready to over-swell its Banks,

Banks, and ready to be suffocated therewith, because he dares not give it vent: in his thoughts he makes a piſh at Religion, yet he uſes it too, and it may be as an *Elder*, or a ſtrict Profeſſor, and is never more dangerouſly a *Devil*, than when he Perſonates a *Saint*. His deepeſt endearments is a Communication of Miſchief, and in his Concluſion, he either mounts to the height of an *Eſtate*, or the top of a *Ladder*.

This Sordid fellow hath no eſteem for any, but Men of Eſtates, and ſuch who can and will do him a courteſie, and when they ſpeak, he takes a world of pains to perſwade them they ſpeak nothing but *Oracles*, when they are hardly guilty of common ſenſe. One that juſtifirs nothing out of Faſhion, nor any Opinion out of the applauded way, and therefore will at any time confidently Swear, *That the Pope is no man, becauſe the generality call him the Whore of* Babylon. He hates the judicious, and men of parts, for no other reaſon, but becauſe he finds it a difficult thing to circumvent them. Every mans happineſs he meaſures by their Money, and therefore nick-names *Thrive-well* to *do well*, and Preferment he profanely calls the *Grace of God*. He knows no other content, than when his Plots hit right, purchaſing him Money, Gallantry, and the variety of Town-pleaſures; at theſe Marks all his Studies aim at, and he holds as an idle thing all other ſpeculation.

Thus much of the *Wheedle* in general; I ſhall more at large Characterize, or Paint him in his proper Colours, when I ſhall treat of the ſeveral ſorts of *Wheedles* or Town-ſhifts, in the variety of their Myſterious Practices and Devices.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

What are the Præcognita, *or things first necessary to be known, before the Student in this* Art of Wheedling, *enter upon the Practice of the Profession.*

I Have in the foregoing Chapters, given you an Account of the Nine first requisite Qualifications of our *Wheedle*; in the next place I shall endeavour to discover what other things he consults for his Advantage, before he puts in practice his Art of Insinuation, which indeed are the principal discoverers in the profitable Science of reading or knowing Men.

Man is a difficult Book to be read, if we only take an outward view of his Person and Actions; for without much caution and circumspection, they may both prove dangerously deceitful, though it's said, *That the Face is the Index of the Mind*, yet Experience tells us, it is no infallible Indicium of the Nature or Disposition of the Person. For which cause *Socrates* would not believe his own Eyes, but his Ears rather; for, when a Youth was highly commended to him for his excellent Parts, and great Endowments of Mind, he did not pry into his outward Features, which were admirable, and needed not to have demurred his approbation of him, if that lovely hew, and sweet countenance would have done it, but took a contrary way by asking him, *Loquere puer, ut te videam*, which *Seneca* alluded to in one

of

of his *Epistles*, *Videre*, *& non Eloqui*, *nec videre est*, which puts me in mind of an *Italian* Proverb, *A Lucca te vidi*, *a Pisa te conobbi*, I saw thee at *Lucca*, I knew thee at *Pisa*; he had an external superficial View of him at one place, but by converse he gain'd an inward acquaintance with him in another.

Yet it must not be denied, but that the Eye is the Casement of the Soul, through which we may plainly see it, as one lately saw the Pride of a Rich *Phanatick* through his thread-bare *holy* Cloak, as he was going to a *Conventicle*, upon one of his own *Solemn days of Humiliation*.

The Tongue is the truest Touchstone of the Heart, and Herauld of the Mind, but not always; for what is more deceitful and treacherous than it; how sweetly will it *Whetdle*, to obtain its end; lye and flatter to propagate interest; and hath so full a command, and power over the Heart, that it can utter nothing without her assistance; and when the Tongue pleaseth, will corruptedly speak what the Heart dictated.

Again, *all is not Gold that glisters*; and it was well observed by a Philosopher, concerning a young man that was well proportioned and spoke ill, *a Leaden Rapier in a Golden Sheath*; Nero's *Beard in a Golden Box*; *wrinkled Faces*, and rugged Brows, lurk under smooth Paint; a rotten Nutmeg gilt over, or a gaudy outside with a Baudy rotten inside; an old deformed Woman in a New fashion'd Gown; yet on the other side, when we see a Body well framed, as wrought out of the purest Virgin-wax, as tempered with the cunning hands of beauty and favour, enriched with the very prodigality of Nature; shall we say this golden Mine affords only leaden Metal; This is no wonder, no rare thing to see Wit, Wisdom, and Vir-

Virtue in fellowship, or in one House-hold with Beauty; wherefore we must not censure too far by the outward resemblance, or else to instruct knowledge it self in this: *That always to see, is not to know.*

Neither can any see the Deformity of the Soul by the blemishes of the Body: not but that a man may give a shrewd conjecture, and many a hanging look hath presaged his certain going to the Gallows, some years before the approach of that sad *Catastrophe.*

I cannot deny but that we may gather something from outward appearances; for men largely sized are seldom witty Men we find; little Eyes in men betoken crafty, and circumventing Dispositions; in Women, salacity or lechery, with an obstinate selfish humour: a great head, a small wit; goggle eyes, a stark staring fool; great ears, a dull heavy Ass; large-breasted, long liv'd; a plain unfurrowed brow, liberal; thick nails, harsh hair, and a gross hard skin, are certain signs of a dull understanding; a fat belly bespeaks a little ingenie, because the subtile Spirits are affected with gross and turbulent Fumes which darken the understanding.

Fat Paunches make lean Pates, and grosser bits
Enrich th' Ribs, but Bankrupt quite the Wits.

This will not hold good, if you examine the great Wit, notwithstanding the corpulent Body, of Doctor R. W.

Now since these are no certain Signs, which may direct us to the knowledge of Mankind, let us consider what other helps remain, which are very important, and necessary to be understood by all

all the *Students* of this *Art* or *Science*, *viz.* The four Temperaments or Constitutions of Mankind: of these I shall speak in order.

CHAP. V.

Of the four Principal Humours or Complexions.

ALL Natural Bodies have their composition of the mixture of the four Elements; Fire, Air, Water, and Earth: from the Dominion of any of these, or their qualities, each Temperament or Constitution hath its Denomination: thus *Sanguine* hath its original from Air, *Choler* from *Fire*, *Phlegm* from Water, and *Melancholy* from Earth; now, the *Blood* is hot and moist; *Choler* hot and dry; *Water* cold and moist; the *Earth* cold and dry.

The golden *Crasis*, or Sanguine Complexion, is *The Pride of Humours, the Paragon of Complexions, and the Prince of all Temperaments*: And as a Potentate, *You cannot but admire him, if you view him in those Princely Scarlet Robes he is always invested with, seated in a Kingly Throne, and placed in the midst of our Earthly City; next take notice of his Officers*, (I mean the Veins and Arteries) which are spread throughout his whole *Politia*, yea, dispersed in every Angle, to execute his Commands, and carry the lively influence of his goodness, reviving those remote parts, which, without his influence, would be frettished with a chilness and in a short time be mortified. Then consider his wise subtle Counsellors, which dayly consort with him,

him, for the welfare of his whole Kingdom; the limpid Spirits, the very ſeat of Divine reaſon it ſelf, the fountains of Policy, *&c.*

If we poize all theſe together, with many more, we cannot but imagine that the blood is a Cœleſtial Majeſty, or a Terreſtrial Deity, and he that is neareſt allied thereunto, comes neareſt to that *Eucraſia*, the beſt (but only conceited) Temperament, called by Phyſitians *Temperamentum ad Pondus*, which never man yet perfectly enjoyed. And is it not ten Thouſand pities, that this excellent Temperament ſhould lye liable to more abuſes than any of the reſt; that though its Spirits have the moſt exact temper of all wherewith the Soul, as being in a Paradiſe, is moſt delighted, and for wit ſurpaſſing all, yet is the diſpoſition ſo facile, and eaſie to be wrought on, that our *Wheedle* finds him a diſh of meat made ready to his hands at any time to feed upon.

The External ſigns by which he is known, are a lively look, with a freſh ruddy Complexion; in ſpeech affable, with a graceful delivery: there are ſome excellent qualifications in him, which are no ways to the purpoſe for our Wheedle to take notice of, favoring of too much goodneſs and virtue for him to imitate or profit by, but his other qualities (which are to him as his *panis quotidianus*) are theſe.

Firſt as he knows him to be a great Lover of Wit; there is not an applauded Book in that reſpect newly minted, but that he either purchaſeth it for him, or directs him where he may have it; and the more to engage him, he is his *Intelligencer*-general for all manner of witty conceits which he gleans here and there, either in *Taverns*, *Bawdy-Houſes*, or *Wits Coffee-Houſes*, which he bundles up promiſcuouſly together; and loads his memory

memory therewith, or fearing by its careleſneſs any may be ſcatter'd by the way, he binds them up ſafe in his Table-book, which he ſtudiouſly cons two or three hours before he gives them vent, that they may the better paſs for his own; and in the delivery how throughly and eagerly he conſults the countenance of this our well featur'd, and good natured Gentleman, and if he finds they pleaſantly reliſh the Palate of his Fancy, he gives him more borrow'd Sugar-plums of the like nature, till he hath ſweetned him for his own ſwallow.

By daily converſing with him, this *Raſcal* finds him, not only extraordinary kind, and affectionate to his Friend, but very liberal alſo; on both of theſe he works to his advantage; as to the firſt, he makes it his buſineſs to perſwade him by ſome external demonſtrations, that he is a real Friend, not only by proteſtations of Friendſhip, but by ſome petty Services which may intimate as much, and having poſſeſt him with that Belief, by a pretended preſent neceſſity, he may borrow money of him, or by an Arreſt of his own ordering, may draw him into ſuch obligations, that the reſief of the one, commonly proves the untimely deſtruction of the other.

Now, by reaſon of that lively abounding humour, he knows him to be ſalacious, or venereally inclin'd, or a great Lover of Muſick and Harmony, and being very ſociable, and willing to condeſcend to any Motion that may make an augmentation to Pleaſure, he is eaſily perſwaded to drink plentifully; theſe are three ſuch knacks the Devil could not invent better to pick mens Pockets with; and what damnable uſe doth this *Whudling Villain* make of them, when he hath got them together. Firſt, the *Wench* muſt be procur'd,

cur'd, which is soon done, according as he finds out his harmless *Bubbles* inclination: he carries perpetually about him a Catalogue of all the *Whores* he can hear of about the Town, ranking them into three Columes apart, and thus distinguished lately by a famous Bully; the *Flamer*, *Frisker*, and *Wast-coateer*: The two first names given the *Dots*, or *Bona Roba*'s (as the *Italian* calls a Whore) are the upper, and middle sort; the last pitiful and mean, who by their incomes, or plying, never could purchase themselves cloaths becoming the Society of Gentlemen. This meretricious Catalogue he digests Alphabetically, by reason of the vast quantity of those white *Clown Drails*, with large white spaces between to insert the names of such he hath found out by new discovery; and he takes so good a method for finding them out, that though they change their Names and Lodgings ever so often, yet knowing how great a Friend he is to them, they all send him word when occasion serves of such alterations, which he puts down *de novo* in his Book; and though one of these Whores in a years time may have twenty names, yet she can have but one body, which he suits his *Bubble* with, according as he finds his inclinations bend, either to black, brown, red, flaxen, or any Complexion whatever:

The Wench being brought, which is in a garb always agreeable to the Amorist, and of price according to his ability or desire; this delicate bit will not seem half so palatable without a dish of Musick, and lest the ravishing Consort should convert his Brutish desires into Seraphick Love (for to that the *Sanguine* too is naturally inclined) Madam *Van Harlot* takes him aside into another Room, pretending to speak with him about business, and there for a double expence gives him the opportunity

portunity to cool his Concupiscence. Wine he makes use of to wind up the bottom, playing on the freeness of his disposition, and being tyred with the excess of these various delights, Madam and the Musick is dismist, as things no longer pertinent to his design, which is in courtesie to wait upon him home, that he may have the better opportunity to pick his Pocket; and if he finds the intoxicated fumes of Wine have not so fully contributed their assistance to his purpose, as he would have them, yet he knows by their heat they have done enough to soften the Wax of his good Nature, that thereby he hath a fair opportunity to make what advantagious impression he pleaseth upon him.

Were it pertinent to my Subject, I might here give you a description of *Choler*, and how many sorts there are of it, which the Latins call *Bilis*, but I shall refer those who are desirous to be satisfied herein, to such Books of Physick which treat thereof.

The Signs whereby a man may discern a man of a Cholerick Complexion, are a yellowish countenance, or swarthy, red-hair'd, or of a brownish colour, very meagre and thin, are soon angry and soon pleas'd, like the *Sanguine*, but differs from him in this, that he is all fire, in a moment inflamed, and violent in the prosecution of his Revenge, and no man obligeth him more, than he that will any way assist him in it.

He then that will insinuate into his affections, must flatter him in his unjust Wrath, prompt him to revenge, inculcating the sweetness thereof; thus when he hath engaged him in a Quarrel, as the Rat and the Frog in the Fable, he, like the Eagle, may hover aloft out of harms way, and safely make a prey of them both. How easily

may such a thing be guld, since his rash actions, for the most part put a leg before his Judgment, and most commonly out-run it; for his Passion or hot Fancy is the Signal that sets him forward, whilst his Reason comes lagging in the Rear; by all men that are wise, he is accounted indiscreet, because he is so changeable and inconstant in his determinations, ever disliking what he before approved; now, none will deny that mutableness, and inconstancy are the intimates and badges whereby Fools are known, and every one knows, that Fools are the constant Food which Knaves do feed upon, which made a crafty Knavish *Broker* (whom I knew) say, *I will not part with my Fools for an Annuity of two hundred pounds.*

But this the Knave must do, if he intend to fit his humour to a hair, to be as precipitate as he, in all attempts or enterprizes: for when any thing comes into his head, which he would have effected, he hates all considerate delays, and will not stay the leisure of a second thought: for the first is his Resolution, and never considers what the event may be. Have a care Mr. *Wheedle* how deeply you engage, or concern your self with this *Hot-spur*, or *Furioso*; for since the ground he goes on, is, *hap what may*, something may happen *by the way*, in which nothing shall stop you, till you come to *Tyburn*: and thus as an obstinate, *I will*, was his *Prologue*, so *I would I had not*, may be your *Epilogue*. To conclude, this advantage may be made of him, in a humour of quarreling, he will grossly abuse a man, and in another humour undo himself to make him amends.

The External signs whereby a *Phlegmatick* man may be distinguished from all other Temperaments, are natural paleness of colour, *(Pallor in ore sedet)* drowsy headed, weakly constituted, by rea-

reason of the debility of Nature, occasion'd by an extream cold moisture, correspondent to the watry Element, which extinguisheth the Natural Heat in humane Bodies.

There are two qualities in this weakly indigested Phlegmatick person (who alwaies looks like an on old *Puritan dow-baked*) very advantagious for any, who have a mind to practise upon him: first, the dulness of his Apprehension and Conception; being slenderly furnisht with what makes a man; I do not mean form, or feature, but reason, and understanding; for he is to be dealt withal no otherways than as a child, (for he is always a Boy at Mans estate) and no man questions the facility of cokesing, and cheating such an ignorant Innocent with any Toy, bearing a glittering outside; or if it make but a noise in his Ear, (as a Rattle) it will either still him for the present, or lull him into such a sleep, that you may run away with the House over his Head, with whatsoever thereunto belongs, before he awakes, or if he does, and as in a maze asks you where he is, what he hath done, and what's become of this or that, it is but throwing the Child the other Play-thing, and ten to one he leaves off crying, and goes to sleep again.

Certainly Nature hudled up this thing in haste and left his better part unfurnisht, or unfinisht; for every part of him is grown up to a perfect man, only his Brains lag behind; wherefore he wants a Tutor, though he be too old to have one, but our *Whiedle* thinks it never too late to instruct the simple and ignorant, not caring at what rate they purchase their experience.

I do not hence infer, that all *Phlegmatick* Persons are Fools, but those who have that humour over-abounding; as they are half a dozen steps

above a Fool, so they are a great many below a Wise man: he is a man of a good harmless Nature, and well meaning mind, and wanting judgment to distinguish when good or harm is designed, his mistake in either becomes equally destructive.

The second advantage is made on the mildness of his Nature, and his Cow-heartedness.

He is a man flexible enough, but not given to loquacity, whatever you propose to him, he returns not his answer of liking or disliking; you must take his *Silence for Consent*, and if you would have it done, you must take him by the hand, and lead him to it; if he hangs an Arse, a threat will prick him forward, and if you abuse him, no man takes it more patiently; or if he should ill resent it, it is but re-acting it, and then you abuse him into a reconcilement.

He that intends to make him his Creature, must often huff him, or now and then relate what desperate things he hath gone through, how many Duels, how many *Skirmishes*, *&c.* though he never saw any other Military Body but the Train'd bands, nor never a Sword drawn, but in a Cutlers shop; for this is a certain rule; *that the Opinion of Valour is a good protection to those that dare not use it.* Thus you may get Courtesies by falling out with him, and as the business is rightly managed, his fear will prompt him to bribe you into a Pacification.

In short he is a dull heavy Animal, who in Company will drink and smoak as much as any, but speak as seldom as *Balaam's* Ass, and not half so much to purpose; he is only fit to pay Reckonings, and carry Burdens, and if the Beast be fat, he is the better for our *Wheedle* to ride upon; but let him have a care he preserve him for his own use,

for

for lending him out to others will ſounder and ſpoil him quite. *Cullies* and *Bubbles* muſt be kept as *Spaniards* do their Wives, keeping them from the ſight of all, and ſo they have the whole uſe of them to themſelves. Great Beauties, and fat Fools muſt be uſed alike, the ſight of either tempts men to rob us of them, who would never have thought on't; otherwiſe, but by ſeeing the Temptation. The Gooſe may be turn'd out, when the feathers are pull'd, till then, the rich *Fop* is dealt with by the *Whetdle*, as a Wife was by her Husband, who ſware to her, *he would make as much of her as he could*, and ſo he did; for, having ſpent her money, he ſold her very cloaths from her back.

Of all the four Temperaments, this is the greateſt enemy to life and good ſociety; as to the firſt, becauſe its qualities being Cold and dry, do moſt of all diſagree from the lively qualities, Heat, and Moiſture; either with its Coldneſs extinguiſhing natural inherent Heat, or with its dryneſs ſucking up the Native Moiſture; As to the ſecond, *Society*, as all Creatures whatever delight in it, ſo he is averſe to it, and ſeems to be a man, made to be alone. He may curſe his Godfather *Saturn* for his ill qualities; for he had them all from him; a fellow of that malignant nature, that let him be in Copulation with the beſt (though with Madam *Venus*, when ſhe is in a merry pin, and in good humour) yet will be dull, and obſcure their benevolent influencies.

A man of his temper, by his contemplative faculty, and by the aſſiduity of ſad and ſerious meditation may prove a dangerous *Machiavillian*, and may haply invent ſuch ſtratagems, whims and policies, as were never put in practice, and which may have a happy ſucceſs; but he is no man for a

nimble, denterical pregnant, and extemporary Invention; no man at a pleasant Conceit, a Comical Jest, quaint Expressions, varnish'd Metaphors, nor graceful Delivery; wherefore, he that intends to ingratiate himself into his acquaintance, must not think to do it with *A-la-mode* Songs, repetition of Witty Verses, as Epigrams, Epithalamiums, &c. not with culd ingenious Sentences out of Plays; he had rather hear a Wolf howl at Midnight, or a Consort of Screech Owles accompanied with the scratching Courtship of a dozen Cats promiscuously generating; if you Laugh and show your Teeth to him, he had rather see a Bear grin at him; and the sound of a Violin is more dreadful to him than the crowing of a Cock to a Lyon. If you intend to win his heart, you must endeavour to look like *Lazarus*, newly risen from the Dead; or like the *Dæmoniacks* coming out of the Tombs; you must make no noise, not so much as open your Mouth, for fear the Air should whistle through your Teeth, and if you must speak, let it be so, as if you intended never to speak more.

I pity that man that is troubled with this Malignant constitution, for it is the Spring of all sad and bad Humours, the *Aqua Fortis* of good Company; for he is a contemplative Slumberer, and sleeps waking.

He is distinguished from the other three complexions, by his black swarthy Visage, slow pace, and sad countenance; he entertains hatred a long time in his Breast, and is rarely reconciled to his Enemy. It is a long time before he can be made a Friend, yet he is of a kind Nature to them with whom he hath long conversed, and is constant in his affection and Friendship; and he that will obtain it, must humour his ridiculous Passions, of which he hath too many; what he Conceits,

ceits you must Swear is Real; for he hates contradiction, being so much wedded to his own fond opinion. If he vainly imagine he is made of Glass, (as I have read of one that did) keep your distance, lest coming too near him, he suspect you for an Enemy, and that by a justle you design his Ruin, breaking his brittle Fabrick into pieces; if as another, he thinks himself composed of Butter, you must half starve with him in the cold, rather than injure his conceit, by perswading him to sit by the Fire, and hazard his dissolution; if (as *Burton* relates of one) he thinks he hath a Nose so big, that the Room wherein he sits is too little to contain it; you must when you give him a visit squeez your self into it, for fear of hurting his Nose, till you come to the back of his Chair, there without injury to discourse with him; if as another who thought himself Dead, and therefore would not Eat, you must sit with him in a Winding Sheet at a Table furnisht with Meat, and confessing your self to be dead to, fall on, that by your example you may perswade him to Eat too, since his Brother Deadman does it; if as another, who took a conceit he was a God, you must seemingly worship his *Deity*, till by your Knavish dealing with him, you make him confess his *Humanity*; if as another, he fancy he is so light, that he must wear Iron Shoes to hinder the Wind from tripping up his Heels, lay your Politick weights and Stratagems on his Shoulders, till he groan under the weight of your Cozenage and Deceits. In short, you must deal with him as with men of all other complexions, by a congruity and suiting with the humour of the Person; for without this, the *Wheedle* shall miss of his intended Advantage.

CHAP. VII.

How to Wheedle or Dissemble with all sorts of Persons according to their several Humours, Ages and Conditions.

WHosoever intends to insinuate himself into the affection or Friendship of any person, Male or Female, of what Age soever, (proportioning his respects according to the Quality, Riches and Merit of him to whom he doth address them) must throughly Study, and perfectly understand the several Temperaments, Inclinations, and various Motions of the will of that Man, and must practice a conformity and suitableness to his Humours and Passions. With a person of a Sanguine constitution, who is of a sweet Nature, you must suit and accommodate your self to the mildness of his Inclinations; you must not prompt him to Revenge, for he is apt of himself to excuse the greatest injury that is done him, and therefore if you would ingratiate your self with him, you must mitigate offences committed; perswading him with reason and good advice, to take a moderate satisfaction; this in a very high manner obliges him, as being so agreeable and consentaneous to his loving and mercifull disposition.

With that person, who is agitated and tost to and fro in a turbulent tempestuous Sea of Choler you must act otherwise; for as it is his Humour openly to complain of Injuries receiv'd, so you must

must amplifie them with what aggravations you can most properly suggest; as his Cholerick Vessel is full fraught with Revenge, (and being fearless of danger, ready to enterprize any thing that may gratifie that destructive Humour) so you must lay aside all consideration, and sailing with him in that desperate Resolution, you must be guided by the compass of his rash will, pursuing all his angry designs with equal precipitation.

If he rails against any one that hath injur'd or offended him, you must play the *Billings-gate* against him too; if he intends to procure, or create this man a thousand Enemies, (for a small offence, you must endeavour (or seem) to raise him as many more.

In short, he that would accommodate himself to him that is transported with Choler, must imitate him in some of his Actions, and seem not only to approve of his Passion as just, and truly grounded, but likewise to give him to understand, that your Apefying anger proceeded from the same cause as his did, ever accusing and reviling the cause thereof, praising Revenge, and prompting him to a speedy Execution of it.

The *Phlegmatick* person is generally fearful, and therefore takes into consideration all kind of dangers, and his fear looking through a *Microscope*, they appear to the deceived eye of his judgment much bigger than they are; a small Mite in a Cheese appears as big as a shaggy Bear, and an Ant as large as an Elephant; it is to no boot then to perswade him to be bold and couragious; talk to him of Wars, and you wound him to the Heart; tell him of a great Army that is preparing against his Country-men, and he fancies they are already at the Townsend; always the evil seems to approach nearer than it doth, and dif-

covers his distrust and distraction, by his words and countenance.

Now to condemn this man to his Face or otherwise, for his base fear and Cowardize, is to disoblige him; for though he know himself to be a rank Coward, he knows withal, that it is a disparagement to be thought so, and therefore you cannot please him better, than to perswade the world that he is no such Person, and you must justifie his fears by reason; that his aversion to quarrel and disputes proceeds from prudence; that Wisdom always hinders her Children from fighting for trifles, or were the matter considerable, yet discretion should teach us to put up injuries, and not hazard a mans all in this World for an Airy satisfaction.

To counterfeit an agreeable fearfulness, is the way to win much upon him, and therefore in Discourse, Valour, and all bold enterprizes, should be decryed as the effects of rashness and temerity, and that their consequences are always dangerous, and most commonly destructive. Inculcate frequently the Proverb, and comment upon it, *That one pair of legs is worth two pair of hands*; That to fly is better than to die, commending *Falstaff* in the Play, deriding Sir *Henry Blunt* that was slain; there lies grinning Honour, *&c.* In short, let safety and security be above all things applauded.

Whereas on the other side, he that hath to do with a bold resolute and confident Person, who never enters into a consideration of any thing that may represent fear and Danger, must seem courageous and stout, though he be not so, by pretending promptness to prosecute his hazardous designs; and that he may not be suspected, all his actions, which are the fore-runners to any de-

Cours

sperate design, must be accompanied with a cheerful and joyful countenance, as if he was more forward than the other, to enterprize any design whatever, though attended with all the danger imaginable, yet may he use an hundred Stratagems to divert him from putting any thing in Execution which may prove prejudicial to them both.

If this person doth any thing, though never so inconsiderable, the action must be prais'd above measure, whatsoere it be, though bad, it must not want applause, but if others will not forbear speaking of it opprobriously, as it deserves, and coming to his Ear, he seems too sensible of the shame and disgrace, you must then contemn that too great regard that is given to the opinion and censure of men, to which those who subject themselves, are Slaves, that none but Fools regard what the World saith of them; that there is no heed to be taken of the giddy multitude, who will be talking though they talk nothing; and therefore perswades him not to be regulated by the measure of censuring severity. Here by the way observe to praise, respect, and seemingly love whosoever is beloved by him, in whom you intend to gain an Interest; and those he hates, you must hate too, and let him know you do it, by aggravating all their Offices, rejoycing at any bad, and grieving at any good shall befall them.

If you would accommodate your self to ingrateful Persons, (which are a sort of Cattle I may call without offence, Hells first Inhabitants) you must then lessen whatsoever kindnesses he receives from others, and magnifie whatsoever he bestows; always inculcating into his Ear, that such a thing was done out of design, or that he could do no less than to repay one favour

since there was so many due upon sundry occasions.

The Envious must be dealt with after another manner, and that is, when you find him transported with Indignation and Envy, for the good which happens to any one; then must the worth of this person be vilified, that there is nothing in him which deserves such *Boons* from the hand of Fortune, but hang't, she is blind and inconstant, and knows not how to reward Merit and Desert.

And to gratifie the more this Diabolical humour, there is nothing does it more effectually, than to parallel him who is thus Envious, with him that is Envied, exalting the first, and debasing the last; magnifying the least good quality discernable in the one, and lessening that which is perspicuously good in the other; and that the bad actions in his life may smother and stifle his better qualifications, and virtuous inclinations, all the stains or blots of his whole Life and Conversation, must be strictly lookt into, and numbered, to be ready for Repetition when the Envious shall maliciously exclaim against this Person.

Lastly, though the *Wheedle* knows the Temperament of men, with their Inclinations and Passions, yet he is to understand this, that a man is not always in one humour; he may be Sour, Crosse, and Morose in a Morning upon an hungry Stomach, yet may be Pleasant and Courteous after Dinner, when he hath cram'd his Crib; and for the benefit of Concoction, hath warm'd his Stomach with half a dozen glasses of brisk Claret; and therefore some have that Policy or insight into Mens dispositions, that they will not Negotiate or treat about any important affair with any Merchant, till he hath laid the Basis of his Design

on

on a good Breakfast, or a plentiful Mornings draught.

Moreover, as a man may be out of humour, by reason of that acid humour within, which proves a *Canibal* oftentimes, and feeds upon the Stomach, for want of other sustenance, so gain and loss, good and bad News, success or crosses in any design, *&c.* will suddenly and strangely alter a mans humour from Joy to Sorrow, and so *vice versa*. Sometimes a mans countenance (like the Sun in *April*) shall look for a while pleasant and chearful, and in an instant, some cloudy discontent obscures its Face, and then it falls a Raining.

Now, since Joy and Sorrow govern differently, Joy being never willing with *Venus* to admit Sorrow into her Society, (*Non solet in lecto triste venire Venus*) there must be therefore a special care had, how the present mirth of others be discomposed or diverted, by some unseasonable sorrowful action or expression; with the Joyful and Merry there must be a corresponding jollity. On the other side, if one in the depth of another mans sorrowful condition should be exercising his Buffoonry; by this means he would render himself disagreeable and importunate; but he must accommodate himself to the parties grief, and suffer with him for a while; and at length by sliding by degrees out of that dumpish humour, you draw him after you, leaving the sorrow to come limping after. Mans nature is more inclined to pleasure, than to any other thing, and therefore is the more willing to embrace it; but then it must be done with a sweet insinuation, and he that hath that excellent faculty, what may not that man effect according to the humour he is to work upon. The Man that is Melancholy,

lancholy, or any ways disturb'd in mind, needeth no other Physician, which he knows; and therefore no mans company more acceptable than his; *O for Mr.*——*such a one* (cries the sorrowful) *where is he? send for him. Were he here, his pleasant discourse would asswage my sorrow, his company is the Antidote for an afflicted person*: and being come, who so welcome as he, what thing too good for him; whilst they both live, by this means he is like to have his loving look, and ten to one after Death his large Legacies.

In short the *Wheedle* concludes whilst there is a man living on the Earth, there is a necessity for him to imitate the Vices, and Debauches, as well as the Virtues of those with whom we converse. *Alcibiades*, who was both an Orator and Philosopher, being at *Athens*, when he was amongst the *Lacedemonians*, his conversation was crabbed and austere; when amongst the *Thracians* a very spruce Gallant, and would play the *Bacchanalian* stoutly. Amongst the *Ionians*, he addicted himself to all those pleasures they most delighted themselves in, being very jovial, and as they were phantastick so was he: When he was among the *Persians*, he imitated them in their Gallantry of Apparel, with other Sumptuous and Splendid habits and accoutrements, according to the humour of that (then) luxurious Nation.

A man qualified with such a Spirit cannot fail to reap his advantages whereever he comes, but especially at Court, or Princes Palaces, where men must comply, and render themselves easie to conform to all sorts of Humours and Manners, as if it proceeded from a Natural inclination, and not from any fawning imitation.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Some general Observations tending to a further discovery of Mens Inclinations.

IN the preceding Chapters it is indifferently proved that the Temperaments are the most general and most eminent causes of the Inclinations of both Sexes, Men being inclined to such and such Passions, according to the quality of the Humours which are predominant in the Body; thus the Melancholick person, as he is sad and serious, so he is commonly Politick and Ingenious: the Cholerick active, angry, and inconstant: the Sanguine jovial and affable the Phlegmatick stupid, yet faithful.

Besides these Internal Characters, there are also many that are External, which are as Letters by which man is read and understood; for largeness of the Breast (according to common experience) denotes nimbleness, and strength of the junctures: openness of the Nostrils, and wideness of the Mouth, are marks of courage and gluttony: a thick Neck, the flesh hard and musculous, and the extremities large, are signs of bodily strength and strong judgment: the Square Fore-head, Nose somewhat big. Lips thin, and the Chin of an indifferent largeness, declare magnanimity and greatness of courage: the Stature tall and streight, the Eye-brows elevated, a Majestick gate, and sprightly Eyes, signifie ambition and desire of honour: the Fore-head and Face

of a square figure, and the Head of a convenient bigness, are marks of Wisdom, Constancy and Justice. If you will be further acquainted with these and other external signs belonging to mens Bodies, and would know their signification according to experience, consult that excellent and elaborate Piece of Mr. *Sanders*, treating at large of *Phisignomy* and *Chiromancy*; where you will find, and whence it may be affirmed, that of all the parts belonging to Man or Woman, there is not one, but which denotes some particular Vice or Virtue.

Now, though these aforementioned signs, with these which follow, are admirable discoverers of intricate Man, *viz.* motion of the Body, Gate, Gesture, and carriage of it, Beauty and Deformity, Colour, Air of the Countenance, quality of the Skin, Voice, fleshiness of the Body, figure and largeness of the Parts, all which proceed from External or Internal Causes; yet some say, that these signs are not certain, but may fail in sundry respects: first as to the external; a man may become crooked, or crump Shouldered by a fluxion, or by a fall; a man may squint by imitating another (when he was young) who lookt obliquely; secondly, as to the internal, a man may go slowly, through weakness by sickness; thus the air of the Countenance, the Voice, Skin, and fleshiness of the Parts, may receive alteration upon the same account; an hundred instances I could here insert to the like purpose; which will not much avail my present purpose in hand; there is no rule so general but it will admit of some exception; yet let me advise the Reader, to take special notice of this caution, *Cavete ab iis, quos Deus notavit*; beware of them, whom God hath markt, I believe it is meant *in Utero*, such as come so

marks

markt into the World, who are like Parsons Sons, most commonly upon the extreams, *either very good, or very bad*; some natural marks I have taken special notice of, as mens Eyes of different colours, sometimes one bigger than the other; a tuft of hair white, and the rest black, *&c.* whosoever deals with such men, ought to have much circumspection; for they are generally Crafty and Knavish; whereever you see a black or brown hair'd man with a reddish Beard, conclude him no Woman-hater, but a hater of honest Women.

To conclude he that hath attained to the discovery of the Inclinations, Manners, and designs of other men, we cannot then but acknowledge, that he hath gotten the surest Guide that can be taken for a man's conduct in the whole course of his life, and shall in the right use thereof, not only avoid a thousand dangers, and inconveniences, into which, from time to time he runs the hazard of falling into; but likewise supports himself hereby, though in the most tottering condition. For it shows the opportunities, and favourable conjunctures of time, wherein a man ought to speak or act any thing to the best advantage, and teacheth him the manner how to do it, and if it be requisite to suggest an advice, to inspire a Passion, or a design, it knows all the Passages through which it is to be derived into the Soul.

In the compleating the study of this Art, there is nothing more requisite, than the right knowledge of *Physiognomy*, which discovers the disposition and inclination of men, as much as any thing; now he that hath got a good understanding therein, need not complain against Nature, for not putting a window before mens hearts, that their thoughts, and secret designs might be seen;

seen; for those things fall not under the senses; for though the eyes saw the very bottom, and all the windings, and turnings of the heart, yet could they not observe any thing therein, from whence they might derive the knowledge of it: Nature hath made other provision for this discovery; to wit, not only voice and tongue (the Interpreters of the thoughts) but also left (out of a distrust) man should abuse them, Nature hath contrived a language in his forehead and eyes, to give the other the lye, in case they should not prove faithful. In short, she hath exposed his Soul to be observed on the outside, so that there is no necessity of any window to see his motions, inclinations, and passions, since they are apparent in his face, and are there written in such visible, and manifest characters; yet for all this, few have the Art of reading them, for want of humane observation: let us then pass to things that are more legible, and those are the Passions.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Of the Passions in General, by which we come to know, and win upon men.

AS the depths of the Earth are obscure places, which are not penetrated by the radiant light of the Sun, where Night and Horror seem to sojourn, and there have their dwelling; so is the heart of man environed with darkness, which is not to be dissipated, and whatsoever it conceiveth is so hidden, as we can guess thereat but by conjecture, and all the rules, and observations we have, or may lay down are not so infallible, but that they lye liable to mistakes. For words are not always faithful representations of the hearts conceptions; neither are actions always to be credited. Humane wisdom (which vaunts it self to see far into what is to come) is much troubled to discover mans intentions; and the greatest work a Statesman can undertake, is, when by his dexterity he endeavours to expound a dissembling Hypocritical heart, and there to observe such thoughts, and designs, as are endeavoured to be kept concealed.

Thus our *Wheedle* by policy arrives to this knowledge, which gives him rules how to sound these depths, which seem to have no bottom. He judges of mens Meanings, by their Humours and Actions, and reads in the eyes and face, the most secret motions of the Soul, and its inclinations.

He

He obſerves their nature by their deſigns, and ſtudies man ſo well, that he can give a ſhrewd gueſs at their very thoughts, and by one piece of ſubtilty and cunning, diſcover that, which they by another ſeek to conceal. But of all theſe ways I find none more eaſie, and more certain than that of the Paſſions; for they eſcape us againſt our will, and betray us by their Promptneſs, and likeneſs, as *Seneca* ſaith, *nulla vehementior intra cogitatio eſt quæ nihil moveat in vultu.* Daily experience tels us this, that it is much more hard to withhold a man's Choler, than his hand, and to impoſe ſilence to his ſufferings, than to his mouth. They mutiny without our leave, and by an impreſſion which they make in our countenance, they teach our enemies all that lies within our hearts, and invite the *Wheedle* to come, and banquet on our follies. *Horace* terms the Paſſions Tortures; *Vino Tortus & Ira*; and rightly too; for as they torture us through their rigour, ſo by Violence they force us to confeſs the truth. A man muſt be very faithful to himſelf, if he do not declare himſelf, either by hatred, or vanity, and he muſt have great power, and keep them under, when our Skilful *Artift* undertakes to move them upon ſome *Wheedling* account. The wiſeſt men frequently forget their prudent reſolutions, and oftentimes a Praiſe, or a Reproach draws a truth from them, which wiſdom had a long time kept concealed.

Tiberius, the Emperour is judg'd by the Learned to be the greateſt Diſſembler that ever ſway'd a Scepter, and therefore the *Senate* trembled as oft as they were to treat with a Prince ſo cloſe, and ſo cunning; for all his words were *Ænigma's*, and his actions ſo obſcure, as that none could diſcover his intentions; notwithſtanding one word of *Agrippina's* ſo incenſed him, as to make him ſay

a

a thing which so agitated him, that doubtless he would have concealed it, had he continued in his ordinary Temper; thus was the most concealed man in the world betray'd by the heat of Passion, and by an indiscreet answer discover'd the bottom of his heart. Our *Wheedle* hath a special care of this; for as he is reserved in his speeches, so he his Master of his affections in such sort, as that they appear not in his visage, nor sparkle out in his words, nor actions; all the doors of his Soul are shut up, but one small Postern for *Flattery* to issue out at, by which means no man shall fathom his depth, and those that will take the pains to know him, must consult Report; which way is very uncertain; for Fame is fickle, Enemies are Lyars, and Friends are Flatterers.

Whilst he is thus reserved to himself he neglects not to inquire into other mens Inclinations, and reads in those faithful Glasses the most secret motions of their hearts. He diligently examins what Passion is out of order; for if any one be, it is impossible to conceal it, and when it hath discover'd its self, he presently makes use thereof to his own benefit, but their certain prejudice. If women did not discover how much they are delighted with idle discourse, they would not run such danger in their honour; for when this *Wheedle* hath discovered their Weakness, and shall observe, that they are pleas'd in being prais'd, he insinuates himself into their likings by Flattery, and makes himself beloved by them, by approving of what they love. The ambitious man hath no sence against him, when he hath discover'd his Passions; as he esteems of nothing more than Vain-glory, he forgoes any thing he hath to acquire it, and thinks to be a greater gainer by the Exchange, wherein he pares with real goods for empty

empty words; and to be brief, the whole World must confess, that our Passions are chains which make us Slaves to all such as know how to manage them well.

When the Parricide, *Cataline*, had vowed the ruine of his Country, and had resolved to change the *Roman* Commonwealth into a cruel Tyranny, he corrupted all the young men by accommodating himself to their desires, he appeased Confederates by flattering their humour; he won their good wills, by following their inclinations; and by promising Preferment to such as were ambitious; women to such as were lascivious; and riches to the avaritious.

Thus must the *Wheedle* act if he intends his design shall prove prosperous; and herein ne exactly imitates the Devil, who hath great light (though he be Prince of darkness;) and as he knows all mens tempers, he fits all his suggestions to their desires, and propounds nothing to them which is not conformable to their inclinations. To the proud he proffers Honour, he awakens the Passion which possesseth them, and engageth them in unlawful ways to compass pernicious designs, and endeavours to perswade them, that whatsoever they commit (though never so bad, if reputation may be gotten thereby) is glorious and praise worthy. He solicits the voluptuous by infamous pleasures; if he cannot commend their Villanies, he seeks out names to excuse them: He terms that Natural, which is Irrational, and, as if Nature and Reason were at Enmity, he counsels them to follow the former, and forsake the latter. He encourageth the Furious to Revenge; he gives gallant Titles to shameful Passions; he endeavours to make the resentment of an injury pass for an act of Justice and Gallantry,

try, and contradicting all Maxims of Christianity, he establisheth the greatness of courage in hatred and Murder. He perswades the avaritious that there is nothing more generally sought after than Riches: that our Ancestors have reverenced it; that our Successors will honour it; that people who differ in other opinions, agree in the reputation they put hereupon; that Poverty is infamous, that it is the contempt of Rich men, and indeed the scorn of most men.

Non habet infælix Paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit——

There's nought in Poverty so bad as this,
Applaudits ne'r attend it, but an Hiss.

In fine, these two colloguing Enemies, the *Whetdle*, and the Devil, undo alike by flattering men; they gain upon their understandings by their affections, so beat them with their own Weapons, and by a dangerous piece of cunning employ their Passions to corrupt their wills. In what manner the *Wheedle* works upon the Passions to his advantage, shall be discoursed in some following Chapters.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

What use and advantages the Wheedle makes by working on Mens Passions.

DIvers are the Opinions of men about the Passions; some will have them placed in the neathermost parts of the Soul; some imagine they are framed in the Body; and thus they differ too about their numbers; some will acknowledge but two, as *Aristotle*, &c. The *Academicks* admit of four principal Passions, *Desire* and *Fear*, *Joy* and *Sorrow*, and that all others are comprehended by them; thus *Hope*, *Audacity*, and *Choler*, are ranked under *Desire*; *Despair*, and *Aversion* under *Fear*, and that all of them together do determine in *Joy* or *Sorrow*. The *Peripatetticks* did multiply them, and grounded their Number upon the divers motions of the Soul; for the Soul (say they) hath either an inclination or aversion to the Objects with which she is either pleased or displeased; and this is *Love* or *Hatred*; or else she shuns them, and this is *Eschewing*; or she draws near unto them, and this is *Desire*; or she promiseth to her self the fruition of what she wisheth, and this is *Hope*; or she cannot defend her self from the Evil which she apprehends, and this is *Despair*; or she endeavours to withstand it, and this is *Audacity*; or she cheats her self up to overcome it, and this is *Choler*: Lastly, she either possesseth the good, and this is *Joy*, or suffereth the evil, and this is *Sorrow*.

Others

Others will have the Passions to be in number just Eleven, *Love*, *Desire*, *Delight*, *Hatred*, *Abomination*, *Sorrow*, *Hope*, *Despair*, *Fear*, *Ire*, and *Audacity*:

To give you a particular Account of all the Passions, with their Characters at large, describing all the good and bad uses that are to be made of them, will be a task too remote from my present subject; however I shall acquaint you how the *Wheedle* singles out some of them, and what large advantages he makes of them, thriving like a *Toad*, by feeding on what is bad or venemous

CHAP. XI.

The Passions are the seeds of Vice, from whence the Wheedle *receives frequently a plentiful Harvest.*

WE must in the first place presuppose that the sensual Appetite is divided into two parts, Concupiscible and Irascible, one coveting, the other Invading, yet are not two Faculties, or powers of the Soul, but one only power and faculty, which hath two inclinations; for, as there is but one power of hearing, and seeing, though with two Ears, and two Eyes; so we have one sensual Appetite with a double Inclination, one coveting, and desiring, and the other invading, and oppugning; by the former it pursues good, and shuns evil; by the latter, it either complies with, or opposes the difficulties which present themselves. For, as the

Universe consists, and is full of things contrary, and opposite one to the other; so there is not any thing can continue in it without meeting with Enemies, which assault and endeavour to destroy it. Wherefore, it was the work of the Providence of Nature to bestow on every individual thing, not only the virtues which were necessary for the Execution of its ordinary, and as it were of its Domestick Functions, but also those, which should secure it against the attempts of others, and prevent the violences which it might be exposed to abroad.

Upon this account it is, that all things have some qualities conducive to the preservation of their being, and others enabling them to oppose what is contrary thereunto. Man above all the Creatures of the Creation might boast of, and rejoyce in the safety and security, continually guarded by Reason, were it not for the Passions, which (since our ejectment out of the State of Innocency) have revolted from Reason, whence they had their Orders, and are become disloyal, no longer acknowledging the voice of their Soveraign, but obey what first commands them, and take part with a Tyrant, as with their Legitimate Prince. This is nothing to be wondered at, since the Passions are no farther distant from Vices, than they are from Virtue; as in the confusion of the Chaos, Fire and Water were mingled together, so is evil with good in the affections of the Soul, and from those fatal Mines, Iron is as well drawn out as Gold; Man ought therefore to keep himself alwaies on his Guard, and knowing that he carrieth about him in his Bosom both Life and Death, it behoveth him to be as circumspect in his comportments, as those, who walk upon the edge of a Precipice.

Their

These Passions, as they are highly prejudicial, nay, sometimes destructive to every particular person in whom they are disordered; so are the greatest mischiefs in general hatcht, or occasioned by these insolent Affections; if *Love* and *Hatred* could be exiled from the Earth, Murder, and Adultery, could not there be found. Men may accuse Poets for Fictions, but these Passions have committed more Errors than the others have invented.

An unlawful Love put all *Greece* into Arms, and the flames thereofr educed the goodliest City of all *Asia* to Ashes. How infinite is the number of private Families, which have been utterly ruin'd by this Passion, instigated by Villanous men, expecting from their fall a rise considerable.

Jealousie between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, was the loss of the lives of more than a Million of Men; the world was divided in their quarrel, their Ambition put Arms into the hands of all people, and the world doth yet bemoan this Disaster, the spoils of this Shipwrack are yet seen, and the States of *Europe* are but so many pieces, which did compose the Body of that Puissant Common-wealth.

Thus *Jealousie*, when irritated and heightned, becomes destructive to private persons; how many horrid Murders are committed yearly upon that account alone in *Italy:* where is there a place, wherein men are not strangely agitated by this Passion, in such sort, that at last they prove the fatal Instruments of their own ruin.

What advantage our *Whetdle* can make of this Passion, I know not, unless perswaded by lust to make a separation between Man and Wife, he hopes thereby to gain the enjoyment and possession of her. The jealous or superstitious man of all men is the unfitteſt person for him to deal with,

being given so much to mistrust, that it is impossible for one to make him believe any thing above a quarter of an hour, and if any thing intervene in that time, which seems to contradict that Report, he takes you for his Enemy, and he becomes yours implacable without a cause. No man need to plot mischief against him, for he is one that watches it himself, with a fearing eye for fear it should escape him. Much circumspection and caution must be had when you are in his company, how you speak; for most words he takes in a wrong sense, and thinks whatever ill is spoken of another, reflects upon him; and not a jest can be thrown, but he will make it hit him; and herein you will find his humour insupportable, he shall stamp, swear, sweat, and chafe. that he is abused, and at last fretting, fling out of the room with a quarrel to every man, stung and gald, and no men know less the occasion, than they that have given it.

Have a care how you laugh in his Company, it is of a dangerous consequence, for he imagins it can be at nothing, but at him; and should you whisper, it is absolute Conspiracy. Such men can never have friends, because they cannot trust so far; they are continually wronging others, because they think they wrong them, and as they continually accuse others, when they are not guilty, so they are alwaies defending themselves when they are not accused: finally the Wheedle were best let them alone, for let him behave himself how he will, it shall go hard, but that he must abuse them whether he will or no, and not one Bodle for his labour.

Lets now inspect particularly every Passion, and endeavour to find out what bad use is made of them by the *Wheedle* or *Insinuator*; and first let us begin with *Love*. It is pity the holiest Passion of the

the Soul, that it should meet with so many impious Persons which corrupt it, and, contrary to its own inclinations, make it serve their designs, by turning natural Love into self Love, making the Spring head of good, the Original of all our Evil: For before *Adams* fall, man had no love save only for good, but since his disobedience, his love changed Nature; he, who looked on another mans advantage, and his own with the same eye, began to separate them, and forgetting what he ow'd to God, he made a God of himself, ruling his affections by his own interests, and resolving to Love no longer any thing, but what was profitable and pleasing unto him.

This mischief, like Poyson, disperst it self through the whole Fabrick of Nature, and who is there now (nay amongst the Religious, and Severe Professors) who is not a *Philautist*, who is so much a self-lover, that he makes most of his designs *Pimping Procurers* to his benefit and delight. For self-love (which leans always towards the flesh) will have the Slave to govern the Master, and that the Body command over the Soul. Self-love commands us to follow our own inclinations, and to govern our desires only according to our vanity; flatters our ambition, and to insinuate it self into us, give us leave to do what we please; it makes a man labour only for his own pleasure, or glory; it makes this the end of all his actions, and doth so bind man up within himself, as that it suffereth him not to consider any other interest than his own, if he does his Countrey, or any particular Person any good, it is to do himself a kindness. Certainly this man must be ingrateful and unfaithful, who is so much in Love with himself.

From this Spring-head of Miſchief flow three Rivers, which deluge the whole Univerſe. The firſt is Venereal Love, or a Love of Women, for Face, and Features, and this is called *Incontinency.* The Second is the Love of Wealth, and a large Revenue, and this is called *Covetouſneſs*; The third, and laſt, is the Love of Titles of Honour, and Splendid preferments, and this is termed *Ambition*: all theſe pleaſing Enemies of mankind are hardly to be overcome by Reaſon; for beſides their natural Forces, they have Auxiliaries, which they collect from our inclinations and habits: Now the *Wheedle* that knows the operations of theſe three Paſſions in himſelf, and how much they tickle him who is poſſeſt with them, underſtands how to conform to any of them ſo long, till thereby he hath gratified his own deſigns.

The next Paſſion that falls in our way is *Deſire.* One would think (ſince in all Creatures, as well as men, there is a certain inſtinct for ſelf-preſervation) man could not harm himſelf by having his Deſires changed into effects; for, it is the ordinary wiſh which our Friends, and neareſt Relations beſtow upon us, and undoubtedly were they well regulated, nothing would be more grateful, and uſeful in their accompliſhment; and we ſhould eſteem our ſelves (from thence) the happieſt of men, if after a long purſuance; we ſhould arrive to the complement of our deſires; but, as theſe wiſhes are almoſt always uniuſt, ſo their ſucceſs is frequently injurious. And, here I cannot omit inſerting a moſt incomparable ſaying of *Seneca, Bonæ animæ male precantur, & ſi vis fœlix eſſe, Deum ora, ne quid tibi ex his quos optantur, eveniat.* We muſt pray to the Omnipotent that nothing may befal us, which is wiſhed to us, and in this,

this, it is not improbable that our best friends may innocently wish us ill, when they make vows in our behalf: but the Wheedle wilfully and absolutely devests it by feeding and fomenting that Self-love he discovers in any Person, by indulging (if possible) all his wishes, and desires working upon the imagination the more to irritate them, which probable might be quiet enough, did not this embroiling Power put them in disorder.

Nature (of her Self) is contented with a very little, and that mean too: she only makes head, to oppose what either doth molest, or would destroy; she covets not stately structures, and, so, that she be but preserved from the injury of the Weather, she values not their Ornaments; she minds not gaudy habiliments, and cares not how plain her garments are, so that they hide her nakedness, and fence her body from the rigour of the cold; she hunts not after delights, which are excessful in meat, and drink, so that they quench Thirst, and satisfy Hunger: but Imagination, which seems to have no other employment since the Fall, continually is busied in inventing new delights, and adds dissoluteness to our desires, and makes our wishes altogether irregular; tis she that makes the whole Nature labour to satisfie our *Pride* and *Luxury*; she dives into the Bowels of the Earth, and into the depths of the Sea, to find out Pearls, and pretious Stones, with what other Ornaments they afford to deck the body.

In fine, she inquisitively seeks after curiosity of delicate Food, and admits of none, but what is exquisite; she confounds the Seasons to afford man pleasure, and in spight of a sultry Summer, preserves Snow and Ice to cool the Wine, that it may please the better. These things the sensual *Whadis* suggests to him by the strength of imagi-

nation (to fatten his own carkass) and having given him an Opinion of the excellency of their enjoyment, impatient of delay; and wing'd with desires, he takes his flight, and never desists till he hath seiz'd the Quarry; and at length, by greediness, is either gorg'd, or surfeited into an Hospital, having not so much money left, as will procure him one single Purgation.

How cunningly will this *Wheedle* insinuate himself into the Society of young Men, and knowing how prone they are to prosecute pleasure of all sorts, he hath an Inventory of all places of *Pleasure* and *Pastimes*; then he tells them of such an excellent *New-Spring-Garden*; such a Match at Bowls, where so much Mony will be laid; such a Race; such a Match at Hunting, *&c.* if none of these will take, he hath twenty more, some of which will hit; after this a Glass of Wine, over which he discourses of several excellent Beauties, he hath had the honour to be acquainted with, such who were never blown upon by the infectious Air of the City or Suburbs, but fresher than *Flora* in all her sweet smelling Gaity; these are the Traps he lays, when he hath warm'd their Bloods with Liquors, and poisons them with Wine and Women, as men do Rats with Sponge and sweet Malago.

The third Passion that the Wheedle makes use of for his advantage, is *Hope*, abusing it by an employment contrary to the intent of *Nature*, and making it serve an unworthy Master, and by *Cunning* or *Violence* turns it out of the pure Stream, wherein *Virtue* smoothly glides, and diverts her from her legitimate Object, he proposing others unto her incongruous to her Nature. For, according to the Opinion of the Learned, this Passion

ought

ought to respect good that is absent, difficult, yet possible; wherefore *Honours*, *Profits*, and *Pleasures*, cannot be true Objects; for they have only the appearance of good; it is *Opinion* (that knows not rightly how to name things) hath given them Titles they deserve not; for, to say the Truth, *Riches* and swelling *Titles* have no other valuation, than what *Ignorance* or *Falshood* have bestow'd upon them. *Honour* depends so strongly upon *Opinion*, as it is her meer *Workmanship*. The pleasures of this life are too pernicious to man to be numbered among his good things; for *Shame* and *Sorrow* always attend them, making them bear the punishment of all their extravagances they have committed; which the *Whiedle* takes care to conceal from mens knowledge, lest knowing the sad effects, they should repent, and desist from prosecuting them: he represents them otherwise to the deceived eye of his *Bubble*, showing him Pictures, which are in effect nothing less than what they appear to his Senses; and thus the poor ignorant *Gull*, judging of the deceitful workmanship of those Pictures only by the Eye, thinks he sees Birds hovering in the Air; and, standing at a distance, imagins by the crafty Landskip, that he sees *Hills*, *Plains*: and *Woods* of a vast extent, but drawing nearer, finds only some few strokes of a Pencil, drawn on Canvass, which deceived his Senses, and made him see what was not; or had they been real representations, and not painted appearances, he hath a thousand pretences to keep them out of his Clutches, and yet buoy up his *Hope* still with empty promises.

All men are apt to flatter themselves with vain hopes. and therefore it is a matter of no great difficulty, to infuse hopes into the credulous Prisoner for Debt; though he be under never so many

Executions of mercileſs Creditors, yet he promiſeth himſelf Liberty, which the *Wheedle* underſtanding, cheriſheth in him thoſe groundleſs hopes by telling him there is nothing impoſſible; that he hath effected more difficult things of the like Nature; further inſiſting on the great Authority he hath over ſuch, and ſuch of his Creditors, and that he queſtions not, but by his perſwaſion, he ſhall work them to a good agreement: this extracts part of the remaining money out of his pocket, which ſhould have bought him bread, and leaving him, adds more miſery to his deplorable condition.

A Criminal condemn'd (though under the *Hangmans* hands) by hope perſwades himſelf he ſhall eſcape the *Gallows*, which his *Wheedle* aſſures him of, and receives from him the remainder of his ill gotten money, but leaves him in his greateſt extremity, and thus the *Rope* puts a period to his *Hope*. Sometimes the Wheedle is more guilty than the Criminal of his acquaintance, who ſtands indicted, yet is at Liberty, and ſuffers not thoſe Torments of that *Earthly Hell*, called a Priſon; but fearing he ſhould fall into them, and lye under the ſame condemnation of his *Brother in Iniquity*; whilſt under confinement he viſits him oft, feaſts, and ſupplys him with Moneys, luls him into a ſenſleſs ſecurity, aſſures him all ſhall be well; but adviſes him with all, that he make no confeſſion at his Tryal; this counſel he follows, the *Jury* finding him guilty of *Felony*, *Burglary*, *&c.* Sentence of Death is pronounced, and then being dead in Law, his Evidence is invalid; and by theſe means the *Wheedle* preſerves a little longer his own Life by the Deſtruction of anothers. This is certain, that there is none ſo miſerable, who do not (indiſcreetly) feed themſelves

selves with some imaginary happiness; thinking that the *Stars* will club their influences to do *Miracles* for their sakes, and that the order of the Universe shall be chang'd to fulfill their desires; these are the men whose Company he dearly loves, for they are one main Pillar which supports his house, which was built out of the ruins of many others; he leads them by the Nose (as the *Bear-heard* does *Tom-Dove* up and down the Town) to this Lords house, and that Noblemans, pretending to help them to Preferments, or what else he can gather from them, they either hope for, or desire, but to less purpose for them, than the *pennyless Pilgrimage to Scotland*; for these deluded *Fops* see none of these Great men, on whom their hopes depend by his perswasion, nor do I see, how they can by his means; for, he knows them not, and if he hath heard of their Names and abode, that is all; now whilst their gaping hopes gaze on something, they know not what, and never shall attain to, he dives into their pockets, and sends them home pluckt as (*Widgeons* and *Wood-cocks*) founder'd and tired with the Travel, and trouble of waiting upon nothing. Nor shall the old man escape him, who hopes to live a little longer, a man to be pitved more than any other; for though in a *Glass*, (if he hath any glimmering sight left) he may see *Death* lively Pourtray'd in his countenance, doth yet promise himself longævity; they are sensible, that every day they lose the use of some part of their body; they see not but by art; they hear not without difficulty; they walk not without pain; and in every thing that they do, they have new proofs of their weakness, yet they hope to live, and, to confirm him in that believe, our *Wheedling Sophister* tells him how our fore-fathers liv'd many ages,

and

and why may not he, one half Century of years beyond the common cuſtom; it is not long ago ſince old *Parr* lived with many more that lived nigh ſo long: it is but having a care of themſelves, and they may fence their old carkaſſes from Death, and ſo taſte a favour that hath not been granted, excepting to ſuch as had not as yet loſt all *Innocence*. He will run up and down the whole Town to find out Women old and leacherous, (too frequently to be found, to their ſhame be it ſpoken) and ſoon ingratiates himſelf into their Society, by telling them they look younger and younger, (which they believe before he told them ſo) then perſwades them to go in Habits more youthful; if *Teeth* are wanting, he ſupplies them; if the *Head* be bald, he hath *Tours* in ſtore of all ſorts; if the *Face* be pale and wrinkled, he hath Paint to plaiſter up the chaps, or fill thoſe deep Furrows Age hath plow'd up; if the *Breath* ſtink, and the (ſcarce moving) *Carkaſs* be fœtid, he hath *Paſtils* to perfume the one, and *Eſſences* to ſweeten the other; by theſe Artifices he aſſuredly helps her to an *Husband* or a *Stallion*, and is well ſatisfied for dealing with ſuch *rotten Commodities*.

By theſe ridiculous perſwaſions he wins the heart of theſe *Old Datards* to give him a preſent *Boon*, knowing, or gueſſing at leaſt, that they hardly have ſo much time left, as might be taken up in writing up their laſt *Wills* and *Teſtaments*.

Fourthly, Mr. *Wheedle* pretends to an intimate acquaintance with the Paſſion cal'd *Audacity*, but he miſtakes it, by calling or nick-naming it *Convenient Boldneſs*, as he terms it, which in plain Engliſh is *Impudence*; he will thruſt himſelf into any ſtrange Company without enquiry who they are; for

for the better benefit of exercising his *Pride*, that he may be thought some *Great Man*, or at least a man of some Authority; haply he may by his *Wheedling* and Insinuation, get into some beneficial employment, and then he straight changeth his face upon this preferment, because his own was not bred to it. His actions and countenance seem to strive which should bespeak how much he is; now, if you chance not to mind him, 'tis ten to one he will mind you, and give you to understand how remiss you are in your non-observance, and will take pains to do it, that all the company may take notice of it, and concludes every peri d with his *Place*; much like a *Constable* that was in *Office* upon his *Sacred Majesties Restauration*, who, for some years after, seldom mist in his Discourse, frequently to repeat what he had seen at such a time, *he being then Constable*, but mistook most abominably at last, saying, *When his Majestie had the honour to come through the City, I was Constable at that time.*

Whilst you have any thing to use him in, take notice you are his *Vassal* for that time, and must give him the patience of any injury, which he does to show what he may do. In this condition, whilst you are necessitated for his help, he will snap you up most imperiously, not for any reason, but because he will be offended, and tells you, that you are sawcy and troublesom, and sometimes takes your mony in that language. In short, he is a man of little merit, and makes out in *Pride* and *Impudence*, what he wants in *Worth*, fencing himself with a stately kind of Behaviour, from that contempt would pursue him.

This is a Fellow, whom I may call more *Fool* than *Wheedle*, for he that endeavours to raise himself higher and higher in worldly estimation, must

must wrap up *Ambition* and *Pride* in the Mantle of Pretended *Humility* by seeming to adore *Superiours*, condescending to *Equals*, and by an even deportment to *Inferiours*.

If Mr. *Wheedle* come from Sea, or pretends to have been there; (where note he is *Jack* of *all Trades*, and free of most Mysteries, Professions, and Occupations) I say, if he would have the World believe that he is a Stout man, there is no man truly Valiant will say, he is half so much indued with *Fortitude* and *Audacity* as himself, and since he knows not how to give any other proof thereof than words, he proclaims himself the invincible Sir *Frederick Fight-all*, *Captain Al-Man-Sir*,——*By your leave friend* H. C. *One Paragraph of your Coffee-house Character is so proper to this purpose, and so Satyrical, sharp, and witty, that at first I thought to have turn'd Paper-Pad, and rob'd you, but upon second thoughts I look't upon that course ignoble to a Friend, when he may have the liberty to borrow.*

I say, this *Wheedling Huff*, that needs would be Captain,——I know not what, *Is the Man of Mouth, with a Face as blustring as that of* Eolus, *and his four Sons in Painting, and a voice louder than the speaking-Trumpet; he begins you the Story of a Sea-Fight; and though he were never by water farther than the* Bear-Garden, *or* Cuckolds-Point, *yet having pyrated the Names of Ships and Captains, he perswades you himself was present, and performed Miracles; that he waded Knee-deep in blood on the upper Deck, and never thought* Serenade *to his Mistress so pleasant, as the Bullets whistling; how he slopt a Vice-Admiral of the Enemies under full Sail, till she was boarded, with his single Arm instead of Grapling-Irons, and puft out with his breath a Fire-ship that fell foul on them. All this he relates sitting in a Cloud of Smoak, and belching so many Cannon-Oaths to vouch it, you can scarce*

guess

gueſs whether the real Engagement, or his Romancing account of it be the more dreadful. However, he concludes with railing at the Conduct of ſome eminent Officers, (that perhaps he never ſaw) and proteſts, had they taken his advice at a Council of War, not a Sail had eſcaped us.

How ridiculouſly doth this *Fool* miſtake himſelf, thinking by his bouncing, to leap into the reputation of a valiant Man, whereas on the contrary, the wiſe will look on him no more than a *Lyar*, and conſequently a *Coward*: True Valour never ſpeaks much of it ſelf. He muſt then have ſome other deſign in the venting of his *Rhodomontado*'s, which this way cannot be great, but creeping on all four like his fortune: it may be the relation of what dreadful things he hath ſeen, may ſqueeze a dinner or a drunken bout out of ſome, who have ſpent moſt of their time in reading Books of Chivalry, and therefore love to hear of bloody exploits; *dulce bellum inexpertis*: it may be another upon the ſuppoſition of his being a deſperate man may be threatned, or frightned out of the loan of a Crown, but uſing it too often, the other is forced to be rid of him at laſt by trying his valour, and in the conteſt finds him what he is made of, *a meer man to look on.*

I like his ſubtlety well in following Natures dictates, making uſe of whatever tends to ſelf-preſervation, knowing what dangers men are cal'd to, who are the true Profeſſors of *Fortitude* and *Audacity*; fighting is her ordinary exerciſe, and ſhe often times bathes her ſelf in tears of Blood; ſhe is always incompaſſed with dangers, and on what ſide ſoever ſhe turns, ſhe ſees nothing but ghaſtly images, fearful apparitions; theſe are ſights his timerous Soul will not permit him once to look on. To conclude, he looks on the actions of the Valiant

Valiant to be little leſs than the effects of Madneſs, and will never venture farther than his ſafety will permit him.

The fifth *Paſſion* is *Anger*, that the Wheedle operates upon to his advantage. In the beneficial uſe of this Paſſion he conſiders that there are few errors which men commit, but have their excuſes attending them, and perſiſt in the diſorders, not only for the eſteem they place upon them, but likewiſe for the Rationality which ſeems to back, and juſtifie them: thus the *Angry*, or *Choleric* proſecutes his revenge, becauſe it is ſweet in the execution, though bitter afterwards, and he thinks it both *Reaſon* and *Juſtice* to right himſelf when wrong'd: the *Incontinent* excuſe themſelves upon their weakneſs, and call their continual active *Leachery*, an *Infirmity*. *Detractors* have their pretences too, for what opprobriums, and calumnies they utter againſt others: now *Revenge* and *Choler*, believing themſelves to be grounded upon *Reaſon*, demean themſelves inſolently, and would perſwade us that all their excurſions are as juſt, as couragious and valiant: This he confidently believes, and he cannot be his friend that diſſwades him out of that opinion; he hugs himſelf in it, and our *Wheedle* comes, and embraceth them both therein; there is no way for him to bring about his end, but floating with him in that Torrent, which is to no boot to oppoſe; for it bears down all before it. He ſubtlely inſinuates into his Ear, the gallantry, and legality of this unjuſt Paſſion: becauſe it is uſed, and too too much practiſed, among *Great Ones*: he tells him further, that it cannot but be noble and generous; becauſe it frequently dwells in the Breaſts of *Dukes*, *Earls*, *Kings*, and *Emperours*; and then ſlily commends

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Alexander, for being ſo Paſſionate, and revengeful, as not to ſpare his deareſt friends when in his wrath, and imputes all his Victories to that raſh Paſſion; inferring further, that though ſome condemn him for raſhneſs, yet none can deny, but that he was fortunate in it: theſe things ſo tickle that humour, which he can't but follow, that no man pleaſeth him more than he that ſuggeſts them.

Such like flatteries, and inſinuations with great Men make them require from their Inferiours ſuch ſhameful obſequiouſneſs to their inordinate deſires, that they become offended with a juſt liberty among their Equals. They take good advice for neglect, and rational Counſels for an undermining of their Authority. Fortune hath made them ſo tender, as Suſpitions ſerve them for proofs to condemn the Innocent. O what excellent work doth the *Wheedle* make with ſuch a Perſon; he knows that the truth is odious to him, and he cannot bear with fidelity in his Domeſticks; he will not ſwallow down a Truth unleſs corrupted, which the *Wheedle* prepares according to his fancy; and the temper of his mind is ſo low, and weak, that ſincerity in a ſervant is able to offend him; for he thinks there is ſome deſign againſt his Honour, when his faults are reprehended, and though it be done in the moſt circumſpect and mildeſt manner imaginable, yet it is always taken by him for an injury, or affront. To pleaſe him in the removal of theſe faithful *Tel-truths*, and to ſerve himſelf in his future deſigns, the *Wheedle* Inveighs againſt them, accuſeth them of ſaucineſs, ambition, indiſcretion, and what not, till he hath rooted them out of the family, in whoſe places he introduceth flattering inſinuating *Raſcals*, who will ſay, and ſwear any thing, and are more his

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Creatures, than their *Masters*: thus working on that *Choler*, which transports him, he makes him know (it may be when it is too late) that his *Greatness*, is meer *Weakness*, and that at length, *the Man's the Master.*

Much more might be spoken of such like intrigues, which I relate not, as I approve, or would have any imitate the *Wheedles* endeavours, but condemn their designs; for if he that commits a fault is not innocent, he that provokes one to it, must be faulty; the one commences the Crime, and the other finishes it, and both are alike guilty: the one makes a *Challenge* (as in this case) and the other *Accepts* it; the second is not more just, than the first, save that the injury he hath received serves for a pretence to another.

Sixthly, *Delight* and *Pleasure* is a Passion which the *Wheedle* makes infinite advantage in the use thereof, or rather Knavish abuse. Doubtless *Epicurus* innocently, and with a good intent proposed to men the enjoyment of pleasure which his Debauched Disciples could not, or would not understand; whose Example our *Wheedle* imitates.

The *Sect of the Epicureans* taking notice of the difficulty which attended *Virtue*, which made her hated, and condemned by vulgar, lazy, terrene Souls, and that the labour that went to the acquisition thereof, made them lose the longing after her, they strove to perswade them, that she was pleasant, and delightsom; upon their word, some began to court her, and thinking to find all manner of delight, and pleasure in her Retinue, they made their amorous addresses to *Madam Virtue*; but, finding nothing about her which made any impression upon the senses, they chang'd their de-

design, and made Love to *Voluptuousness*. Of which *Sect* our *Wheedle* is *Master of Art*; not that he was ever a true *Disciple* of *Epicurus*, who would never have proposed *Voluptuousness* to men, but to make them in love with *Virtue*; yet, because his design was unhappy, and met not with desired success, he could not avoid calumny; and the Zeal of his *Adversaries* confounded his *Opinion* with his *Disciples Errour*.

This *voluptuous Wheedle* hath his *Disciples* too, and are rankt under several *Classes*; The *Whoremaster*, *Drunkard*, *Glutton*, *Gamester*, *Pimp*, *Bawd*, *Whore*, *Cuff* and *Kick*, *Bully*, *Huff*, *Bully Ruffin*; likewise the *Sloathful*, the *Ambitious*, the *Conceited*, the *Afflicted*, the *Coward*, the *Impudent*, the *Ignorant*, the *Insolent*, with many more.

For the Instructions of his *Disciples*, he hath many *Schools*, or *Academies*, viz. *Taverns*, *Bawdy-houses*, or *Coffee-houses*, *Inns*, *Ale-houses*, *Garden-houses*, *Ordinaries*, *Tennis-Courts*. &c. and his Desks to write upon are a *Pair of Tables*, *Shuffle-boards*, or *Billiard-tables*, &c.

When he had a mind to instruct his *Scholars* abroad, he then turns *Peripatetick*, and walks them to *Bowling-greens*, *Bowling-allies*, nay *Pidgeon-holes*, *Nine-pin-alleys*, or for further exercise to *Whetstones-park*; but the *Does* being there almost quite destroy'd, for want of care, and good-looking after in *Fence-moneth*; he hath other *Parks*, *Chases*, and *Purlieus*, wherein are plenty of *Deer* for their *Delight* and *Recreation*.

When he intends to take the fresh air, *Hide-park* is no small advantage to him; on a fair May-day he repairs thither, as to a *Mart*, where he picks up more *Baubles*, than at *Bartholomew-Fair*, or our *Ladies* in *Southwark*; and the *Lodge* is his grand *Shop*, where he takes up all sorts of *Commodities*

ditties upon truſt; the *Coaches* are his *Moving-Stands*, where he furniſheth ſome of his *Cuſtomers* with plenty of *Linnen*, only for taking up; others pay ſo dearly for it, that it proves their *Shrowds*, or *Winding-ſheets*. Here he picks out and culls the Men on Horſe-back, and by ſlight of hand with wonderful celerity, diſmounts their *Georgies*; or ſhuffles in among the duſty, ſweaty, *Rabble*, and will venture the defiling of his cloaths, to guild his pockets: not an *Apple-woman* ſhall eſcape him, but he will reap ſome *Fruit* of her. In this promiſcuous *Rendez-vous* of different people, he indifferently lays his baits for all, and if he tickle not a *Trout*, he will infallibly catch ſome *Gudgeon*.

His greateſt *Mart*, and longeſt of continuance, is *Epſom*, or *Tunbridge Wells*, where (blind-fold) he cannot miſs of *Miſſes* enough to miſlead, and of *Males* to unman for his profit. The firſt he picks up for his amorous *Diſciples*; both pay him *Cuſtom* for *Procuration*; he rarely uſes them himſelf, yet no *Woman hater*, but hates the Woman, that with her *Milk* will not give down her *Mony*. On the latter he exerciſes himſelf by diving into their humours, and that he may not be lookt upon as unſociable, he ſhews himſelf conformable unto them. He comes not there only to drink *Phyſical Waters*, but inflaming intoxicating Wine; not but that he drinks them too, for faſhion ſake, and to pick up company; and having delug'd their guts with that cold inſipid ſtuff, and dung'd the neighbouring land with *yellow Marle*, vulgarly called *Excrement*; he tells them of that imminent danger of a *Quartan*, which attends them, if they warm not ſpeedily their chil'd, and benum'd body with a glaſs of wine, briskly going round.

They agree, and by a general conſent the glaſs doth freely paſs about, and none ſo ſeemingly free

to

to drink as Mr *Wheedle*, but by shifting his Wine, he keeps his head less annoy'd with fumes, whilst the others, inspired with extravagant fancies, betray their humours to his observation, and so become a prey to his Stratagems. The *Proverb* saith, *When the Wine is in, the Wit is out*, which they find next Morning by woful experience; having nothing left them, but their Ears standing. For when the blood is heated by the over-flowing wine, which the *Wheedle* observes by the face, or discourse, a game at Tables is then proposed; if that dislike, then *Cards* are produced; or for monies quick dispatch, *Box* and *Dice Nicks* infallibly.

For variety, a Game at *Nine-pins* must not be despised, wherein the *Wheedle* is so dexterous, and so skilful at it, that he will not fail once in five times to knock down a single pin, throwing the Bowl over an house, and, though on horse-back, tip down all Nine so certain, and so often, as to make the Loser swear, the *Wheedle hath put false Nine-pins on him.*

On

On Tunbridge-Wells.

At five this Morn, when Phœbus *rais'd his head,*
From Thetis *Lap, I rais'd my self from Bed,*
And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,
The Rendez-vouz *of feign'd, or sickly* Praters,
Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, *their* Wives *and* Daughters.
My squtamish Stomach I with Wine had brib'd,
To undertake the Dose *it was prescrib'd;*
But turning head, a sudden noisom view
(That Innocent provision ever-threw)
And without drinking, made me Purge and Spew.
Looking on t' other side a thing I saw,
Who (some men said) could handle Sword and Law.
It stalk't, it star'd, and up and down did strut,
And seem'd as furious, as a Stag at Rut.
As wise as Calf it look't, as big, as Bully,
But handled prov'd a meer Sir Nich'las Cully.
A Bawling Fop; *a* natural Noaks; *and yet,*
He dar'd to censure as if he had Wit.
In short, no malice need on him be thrown,
Nature has done the business of Lampoon,
And in his looks, his Character hath shown
Endeavouring this irksome sight to baulk,
And a more irksome noise his silly talk,
I silently slunk down to t' Lower Walk.
But often, when one would Charybdis *shun,*
Down upon Scylla *'tis ones fate to run:*
So here it was my cursed Fate to find
As great a Fop, though of another kind;

A talk

A tall stiff Fool, *who walkt in* Spanish-guise;
The Buckram Poppet *never stir'd its eyes,*
But grave as Owl *it look't, as* Woodcock *wise.*
He scorn'd the empty talking of this Age,
And spoke all Proverb, Sentence, *and* Adage,
A man of Parts, and yet he can dispense
With the formality of speaking sense.
From hence unto the upper end I ran,
Where a new Scene of foppery began,
Amongst the serious, and Phanatick Elves:
(Fit Company for none, besides themselves.)
Assembled thus, each his Distemper told,
Scurvy, Stone, Stranguery. *Some were so bold*
To charge the Spleen *to be their Misery,*
And on the wise Disease *bring infamy.*
But none were half so Modest to complain,
Their want of Learning, Honesty, *and* Brain,
The general Diseases of that Train.
These call themselves Embassadors *of Heav'n,*
And saucily pretend Commissions *giv'n,*
But should an Indian King, *whose small command,*
Seldom extends above ten miles of Land,
Send forth such wretched Fools *in an* Embassage,
He'd find but small effects of such a Message.
Next after these a foolish whining Crew
Of Sisters *frail were offer'd to my view.*
The things did talk, but th' hearing what they said,
I did my self the kindness to evade.
Looking about, I saw some Gypsies *too,*
(Faith Brethren they can Cant as well as you.)
Amidst the crowd, next I my self convay'd,
For now were come (White-wash, & paint being laid)
Mother *and* Daughters, Mistress, *and the* Maid,
And Squire *with* Wigg *and* Pantaloons *display'd,*
But ne're could Conventicle, Play *or* Fair
For a true Medley with this Herd compare.

Here

Here Squires, Ladies, (*and some say*) Countesses,
Chandlers, Egg-Bacon-Women, *and* Semstresses
Were mixt together, nor did they agree
More in their humours, than their quality.
Here waiting for Gallant, *young* Damsel *stood,*
Leaning on Cane, and muffled up in hood.
The Would-be-wit, *whose business was to woo,*
With that remov'd, and solemn scrape of shoo
Advanceth bowing, then gentilely shrugs,
And ruffled Foretop into order Tugs.
And thus accosts her, Madam, methinks the weather
Is grown much more serene, since you came hither.
You influence the Heav'ns, and should the Sun
With-draw himself to see his rays out-done,
Your brighter Eyes could then supply the Morn,
And make a Day, *before a* Day *be born.*
With mouth screw'd up, conceited winking eyes,
And breasts thrust forward, Lord, Sir, she replyes,
It is your goodness, and not my deserts,
Which makes you show this Learning, Wit, *and* Parts.
He Puzl'd, bites his nail, both to display
The sparkling Ring, and think what next to say.
And thus breaks forth afresh; Madam, I Gad,
Your luck at Cards last night was very bad.
At Cribidge fifty nine, and the next show
To make the Game, and yet to want those two.
Gad Damme, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
If in my life I saw the like before.
Tir'd with this dismal stuff, away I ran
Where were two Wives with Girls just fit for Man,
Short Breath'd, with pallid Lips, and Visage wan.
Some Court'sies past, and the old Compliment
Of being glad to see each other, spent,
With hand in hand they lovingly did walk,
And one began thus to renew the talk.
I pray (Good Madam) if it may be thought
No Rudeness, what cause was it hither brought

Your

Your Ladyship? She soon replying smil'd,
We have a good Estate, but have no Child;
And I'm inform'd these Wells *will make a barren*
Woman, as fruitful as a Coney-warren.
The first return'd, for this cause I am come,
For I can have no quietness at home:
My Husband grumbles, though we have got one,
This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son.
Is't so (quoth t' other) 'troth I pity then
Your Husband much, and all such sapless Men.
Poor foolish Fribbles, *who by subtlety*
Of Midwife *(truest Friend to Lechery)*
Perswaded are to be at pains and charge,
To give their Wives occasion to enlarge
Their silly heads; for here walk Cuff *and* Kick,
Who wait for Women, or lay wait to Nick.
From these the Waters *got the Reputation,*
Of good Assistants *unto Generation.*
Now warlike men were got into the throng,
With hair ty'd back, singing a Bawdy Song.
Not much afraid, I got a nearer view,
And 'twas my chance to know the dreadful Crew;
Who are (though gaudily they thus appear,
Damn'd to the stint of Thirty pound a year.
With Hawk *on fist, or* Greyhound *led in hand,*
The Dogs *and* Foot-boys *sometimes they command.*
And having trim'd a cast off Spavind-horse,
With three hard pincht for Guinnys *in the Purse,*
Two rusty Pistols, *Scarf about the Arse*
Coat lin'd with Red, *they here presume to swell;*
This goes for Captain, *that for* Colonel.
So the Bear-Garden-Ape *on his Steed mounted,*
No longer is a Jackanapes *accounted,*
But is by virtue of his Trumpery, then
Call'd by the Name of the Young Gentleman.
Bless me thought I, what thing is man that thus
In all his Shapes he is ridiculous?

Our silvas with noise of Reason *we do please,*
In vain, Humanity *is our worst disease.*
Thrice happy Beasts *are, who because they be*
Of Reason *void, are so of* Foppery.
Troth I was so asham'd, that with remorse,
I us'd the Insolence *to mount my Horse;*
For He *doing only things fit for his Nature,*
Did seem to me (by much) the Wiser Creature.

Let us now take into consideration the Passions that are opposite to the former, and first I shall begin with *Hatred*, unto which *Love* stands in opposition.

If the *Wheedle* were an universal good, he would love every particular good, and were he endued with all the perfections that are found in all men, he would find none that would contrary him; but he is unjust, because he is poor, and his aversion takes its original from his Poverty. Hatred then, as it is a weakness in his Nature, so it is a proof of his indigence, and a Passion, which he cannot with Reason employ against any of his Fellow-Creatures, nor irritate, or provoke one against the other, for any selfish design.

Self-love is a considerable Propagator of this disorder; for were he more regulate in his affections, he would be more moderate in his aversions, and not consulting his own interests he would hate nothing, but what is truly odious; but he is so unjust, as to judge of things only by the credit he bears them, condemning them when they displease, and approving them when they like; he would have them change qualities too, according to his several humours, that, like *Chamelions* they should assume his Colours, and accommodate themselves to his desires; nay he would be (if it were possible) the Center of the World, and that all

all Creatures should have no other inclinations than what he possesseth. Whatsoever is most fair seems ugly to him, if it likes him not; the bright beams of Virtue dazle his eyes, because that Virtue condemns his faults; and Truth becomes the object of his Hatred, because she censures his Lyings, Flatteries and abominations.

To conclude he loves none, but whom he may gain by, and hates all that any way impede, or obstruct his crafty designs; yet he carries his hatred to all so closely, that Revenge shall be executed before any discovery can be made, and knows how to excuse it too to the offended, and by throwing the fault on some other of his supposed Foes, obtains the benefit of a double Revenge. In short he loves himself so well that he can be a real friend to none; and the best way to secure your self from him, is to have no correspondence with him; but if you needs must, let him never enter into a familiarity with you, and then like the *Adder*, losing his forked Sting, his Love, and Hatred will be useless, and ineffectual:

The second Passion is *Eschewing* or *Shunning*, whose contrary is *Desire:* Now since punishment is more sensible than vice, it is eschewed with the greater care and fear, and there are few People who do not rather love to be faulty, than unfortunate. We run from an infected City in such Droves, as if we were going to defend the Frontiers from some Forreign Invasion, and a *Lord have mercy on us*, writ on a door, will make us go a mile about to shun the infection, and yet we draw near to all sorts of bad and infectious Company, so long, till the *Lord knows what will become of us.* Pestilential infections may work an alteration in our health, but evil Society will rob us of

our innocency. Good natures by compliance to company are frequently depraved, and though they have a natural love to good things, yet the *Wheedle* by contrary ſuggeſtions choaks thoſe honeſt deſires, for he never gets by *Virtue*; it is *Vice* that is the *Jackawl* which finds him out his ſuſtenance, and to this end he defends Vice, who to enlarge the Empire thereof, endeavours to make it appear lovely and glorious; but he hath a ſpecial care not to ſhow her by day-light, he hides her in dark and obſcure places, and none but complices are witneſſes of her beauty. Sometimes the *Wheedle* with his other Partakers, will raiſe her on a Throne, and uſe their utmoſt craft to win her Glory; they cover her with the Mantle of Virtue, and if ſhe have any thing of affinity with her Enemy, by changing Names, they make one paſs for the other; thus *Revenge* they call greatneſs of courage; *Incontinency*, Natures irreſiſtible commands, *&c.* and no wonder if the ignorant are deluded with theſe falſe Titles, when the beſt *Wits* ſuffer themſelves to be perſwaded, and led away by their looſe and lewd Reaſons.

In a word all that the *Wheedle* can act as to this Paſſion is to hinder men from loving Virtue, and to ſtop their deſires in ſeeking after her, and by his evil Counſel lead them a quite different way, teaching them to lay traps for Chaſtity; prompting them to pleaſure, exciting to Choler, and at laſt loſing all ſhame and fear, they give freedom to all their Paſſions, to their utter ruine and deſtruction.

The third Paſſion is *Diſpair*, many are the advantages which men make of *Hope*, buoying it up in others, for their own particular advantage: but as to the contrary Paſſion, *Diſpair*, I know not what uſe

uſe the *Whetdle* can make of it, unleſs it be to perſwade ſome of his Rich Relations to hang themſelves, as a Father, or an elder Brother, or a perverſe peeviſh Wife, whom he would have to quit the ſtage of the world, that another (whom he hath already unlawfully choſen) may act her part with him in her ſtead.

But now if we rightly conſider the nature of Deſpair, we ſhall find it doth as well prompt us to conſult our preſervation, as precipitate us into deſtruction; Let others, when threatned with ſome great diſaſter, or involved amongſt a thouſand intolerable Evils, lay violent hands on themſelves, this *Whetdle* will make another uſe of this Paſſion; for he prudently obſerves that as this Paſſion takes men off from the purſuit of a difficult good, which ſurpaſſeth their power, ſo are there a thouſand occaſions met withal in mans life, wherein ſhe may be advantagiouſly made uſe of, and there is no condition how great ſoever in this world, which needs not her aſſiſtance. For mens powers are limited, and the greater part of their deſigns are very difficult, or impoſſible; *Hope* and *Audacity* which animate them, have more of heat than Government; Led on by theſe blind *Guides* they would throw themſelves headlong into precipices, did not *Deſpair* withhold them, and by knowing their weakneſſes, divert them from their raſh enterprizes: *Hope* engageth us too eaſily in a danger, but then we muſt praiſe *Deſpair* which finds a means to free us from it.

Our *Whetdle* always implores the aſſiſtance of *Deſpair* before things are gone too far, and reduced to an extremity. If Princes took this courſe, and ſo meaſure their Forces before they undertake a War, they would not be enforced to make a diſhonourable peace. If they know their Forces

inferiour to those of their Enemies, whereby the advantage lyes not on their side, *Despair*, wisely managed, causeth them to retreat, and this Passion repairing the faults of *Hope* and *Audacity*, makes them keep their Souldiers till another time, when they may assuredly promise themselves the Victory; for Despair is more cautious than courageous, and aims more at the safety than glory of a Nation.

In short, these are the two Principal uses are to be made of this Passion. First, *Despair* in its birth is fearfull, and hath no other design than to divert the Soul from the vain seeking after an impossible good; this is a great piece of prudence and policy, to keep aloof from a difficult good, which we think we cannot compass. Secondly, when the mischief is extream, and the danger is so great, as it cannot be evaded, then must we make a Virtue of necessity, and give Battail to an Enemy, which *Hope* it self durst not assail; it often plucks the Lawrel from the Conquerors head, and performs actions which may pass for Miracles.

The Fourth *Passion* to be considered is *Fear*, and thus regard it. Nature seems to have given us two Passions (*Hope* and *Fear*) for our Counsellours in the divers adventures of our Life; the first is without doubt more pleasing, but *Fear*, the second, is more faithful; *Hope* flatters, to deceive us; *Fear* frightens, to secure us. For Fear is natural wisdom, which frequently frees us from danger by making us apprehensive thereof; thence we grow shye, and affrighted with the evils she discovers: She studies not what is past, save only to know what is to come, and she governs the present time, only to assure her self of the future, which

which draws along with it a prodigious train of adventures, which cauſe a thouſand alterations in all ſorts of men; ſo as futurity is the chief object of wiſdom, which conſiders the other differences of time, only that ſhe may the better judge of this. The time to come is as doubtful, as conceal'd, and therefore it behoves every man to look out ſharply to foreſee a danger approaching, and to avoid it; to diſcern a little Cloud, but a hands breadth, which brings a ſtorm with it next akin to an *Hurrican*.

Much may be ſaid of this prudent, and provident Paſſion, but I ſhall refer you to thoſe, who have writ largely upon that ſubject, and paſs to another ſort of Fear, which ſome call Cowardiſe, of which the *Wheedle* muſt have a ſpecial care he ſeem not guilty, or tainted therewith: if he be, farewel all all plots, and crafty projects, for he will be the contempt of all men, and be like a Foot-ball kickt from Pariſh to Pariſh, till they have loſt him.

To prevent this inſufferable miſchief, the *Wheedle* (though the rankeſt Coward living) muſt indeavour by all means imaginable to ſeem Stout and Couragious; he muſt look big, and his Speech muſt be conformable; he muſt continually make the Coward the ſubject of his raillery, and yet have a care of provoking the man that will fight: Amongſt innocent harmleſs things he may *thunder* where he is, there is no danger or miſchief will enſue, and *Lighten* the reckoning on them in concluſion; this way of huffing (with the dreadful appearance of a *Toledo* blade) hath made many a tame *Fop* go home without ever a penny in his pocket, well contented, and glad he came off ſo;

though they made him swallow so many false Dice, as had like to have choakt him, and not satisfied with this, gave him the *Box to Boot.*

The Policy of the Passions briefly sum'd up.

SInce Men by Nature are addicted to Conversation, and one dependeth upon another, therefore it is a business of importance for a man to know how to second or cross other mens affections, how we may please, or displease them; making them our Friends, or Enemies: but since the Subject is infinite, I will only set down some general Rules, whereby the *Wheedle* makes his advantage in all Societies whatever.

First all men (commonly) are pleas'd with them, whom they see affected with those Passions whereunto they are subject and inclined. The reason of this Rule is this; all likelines causeth love; it follows therefore, that he who would advantagiously please must apparel himself with the affections of them he converseth withal; love, where they love, and hate, where they hate, no matter whether real or pretended; soothing of other mens humours (so that it be not discovered to be Flattery) is the path that leads men into an universal friendship, and how advantagious a general friendship is, I will leave it to any one to judge; out of this Rule may be deduced this.

Second, which ought no less to be observed in con-

converſation than the former; that men uſually hate thoſe, who they know to be of contrary Paſſions; hence comes that Proverb, *He that hateth whom I love, how can he love me?* Fire and Fire may, but Fire and Water will never agree.

Thirdly credulity muſt be avoided, having danger continually for its attendant, and yet there muſt be a ſeeming belief; as we muſt not believe every thing, ſo we muſt have a care of believing nothing that is ſaid; there is a mediocrity to be obſerved, you may hear and ſay (in a thing that is very doubtful) *it may be ſo*, but never conclude any thing *to be ſo*, till you have evident demonſtrations thereof before your eyes; a crafty propoſal (well backt) may make a man believe things contrary to ſenſe, and reaſon; wherefore it behoves every man to ſtand upon his guard, when an overture of advantage is made: every man is for himſelf, and he that hath attain'd to the greateſt height in the *Art of Perſwaſion*, is capable of *Out-Whetdling* all the reſt.

Fourthly, Let judgment be ſuſpended where a queſtion is demanded, or evaded, and put off upon ſome other, by whoſe arguments you may find his weakneſs, and means to ſtrengthen your own.

Fifthly, There is no oppoſing any vehement Paſſion by reprehenſion, or indignation; the *Whetdle* alwaies complies with it, or ſays nothing, or wiſely withdraws the matter of anger out of ſight.

Sixthly, No man ought to be employ'd to any Office, nor put upon any deſign, act, or exerciſe contrary to his humour, paſſion, and inclination. This obſervation very much concerns all ſorts of Perſons, in all Profeſſions, and Occupations; Maſters in the employment of Servants; Parents in the education of their Children; School-Maſters

in the instruction of their Scho'ars; *Vide Examen d' los Ingenios*; *the Trial of Wits*, rendred out of the *Spanish* into the *English Tongue* by an Ingenious hand. *&c.* and every one knows a Play must be rightly cast, or it cannot be so well acted, as to Merit an Applause.

Seventhly, and this Rule hath a respect to great Persons, who seldom resist their Passions, therefore if a man once understand their inordinate affections, he may be very well assured to have gained much ground in prevailing with them. Whosoever then intends to work upon such a person addicted to this, or that affection, to win upon him, he must foster up such fancies in him; if delighted in Musick, he must furnish him with Voices, or Instruments; if Venereally inclined, Pimp for him, and prostitute his Wife, rather than lose an opportunity for preferment; if he delights in riding, he must play the Jockey, and show him Horses well shaped, *far Fetcht, and dear Bought*; if in hunting, he must procure him Dogs; If he disesteems his own Countrey-breed, he must present to his view such as are really so, yet must swear that they were stoln from several Noblemen in *France*, brought hither with great labour and expence, and for no other intent, than his Recreation. If his deligh consist in Books, he must bring him the *Annual Catalogues* of *Frankfort Mart*, or what are printed elsewhere, that out of them all, he may pick what is most agreeable to his study; and if he have so much ingenie to play the part of a cunning *Bookseller*, he may recommend wast paper for commendable pieces, and with a little preiudice to the Buyers time, he shall not only have the large thanks of the Seller, for vending his bad commodities, but reap some more substantial benefit to himself.

To

To these general Rules let me add these cautions, which ought to be imprinted in all mens memories.

Before the *Ingenious*, and *Judicious*, beware of showing either *Extravagancy* or *Stupidity*.

Before the *Wise*, or *Considerate*, seem not *Heedless* or *Sottish*.

Before the *Prudent*, and well advised, seem neither *Simple* nor *Crafty*.

Before the *Diligent*, be neither *Slothful*, nor over-hasty.

Before *Just* and *Honest* men, be not *Mischievous*.

Before the *Modest*, be not *Bold*, or *Impudent*.

Before the *Temperate*, be not *Immoderate*.

Before the *Religious*, be not *Profain*, or *Impious*.

Before the *Faithful*, and the down-right man, avoid *Flattery*.

Before the *Affable*, and the *Civil*, show no *Rusticity*.

Before the *Continent*, be not *Petulant*.

Before the *Liberal* be not *Avaritious*, or *Covetous*.

Before the *Compassionate*, show no symptoms of *Cruelty*.

Before the *Frugal*, be not *Prodigal*.

Before the *Moderate*, be not *Voluptuous*.

Before the *Humble*, or *Ambitious*, be not *Proud*, or *Lofty*.

Before the *Magnanimous*, be not *Presumptuous*, or *Pusillanimous*.

Before the *Cheerful*, be not *Sowr*, or *Austere*.

Before the *Serious*, play not the *Mimick*, or *Buffoon*.

Some Centuries of such like Sentences might be here inserted, which I must omit for brevity sake, being so numerous, hastning to the discovery;

ry of the practices of the several *Wheedles* of the times, according to each Sex and Profession; but before I enter upon it, I shall conclude the preceding Theory with a short account of *Conversation.*

CHAP. XII.

Of Acquaintance and Conversation.

SOciety is that which is coveted, and desired by all Creatures, nothing in the Creation is averse to it, but the Melancholick; the malignity of whose humour, and solitary inclination renders him unfit to live, being so incongruous to the sociable Inhabitants of the Universe, rather than be absolutely alone. *Ovid* said it was something to live with sharp, and cruel winds.

Scilicet est aliquid, cum Scythis vivere ventis.

But how dangerous a thing it is to venture into a general acquaintance, every one knows that hath been accounted a Company-keeper. It is not the Multitude of Acquaintance, but the goodness thereof should be coveted, and it is impossible but he must be soil'd with Vice, who runs into all Companies: this was it which made *Seneca* thus complain; *Avarior redeo, ambitiosior, imo crudelior, & inhumanior quia inter homines fui.*

But what cares our *Wheedle* with whom he associates; they cannot be worse than himself, he cares not what their Vices are, so that he can extract the best benefit from them; and the larger his acquaintance is, the better for him; having more

more variety of subjects to work upon, and his comfort is, he cannot want them, since there is nothing easier than to create them; for to be once in Company does it, and this shall be reason sufficient for him, if he meet the Person some years after, to shake him by the hand, and with a counterfeit countenance of joy embracing him, invite him to the Tavern, where ten to one he makes him pay the reckoning, for this unexpected salutation: if he will be borrowing money of him, there is no better way for that person that would be rid of him, than to lend him some; for, this shall keep him at a greater distance with his Creditor, than if his constant Companions were *Pox*, *Pestilential Bubo's*, and a thousand *Carbuncles*: not but that he will borrow money sometimes for no other end, than to pay it exactly according to time prefixt, that by his honest punctuality he may have a better opportunity of borrowing a greater Sum, of which he never intends to pay a farthing.

Acquaintance is the first draught of those, whom he designs to make his friends, and lays them down often before him, as the foul Copy before he can write perfect and true; from hence, as from a Probation, he takes his degree in Mens respects, till at last he wholly possesses them: by these means he impropriates, and encloses to himself, what before lay in common to others. The ordinary use of acquaintance is but somewhat a more boldness in Society, a Co-partnership in discourse, *News*, *Mirth*, *Meat*, and *Recreation*; but our *Whetdle* makes a further advantage by making all these subservient to some design, according to the nature of them. For, as to discourse, the gingling words of others don't delight him so much as their giddy brains; and no talk so pleasant,

sant, as that which detects the intrigues of other men; he is then all Ear, and if he speak, it is but to provoke others to talk on, for further discovery: if he talk himself, it is with submission to the company, and concludes that condescension with *Your faithful friend, and Servant*; and being gone, never thinks of any of them, but when he must use them, or stands in need of their assistance. Next as to News, he finds it more beneficial to him, than an *Office of Intelligence* to others, and picks thence more beneficial matter, than if he had pickt up in the Street. *Rings, Watches*, &c. so often mentioned in the *Gazette* to have been casually dropt, and lost: as to *meat, drink, mirth* and *recreation*, he makes them not only satisfie Nature, and please the Senses, but he makes them also instrumental in cloathing the body, and that not meanly, as occasion shall require; and this is a thing so easily to be done, that in this case, I judg it needless to demonstrate it in what manner.

Friendship, like Children, is engendred by a more inward mixture, and coupling together; wherefore when the *Wheedle* intends an invasion on the Secrets of other mens hearts, he first discovers some of his own (of no great consequence) with a thousand injunctions, and engagements not to discover the least tittle thereof to any soul living; by this he engages the other to a bold discovery of his own Faults, Passions, and Vicious Inclinations, his fear, shame, and, it may be, something that may tend to the ruin of the Relator; if it be discovered, which the *Wheedle* vows shall never be so done by him till death, nor then neither; yet, for this unadvised folly he will be sure to make him his slave all the days of his life, and fear shall so shackle him, that he must neither displease, nor deny him any thing that

that lyes within the Verge of his Estates ability. A Secret, when discover'd, no longer is our own, but his, that hears it, and is no longer his than there is a compliance with the humour of that Person: at length being prostituted by twmany owners, it becomes the shame, and infamy of the first imprudent Guardian.

Much more might be said of Acquaintance, the subject being very large; now to avoid prolixity, I shall skip from this, and fall upon the next branch of this Chapter. *viz.* Conversation, which renders men sociable, and makes up the greatest commerce of our lives, and therefore we cannot take too much care to render our discourse pleasing and profitable.

It is not my intent to discover the means conducible to make every man (*justly*) successful in conversation, but I will only declare (as briefly, as I may) what course the *Wheedle* undertakes to make his designs hit, according to the nature of those Persons with whom he hath converse. He hath (or ought to have) a Memory inricht with variety of matter, in conjunction with such a Judgment, that may both regulate his speech, and engage him to view with circumspection what he is obliged to observe: for Example sake; would it not be ridiculous instead of amorous courtship to entertain a young Lady with Schoolboy questions, as *What is Latin for a Dripping-pan, and Greek for a pair of Tongs?* or to talk of nothing for an hour together to a *Quaker*, but what rare sport there was the other day at the *Bear-Garden*; or, to tell him what excellent Scenes there are in *Macbeth*, and the late rectified inimitable *Tempest*, or *Psyche* in Pageantry? Things as incongruous to some Company I have seen brought in by head and shoulders in discourse; but

but the *Wheedle* taking notice what great offence it gave, and how tedious, and intolerable such talk was to those whose humours were at enmity with such Conversation, keeps aloof from this dangerous way of speaking, and takes a course not to displease, by talking well upon that subject he understands, and likewise by taking special notice of the Time, and Place wherein he doth discourse, and in that, as all men ought to have a regard to Truth, he does not, yet loves it well in others: he holds this as one principal *Article* in his *Creed, that none can thrive apace, and prosper without a continual dissimulation, and profession of never speaking his thoughts aright*; so far he may be excused, that if he is about some good Employ, or some advantagious design by Bargain or Sale, *&c.* I hold it not requisite, nay ridiculous, if he proclaim his pretentions, or discover the means he intends to use for advantage; for should he be so indiscreet, he would then give light to others to anticipate, and prejudice his projections. A prudent dissimulation is allowable, especially of some dangerous truth, when the effects of it will be only an unseasonable exasperation, and perhaps draw upon our selves, *Envy*, *Hate*, or *Contempt*. It is the continual lying and dissimulation that must be condemn'd, and hated, if for no other Reason, than that in process of time no man will believe its constant Practiser; for though he cares well, promise much, be civil, and obliging; yet, by his frequent lying, he will at length be found out; then will all his actions be narrowly scan'd, and by them found to be as an *Hirtling* in a *Playhouse, who says what he thinks not*; whose only care is to acquit himself well of that part, he hath undertaken to Act, knowing he shall not (when the Play is ended) go without his Reward, with future encouragement.

As

As he can in other discourse lye, reserve, and equivocate for his own benefit, so by the help of Nature, and his own Labours, he hath treasured up in his Memory, a great number of choice things which make him restitution, when he hath occasion to make use of them, which is a great and necessary succour to him when he intends to delight, and win upon the company by his Railery, which by its designed delicacy and fineness, heightens conversation when it is flagging, and infinitely obliges in Society. When he jests himself, he speaks so indifferently, and is so seemingly unconcern'd, that one would think he understood not what he said; but this is his cunning, that thereby he may the more pleasingly surprize, and by his silence make room for others laughter; but when others jest, there shall be nothing wanting in his face which may not express a more than common satisfaction. He studies *Jokes*, *Repartees*, *&c.* to no other end than to please in Conversation; for, nothing contributes more to delightful diversion, than returns which are facetiously surprizing; wherefore he takes special care to muzzle all his biting jests, and never lets them show their Teeth, till he is too Satyrically overwitted, and then, to the rescue of his reputation, he freely lets them run without constraint.

Sometimes the *Wheedle* (perswaded by his good cloaths, and pusht forward by his confidence) gets admittance into the Society of such as are much above him, where if he hear any vain effeminate, and impertinent person, eagerly discoursing the conduct of some amorous Female Conquests, as the Wife of Mr. *Fribble*, my *Ladies Woman*, or an *Actoress*, I say, if it be his chance, or design, that cast him into that Company, he will give all attention imaginable, and with as much

much astonishment, as at the description of some bloody Siege, if in the Relation, the Amorist borrows Metaphors from War to illustrate the Infamy of that Victory.

To please this *Lump of Brutality* the more by his words and behaviour, he makes him believe, that in such an adventure he ought to esteem himself the happiest of Lovers, by magnifying his Victory, not depending on Chance, or the weakness of the Sex vanquisht; but to his irresistible Person, Wit, and Eloquence, adding other commendations which may make his Masculine Vigour and Courage look big in his own Eye, so that he may believe himself to be in no capacity of fear for any Competitor, and an absolute Conquerour when e'er he intends to attaque any *Maiden Fortress*, or well fortified *Old Garrison*.

Having possest him with so good an Opinion of his own excellencies in general, he then singles him out, and for further proof of his prodigious Valour, whispers him in the Ear, where lies the perfect pattern of all Beauty, and its concomitants, insinuating with all the greatness of her Virtue and severe Continence; that this admired piece deserves his Tryal, having tyred all her Assailants by the long continued Siege, and none could ever yet make a breach in her Walls; that if he could (*coming last*) storm, or enter this Cittadel by a voluntary surrender, he might then conclude the total conquests of all other *Worlds of Women*, and sit down at length with *Alexander*, and weep there are no more to conquer.

The Gallant thus *pricht* on, and animated to make this bold attempt, is impatient, till he enter the Lists; the *Wheedle* shows him then where this *Inchanted Castle* lies: what *Avenues* there are to it; what inestimable *Treasures* it contains; how guarded

ded and defended by two mighty *Gyants*, *Chastity* and *Temperance*; two *Angels* her constant *Centinels*; how deeply *Mooted* and *Intrenched*; two *Ivory Pillars* standing at the *Entrance* of the *Gate*, &c. all these do rather encourage than dishearten the bold *Knight*, who without any help (nay, not so much as his *Squires*) boldly makes an *Assault*, and in the attempt, surprizeth the *Centinels*, destroys the *Gyants*, dams up the *Moat*, enters the *Trenches* and with his single hand makes himself *Commander* of the place, but endeavouring to find out where the *Treasure* lay hid, was blown up by a *Mine* of *White-Gun-Powder*, which though it made no Report, yet did Execution to his great dammage and dishonour.

But to return to our purpose; let the *Woodcock* be where he will, and in what company soever, he is very cautious how he speaks to the disadvantage of another, but to the advantage; and though some impute this way of speaking to flattery, since it is advantagious, he holds it excusable; thus some are of opinion, *That if a lye bring dammage to none, and is of profit to some, it may be dispenced with, if the nature of the Subject forbid it not.*

Superiours, and those from whom he expects some kindness, he seldom or never contradicts, fearing to offend, and so lose them; and the truth of it is, contradictions are seldom grateful and acceptable to any. The opinions of others, though in themselves very extravagant, he glibly swallows as approved Maxims in appearance, and the little follies, indiscretions and levities, which are committed in his company, he is so far from reproving, that he reproves himself thereby, by approving seemingly of them, and by considering wherein they may be profitable to him, whether

ther for the present entertainment, or future accomplishment of any other design.

There is no remedy, but that there must be some indulgence to flattery, but not in all its kinds: for great flatteries sometimes succeed worse, than if there were used none at all; because, he who is so flatter'd, is apt to enter into an opinion, that there is an intention of deceiving.

To sum up all, as well *Princes*, as other men are composed of the four Humours, and are thereby inclined in their Affections, according to the degree of the Humour, which is most predominant in them, regarding their change by *Age*, *Affairs*, and *Conversation*; so the manner of the *Wheedles* procedure changeth too, and answers the inclinations of both Sexes, which are various and almost infinite. To the *Voluptuous*, he is a *Pimp*, to serve his pleasures; with the *Drunkard* he will drink, so that he may advance himself thereby, as a mean *Scab* was prefer'd before many Noblemen of *Rome* to the *Questure*, because he had pledg'd *Tiberius* a whole *Amphora* of Wine; with the salacious *Nero*, he will be *Tigillinus*; or a *Petronius* to be *Arbiter* of the elegance of his Luxury. I need not produce more instances how he insinuates into all humours, but conclude, that he, who will (like the *Wheedle*) gain the favour of all men, and make advantages of them in all respects, must comply with, or second their Inclinations and Passions.

Give me leave to add some few Observations concerning the Age, and Fortune of Men, and I shall conclude the Theorical part of the *Art of Wheedling*.

He that intends to be skilful in this *Art*, must well observe the exterior conditions of Persons, which

which are subservient to the judging of the interior, and whence they proceed, *viz.* from *Age*, or from their *Fortune*; the *Age* of Man, in which the difference of manners are principally to be observed, are *Youth*, *Man-hood*, and *Old Age*.

The *Young Man* is soon led away, ready to execute his desires, ardent in the prosecution, and not easily satisfied in the enjoyment of Pleasures Inconstant, soon Cholerick, Profuse, or Prodigal, as having never tryed the want of money, *Having never had the Black Ox tread on his Toe*, he is simple, for want of *Observation* and *Experience*, which were enough to lay him too open to the subtlety of the selfish Insinuator, if the foregoing qualities were left out.

Moreover young men having never been deceived, nor cheated any way by the *VVhetdling Crafts-Masters* of the Town, knows not what it means, and being puft up with Hope, they promise to themselves Mountains, and are buoyed up by the fair promising pretences of these *Townsifts*, till they have an opportunity to effect their ends. These young mens hopes are great, and being Cholerick to boot, they readily enterprise any thing, and the hopes they have of effecting what they propose to themselves, makes them afraid of nothing, and do easily enter into a confidence of themselves and others: *Danger is never surer than when security lies at the door*: and following rather splendid Vanities, than what is profitable, they either by the subtle instigations of the *VVoodie*, disable their Flight, by singing their wings at the flame of a (*glittering*) Candle, or being suffocated with Sweets, lie Buried in a Honypot.

Love and *Friendship* is more strong in youth than any other Age, and both of them (without great

great caution) prove equally destructive.

Old men are of a quite different humour; for by their long aboad in the world, and converse with men of divers sorts, they have been frequently cheated and deceived, and therefore are suspicious and distrustful; the effects of that fear which freezes their hearts, and the experience they have of the infidelity of men, makes them love none, and are jealous of all; wherefore the premises considered, I know not what advantages can be made of him (if he be covetous too, which is natural to all aged people) unless, like the *Hog*, after decease to feed his *Relations*, whom in his life time he half *starved* by his *boundless Avarice*.

From these two Extremities it is easie to describe the Age of Manhood, who is at an equal distance from the presumption of the Young, and timerousness of the Ancient; and if there be adjoyn'd unto it all the advantages which are separate from young and old Age, and the defects and excesses of Ages more moderate, so that Age becomes less lyable to the prejudices the *World* doth design against it.

From the Ages of man I should proceed to their different Fortunes and conditions, but that is a work I design for the following Section, where I shall endeavour to give you a faithful account of several private, and publick Practicers of this mysterious *Art* and *Science*.

Protens

Proteus Redivivus,

OR THE

SECOND PART

Of the ART of

WHEEDLING.

Containing a true Account of several private and publick Practicers of this Mysterious Science.

CHAP. I.

Of the variety of Wheedles or Insinuators.

FRom the signification of the word *Wheedle*, which (as I have already said) imports a crafty Insinuation into the affections of one another, by consulting, and studying the Temperaments,

peraments, Inclinations, and Paſſions of each other, whereby he that can beſt comply and ſuit with them, reaps the moſt certain advantage to himſelf, if alſo he takes his meaſure from their ſeveral Ages, and Profeſſions; I ſay, from this Interpretation of the word *VVheedle.* we may be bold to ſay, that there are as many ſeveral *VVheedles* as there are Profeſſions and Occupations amongſt both Sexes, which are weaker or ſtronger, leſs happy or more ſucceſsful in the conduct of their projects and contrivances, according to the Sex, Age, and ſubtle Ingenuity that governs them.

It is impoſſible for me to enumerate the hundred thouſand part of all thoſe crafty ways, and ſtratagems Men and Women uſe to bring about their own deſigns; nay Children muſt not be exempted out of their number, ſince they no ſooner begin to prattle and run about, but they ſtudy their little plots, and uſe their fallacies to delude their School-fellows of their *play things*; and being abuſed, find out ways for ſatisfaction and revenge; nay, in this tender Age, they will adventure to ſet upon *Father*, *Mother*, *Uncle*, *Aunt*, or any whom they know do love them, and having dexterouſly, and ingeniouſly cheated, or perſwaded them out of what they had a mind to have, go away rejoycing in their childiſh conqueſts, to the no ſmall ſatisfaction of their too indulgent Relations, to ſee their young kindred ſo forward to live in the World by *VVit*, *Circumvention*, *Inſinuation*, &c.

As all *VVheedles* whatever muſt, if they intend to thrive by it, ſtudy the nature of men, and know their Inclinations and Paſſions by Converſation, ſo from the very breaſt the Infant begins to tread in thoſe ſteps by ſtudying the Mothers diſpoſition, and as he grows more intelligible, he examins

mins his Fathers; if the child have any promising natural parts he will soon shew them, by discovering his knowledge of the Father and Mothers humour, what will please, what displease; how to abscond his juvenile errors from their sight, and be acting still before them, what he finds they most delight in; and every day produceth some little invention which more and more rivets him in their affections, till by his continued pleasing Insinuation, from rewards getting into their hearts, he at last takes possession of their whole Estate. It is not so much natural affection, as subtle insinuation that most commonly so engageth the hearts of Parents towards their Children; do not we daily see that (like *Jacob* and *Esau*) brethren rob one another of their birthright only by their deportment: Elder Brothers have been disinherited for not complying with the insufferable humours of a cross Father, whilst the colloguing younger Son hath run away with all; how often have we observed a *Witty Wanton*, whom natural heat has prompted to play at *Leap-Frog* with her cold Phlegmatick *Elder Sister*, nimbly skipping over her head into the *Marriage-Bed*, and has carried with her such a round sum of Money, that the other Daughters have been forced to wait patiently for a Husband, till that hole the younger made in the Fathers Estate he fild up again. I might give you an hundred instances of the like nature, which for brevity sake I shall omit.

If we look into the City, and number the several Trades and Professions contain'd therein, we shall find, that as we know not how to manage any one Trade (scarcely) to which we served no time to learn that *Art* or *Mystery*; so, did we know and understand their manual operations, yet we

should never understand every mans particular *Wheedling-way* in procuring Customers at first by several indirect courses from Master, Neighbours, nay from his nearest Relations, and by what subtle means he binds his Chapmen to him not to be taken from him. If his commodity be good, he knows it needs none of his applause, for it will praise its self, in this case he studies only how to stretch the price according to the largness of his conscience by solemnly, protesting (though he know it to be a gross lye) that there is not the like commodity in the three Kingdoms, and that it cost him so much, though he might have well afforded it for one third less, and been notwithstanding a sufficient Gainer. Sometimes it may happen that he hath lying by him a parcel of bad Commodities, and cannot vend them, though assisted by his Wives bewitching Countenance, and insinuating Rhetorick, yet he hath several other ways to put them off, as by Truck or Trusting those who have not money to lay down.

If he have but a small stock, yet ingenious and industrious; 'tis pleasant to observe how he gets credit at first; how he keeps it when thus gotten; how he supports it when tottering; and finally how many tricks he hath to secure something after *Cracking*. Now since we cannot give an account of all, yet we will lay open as many as come within the verge of our knowledge, discovered by a severe and strickt indagation: in order thereunto we will begin with the most general *Wheedle* called the *Town-shift*.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The Gentile Town-shift.

THE *Town-Gallant*, as some too gloriously would have him cald, but *Town-shift* is his proper Name, as he changeth his Lodgings often, so he goes by divers names of his own invention, besides those which his actions bestow on him; and though those names seem to belong to several Persons of different Professions, yet in the winding up, we shall find, that there is but one soul in one body, which animates it in divers actions.

This *Town-shift* is sometimes called *Wheedle*, *Bully*, *Huff*, *Rook*, *Pad*, *Pimponio*, *Guarde-lupanie*, *Phile-Putinist*, *Ruffin Shabbaroon*, *Subtler*, with many more I cannot well remember, which titles distinguish the diversity of his employs, which he fashions himself to, according to the opportunity offer'd him to make use there of.

There are two sorts of them eminently taken notice of in this City; whose original extraction are as different in Splendor, as the two *Poles*, or *Zenith*, and *Nadir* are distant, and remote each from the other.

The one is a younger Brother, and him I call the Gentile *Town-shift*, whom his Father dealt withal, as *Pharaoh* with the Children of *Israel*, that expected they should make brick, and gave them no straw; so he makes him live at home as a Gentleman, and leaves him nothing to maintain it; he hates with the *Irish-man*, that his Son should be a Tradesman, for fear of murdering his

gentility, and yet never thinks, that after his decease the Gentleman must be converted into a Serving-man, and it is well if it be no worse; so that the Pride of his house hath undone him.

What would you have this poor Gentleman do; the Father being dead, his Crothers old suits and he are much alike in request, and cast off both together with a little money in his pocket, that the sight and memory of him, and his Father, may perish together.

To *London* he comes, (and having spent or been bubbled out of all was given him, for want of the knowledge of the Humours of the Town, if he escape the Road, or do not through Poverty fling himself upon some desperate quarrel, for no other end than to dye honourably, to prevent his living miserably. I say then Fortune may be so kind as to push him into the Acquaintance of some young Gentleman that is resolved to spend some years in Travel, with whom he first goes into *France*, where he first labours to learn the Language of these *inconstant Times*, their *Alamode Shrugs*, Cringes, and ridiculously Antick fashions) I say, coming thither, his Birth and bringing up will not suffer him to descend to the means to get wealth, and so is forced to stand to the Mercy of the World; but Nature foreseeing what into extremities the imprudence and improvidence of his Father must reduce him, Compassion furnisht him with a greater stock of Wit than his Brother, having no other Revenue to subsist upon.

Having gain'd a general Experience by Observation in Company with men, and soft Conversation of the smooth and milder Sex both abroad and at home, (not without several brisk rancounters with the *Jacobin* and *Holbornian Furioso's*, he then sets up for himself, and makes all the Places of

of publick resort, in or about the City, his *Exchange*, leaving his other Brother *Wheedles* of meaner, or Dung-hil extraction to act by themselves apart; who according to the baseness of their birth, and breeding, perpetrate vild and unworthy things, and if by chance any of them have the courage to mount (*comme les Gens des Armes*) and dare boldly bid a man stand, it is not long before either their own imprudence, or the treachery of their Associates pulls off their *Vizard Masks*, by which they are discover'd to *Justice*, and so their blooming extravagancies make their untimely *Exits* at *Tyborn*.

As others trim up their shops by ornaments of paint and other things, so he furbisheth his body after travel with a Suit *Alamode*; if he hath not money, the first Tryal of his wit is, by procuring them some other way, either by a Letter to this Person of Quality, or to the other (for we must allow him the knowledge of Persons of worth by reason of his gentile family) in which missives must be represented, *the meanes of his condition, occasioned by Travel; and the unkindness of relations; that he is ashamed to be seen till better garb'd, &c.* If this produce no good effects, a *Poetical Panegyrick* on some proud Lady, or conceited Gentlewoman may do it, with a whisper in the ear by the Messenger; *that the Author would have presented them with his own hands, but that newly coming from some forrign Country, and not furnished with habiliments proper for a visit to a person of so much worth, he must be patient till he hear out of the Country*; if this will not do, the poor Gentleman hath hard fortune, and must apply himself to his wonted, and last refuge, his unconscionable Taylor, who with a shrug, where it doth not bite, and some feigned scruples, he becomes so good natur'd, as to compassionate

sionate the Gentleman, by making him a suit for Twenty pound which might have been bought for Seven with ready money.

The first thing he does, is to wind himself into the Society of men eminent for their dignity, ane fortune, and hath learn'd, that nothing gains upon them more than Complaisance, and respect, which they take the more kindly and cordially from him, as knowing or hearing that he is well born, and better educated; better I say, for birth without breeding is not much to be valued, and an extraordinary breeding (though meanly born is to be prefer'd before some eminent births that have little or no good Education.

Towards these he behaves himself with all humility and submission, and in his words and actions expresseth nothing more than reverence, knowing, there is nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsom address with graceful Language, nay, his manner of behaviour is not only full of humility and submission, but of such a degree, as therein he abaseth himself very much; no matter so that this his lowly deportment raise him high in their esteems, and finally, by their own means at first, be placed little inferiour to themselves.

In all his actions and motions he is so careful (whether walking, standing, eating, or sitting) to cloath them with such a mean and grace, as may evince, that he not only reverenceth his Superiours, but adores them. This he hath learn'd as a Maxim, *That no man ever miscarried through excess of respect, nor was disgraced for retaining a constant and proportionate sense of the quality or merit of his Superiour*: Not but that he knows how to be intimate enough with some, though of an honourable quality, but then he knows their humours,

mours, with whom he useth this familiarity, who will commend, rather than condemn his blunt freedom, and recompence his boldness.

His general practice is to proportion his respects according to the quality, and Wealth of those to whom he doth address them, by which means he often times gets into some good employ under them, or if there be no vacancy, they give him a turn over to some other person in Authority by a Letter recommendatory, and that may prove every whit as profitable; if he aims not that way, yet, by these gentile deportments and submissions, he may so far ingratiate himself with the whole Family, that he may have his admission when he desires it, either publickly or privately, and having Madam and her Womans good Opinion and Estimation, I know not what may be secured in the whole house from his handling, and to make them amends at last for all their favours, it may be steals the *Hiress*, or some *Niece* belonging to that he Family.

This last instance (before I was aware) runs me upon the gentile *Town-shifts* conversation with Gentlewomen, who by his frequent attendance on Ladies, and Persons of Quality, hath acquired that air of the World, and that politeness which no Lecture, from the best Master of Gentileness could give him.

In his discourse with that tender-hearted merciful Sex, he avoids all rough, and bristly language of War, and is not guilty of the incorrigible folly of some, whose head being full of *Fire*, and *Sword*, *Assaults*, and *Batteries*, speak of nothing but *Sieges*, or *Sea-fights*; *what a great slaughter of men there was at the taking of* Maestricht; *how the Turks in one City did put* 10000 *Souls, Men, Women, and Children to the Sword*; *or how in*

the Last Engagement *the fight was so bloody, that the Decks of each Ship seemed like a Shambles of mans flesh to be sold by the piece, or Mammock*; this way of entertaining the Ladies would rather make them afraid, than give them any desire to seek his Conversation. He takes another course, and is very cautious that nothing may be offensive in his language, or in his Countenance, but studies all manner of ways to please, and accommodate himself to their manner of behaviour.

He entertains them with a *new Song, a smart Epigram, witty sayings cull'd out of Plays*, and if he finds them in a brisk jolly humour, *he reads them some Lampoon lately made on some great Person, and cunningly skips over the Bawdry.* Instead of speaking in the form of Syllogisms, and Pedantry, like things newly flutter'd out of the *University*, and being not throughly fledg'd come hopping to Town, I say, he endeavours not to puzzle them that way, but divert them with what they understand, *by telling them of Balls; where such and such Ladies are bravely entertain'd this night, and to morrow what excellent new Play is to be acted*; if he perceive them Melancholy, he proposes to them *Musick*; if they are resolv'd to be serious, he can be so too; if he see any wantonly inclin'd, he knows how to single her out (not to give offence to the rest) and can give her *her belly full of toying*: from whom he quickly retires for fear of cloying, for it is not to his benefit to dwell too long in one Chamber; he hath variety, and makes his visits accordingly, and his fain'd deportment (with his good cloaths, gives him frequent admittance into the company of those he was never in before. For his prudent expence in habits bears him through all; it opens all doors to him, and always procures him an obliging reception: as the exteri-

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our part, striking first the sight, is that which makes the first impression in our Spirits, so he takes a very great care to render that impression favourable.

As the furniture of his body very much captivates the eye and heart of the young Ladies and Gentlewomen, so his pregnant Wit renders him as capable to please the Ear, being able to raise diversion out of every small occurrence: When in one Scene he hath given a Lady all the delights he can, he shifts into another, never continuing in one humour so long, till it become disgustful; choicest delights do soonest surfeit, and feeding always on one dish, (though ever so good) will nauseate the Stomach; he varies therefore his diversions conformable to the humour of that Sex, which makes his visits always acceptable, long'd for, and his departure is never without regret.

This amorous *Town-Gallant* hath always leisure enough to wait on this Sex (unless when his attendance on some great man is required, in the expectation of some boon for himself, or the advantagious soliciting for another) and, if they have a mind to be treated, he doth it with much generosity and gallantry, and knows how to pay himself in the conclusion.

Out of this unincloſed *Seraglio* he plays the *Grand Signior*, and picks out one of the crowd, waits upon her at a *Play*, to a *Ball*, or to the *Park*, each of which doth infinitely please, giving her the opportunity of making ostentation of her Beauty and Gallantry, and whilst she is endeavouring by all her Arts and Subtleties, to set her self off for sale, she little thinks how near her *Chapman* sets, who will without scruple take her *Commodity* on trust: and that he may not *tickle* his *Trout* too long, and so lose her, an Assignation (with some few doubts and difficulties) is made, and hand and seal-

ſeal binds her in a Bond of perpetual friendſhip and affection.

As he does by one, ſo he deals with all, but by different means; for there is much variety of humours, inclinations, and Paſſions in Women, as there are in men, and muſt be wrought upon accordingly by a due conformity for advantage. It lies not within the reach of my knowledge to diſcover all the *ſtratagems*, *Plots*, *Snares*, *Whims*, *Contrivances*, *Projects*, *Inſinuations* and *Flatteries* he uſeth himſelf, and by *Proxy Procureſs*, to riggle himſelf firſt into *Gentlewomens* Affections, and having made himſelf *Secretary* to their Honour, he diſpoſes of their Reputation and Eſtate, according to his own diſcretion.

He now begins to look upon his *Elder Brother* with ſcorn, who not long ſince beheld him with a countenance of ſtern awe, and checkt him oftner than his *Liveries*. He treads the ſtreets boldly, triumphing over his former mean fortune, and looks another way, when he meets his *quondam Taylor*, though he owe him nothing.

His garb and attendance differ him in nothing from a *Perſon of Honour*, which now capacitate him for few, but ſuch Company, and can diſpence in ſome meaſure with the largeneſs of their expence; will now and then throw away a hundred Guinneys on a *Horſe-looſe*, knowing ſo well how to take the length of a *Womans foot*; at a *Cock-pit* he will lay ten to one, and win the *Battle*; for by inſtinct he knows the *beſt Cocks*, being himſelf of a *Gamebrood*; but here is the miſchief of it, he is now and then addicted to play with the great *Ones* with *Box* and *Dice*, by whom he is *Milkt* out of all he got by *Minutes in a Nights time*. He recruits his pockets again, it may be, but not being able to recruit his bodily ſtrength, and rally his routed

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Spirits, he becomes a greater object of the Female scorn, than he was formerly of their love, and untimely growing old, and infeebled *per nimiam Venerem*, they more indeavour to avoid his company, than before they desired it; which he timely observing tacks about and steers another course.

His crazy, leaky Vessel *(for there is as many holes near his Keel as there are in a Cullender)* he now thinks fit to lay up in a safe Harbour, not daring to venture to Sea any more, having by industry, great labour and pains got a considerable *Cargo* of *Guinny-Gold*, *Silks*, *Stuffs*, *Hats*, *Linnen*, *Perriwigs*, *Ivory*, *(i. e. artificial Teeth)* *Perfumes*, *Ribbons*, and *Looking-glasses cum mille aliis.*

Applying himself to his former *Art of Wheedling* (being an excellent *Tongue-pad*) he in a little time, with some pains, finds a Customer that will take all his Commodities of him by the lump; and Mort-gage an Estate to him for security, and to make him what satisfaction he pleases; to say the truth, the *Merchant* may not be lookt upon so contemptible, but that he deserves a good price for his *Ware*; he is a man proper enough, and hath a good face, but that it looks somewhat pale, and thin by a late fit of sickness: as for the *Nades* in his head, and front, gotten by a desperate surfeit, those his thirty pound flaxen Wigg absconds; what *Pustule* circumvolve his body, the goodness of his cloaths both hide, and grace: it is pity those Silks on which this seemingly fine Fabrick stands, had not a covering too; but what need's that, now I think on't, since his stockings are bolster'd, to make his Calves look the bigger. Let all these things pass, it is enough that he is gentilely born, and from thence derives his Art of making a Gentlewoman, wherewith he baits some rich

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Widow, that is hungry after his blood; besides this, he wants not various guilded pretences to set himself off so advantagiously, yet delusively, that at length he involves this wealthy *Veterane* in the *Labyrinth of Wedlock*, that he may the better cheat her by Authority. In the end, finding out each others imperfections and corruptions; she his pocky Distempers; he her old halting leacherous Humours. They both consent to a voluntary divorce, she living upon what he pleases to give her (who might have liv'd as she pleas'd but for her dotage) whilst he can hardly live himself by the vast expence he is at on *Doctors*, *Chirurgeons*; and *Apothecaries* to support the tottering Fabrick of decayed Nature.

There is another sort of a Town-Gallant who lives not as this do's by his Wits, but having Money enough in all manner of *Vanity*, *Folly*, *Debauchery*, and *Profaneness*, a silly *Huffing Thing* that deserves not a Character; having little else than Fop and Bounce to make up his composition; however I shall lay him open as brief as I can.

He is a *Bundle of Vanity*, or a kind of *Walking Exchange* made up of variety of Fashions most (newly) ridiculous, and according to the price of his cloaths, you must value him. He is a *Spawn of Gentility* that inherits only the vices of his Ancestors, and is likely to entail nothing but Infamy and Diseases on Posterity. His Mystery or Trade is making of *Love*, yet knows not the difference between that and *Lust*, and tell him of a Virgin at Thirteen, he shall then boldly swear *that Miracles are not ceased*. He is so bitter an Enemy to Marriage, that one would suspect him born out of Lawful Wedlock. Never did Beauty more delight the Amorous, than an *Invective directed to that inconsiderable Animal called an Husband*, please and

and tickle him, and oftner repeats some Lines therein contained, then he do's his Prayers, lines which if possible; are more irrational and brutish than himself, of which I leave the Reader to judge by these which follow.

Let no enobled Soul himself debase
By Lawful ways to dastardize his Race.
But if he must pay Natures Debt in kind,
(To check the growing danger) let him find
Some willing Female out, what though she be
Tot very Scumm and Dregs of Infamy?
Though she be Lincy Wolsy, Bawd, and Whore,
Closs Stool to Venus; *Natures Common-shore.*
Impudence, Folly, Brandy, and Disease
The Sunday Crack for Suburb Prentices:
What then, she's better than a Wife by half,
And if thou'rt still unmarry'd, still thou'rt safe.
With Whores thou can'st but venture, &c.

If he be a *Mercenary Scribler* who writ these wicked Lines, it may be question'd whether he would not have sold his claim to Heaven for the other *half Crown*; never was there such a *Pimp* to so great a *Debauch*, and may his name be no where registred, but in *Bawdy-houses*, since he is so much their profest Champion.

These, and such other Invectives against an honest married Life, makes this Gallant loath the very thought on't, whilst he hugs his Leachery, and every thing with him is an incentive to it, and every Woman Devil enough to tempt him. The Splendid *Silk-Gowns* of the Suburbs and *Wapping Waistcoateers* are equally his Game; for he watches *Wenches* just as *Tumblers* do *Rabbets*, and plays with Women as he do's at *Cards*, not caring what suit he turns up *Trumps*.

All

All his talk is ſtuft with horrid new coin'd *Oaths*, and if he utter any thing elſe, it is little elſe than *Bounce* and *Rhodomantado*. Whatever he doe's, he cries is like a *Gentleman*, but thoſe that ſhall inſpect him throughly, ſhall find that the beſt of his actions are but the groſs imitation on the *Low Rope* what a *Gentleman* that is *truly* ſo, does neatly on the *Higher*.

He creates Titles of Honour on all his *Shabby Companions* to create himſelf the greater eſtrem with his *Land-Lady*, who adores him as a more accompliſht *Knight* than ſhe ever met with in *Don Bellianis* of *Greece*, or *Palmerin* of *England*; and when he is going to take a run with a *Common Crack* either in a Tavern, or elſewhere ſwears he has an *Aſſignation* from a *Lady of Extraordinary Quality*. His *Hangers* on call him Man of *Blood*, and by his own report, he is as ſtout as a *Turky-Cock*, yet he never was in any *Service*, but building *Sconces*, breaking without a cauſe a *Drawers* head, who durſt not ſtrike again, drawing on a feeble half blind *Watchman*, or Duelling his *Foot-Boy*; for he is ſo *prudent* as not to exerciſe his courage againſt any that durſt *turn again*, and has got more *Baſtards* than ever he made Fatherleſs Children; yet perhaps at firſt he will *huff and ding*, be ſaucy with his *Betters*, and bluſter like the four *Cardinal Winds* in *Painting*; but if you begin to be as high as he, ſtrait the Bubble breaks, and then with an ill-ſhaped fawning cringe he ſwears——*I Gad Sir, I ever honoured you, but you are a paſſionate Gentleman, and will not underſtand a jeſt.* He placeth his very *Eſſence* in his *Outſide*, and his only *Prayers* are, that his *Father* may go to the *Devil expeditiouſly*, and his *Eſtate* hold out to keep his *Miſs*, and himſelf in good *Equipage*. He thinks it the rankeſt *Hereſie* in the whole World to believe any Man

can

can be *Wise* or *Noble* that is in plain cloaths, and therefore looks down with contempt on every body, whose Wigg is not right *Flaxen*, and calls the whole *Tribe of Levi* dull Fellows, because they go in black, and wear little *Collar-Bands* instead of rich laced Cravats, and wonder that people should be so foolish as to believe they can speak *sense* without wearing *Pantaloons*.

To trace him *ab Origine*. His breeding was under the Wing of a too indulgent *Mother*, who took a World of pains to make him a *Fool*, and attained her end at the *Age of Discretion*. At School he only learned how to rob Orchards, and the generosity of *bribing* other Boys to make his *Exercises*, and staid at the University just long enough to *commence* Drunkard, and get by heart the Name of his Colledge to vapour with; from thence he posted to one of the *Inns of Court*, but in four years time never read six lines in *Littleton*, for he loved the Glass and a Lass better than a Moot-Case, and was more in the *Shop-keepers Books* than in *Cooks*, *Rolls*, or *Plowdens*. For *Learning* he says is *Pedantry* unbecoming a Gentleman, and *Law* a thing only fit for *Daggle-tail'd Gown-men* that have no way of raising a Fortune, but by setting (two civil Gentlemen) *John-a-Nokes*, and *John-a-Stiles* together by the Ears.

He talks nothing but *Intrigues*, *Gustos*, *Garnitures*, *Repartees*, and such modish *Fustian* which he hedges on all occasions, and indeed without any, and barr but forty words, and you strike him *Dumb*. Till Noon he lyes abed to digest his over-Nights Debauchery, and having dress't himself, he first trails along the street, observing who *observes* him, and from his up-rising, gets just time enough to the *French Ordinary*, to sup *Le Pottage*, eat *Beef-a-la-mode*, and drink briskly of *Burgundy*. After this

a Coach is called for to rattle his more *rattled-head* to the *Play-house*, where he advances into the middle of the Pit, strouts about a while to render his good parts more conspicuous, puls out his *Comb*, *Carrens* his *Wigg*, Hums the *Orange Wench* to give her her own unreasonable rates for a little fruit; for alas how can she live else, giving at least forty pound *per Annum* to have Liberty to tread and foul those seats the *silken Petty-coats*, and *gaudy Pantaloons* do sit on, immediately after this needless expence, he sacrifices the best of his purchase to the Shrine of next *Vizor Mask*. Then gravely sits down, and falls half asleep, unless some petulant (pruriting) Wench hard by, keep him awake by treading on his *Toe*, or squeez him by the hand in her removal to some other more convenient sitting: yet all on a sudden, to shew his *Judgment*, and prove himself at once a *Wit*, and a *Critick*, he starts up, and with a *Tragical* Face dams the *Play*, though he have not heard, at least, not understood two lines of it. When the Play is ended, he picks up a Crack, which is easily found, since they swarm so much every where, and pinching her Fingers, in a soft tone whispers, *Dam me Madam, if you were but sensible, and all that, of the Passions I have for you, and the flames which your irresistible charms, and all that have kindled in my Breast, you would be merciful, and all that, and honour me with your Angelical Company to take a draught, and all that of Loves Posset at next Tavern.* If he be mistaken, and to the wonder of this Age fasten upon an honest Woman, and cannot prevail, then he cries somewhat loudly, *Dam ye for a Phanatick Whore, what make you here, and in the Pit too? Could you not have slunk into the upper Gallery among Chamblet Cloaks and Foot-boys, company too good for such a*———and so raises his siege, and leaves her.

Whi-

Whither he goes next, I dare not follow him, for 'tis certainly a Bawdy-house, by what Name or Title it may be dignified or distinguished; Here he meets with near a Regiment of taring Gallants (a Squadron whereof or two do quarter in that very place for the safeguard of the *Amazonian Garrison*) and having heightned each others Spirits with mad jollity and damn'd Wine; they are fit for any mischief, and will be any thing but civil; they are clearly then for a morning Ramble, and in it they proclaim the dreadful *Sa sa* with a greater noise, than if there were proportionable in number to the Men, so many Drums and Trumpets. In these Heroick Humours hath many an aged *Watchman* had his *Horns* battered about his Ears, and the trembling *Constable* been put besides the *gravity* of his *Interrogatories*, and forced to measure his length upon the Ground. The first man they meet, they swear to kill, (and sometimes are as good as their words) and set all the Women on their heads; and so they proceed, till the rattling of broken Glass Windows, the Schreeks, and the cryes of Women and Children, and the Thunder of their own Oaths and Execrations fill all the Neighbourhood with horrour, and make them verily conclude, that the *Devil*, and all his *Life-Guard* are going a *Processioning*.

To return to our *Gallant* singly, I may truly say this in short, that the *Iliads* of his brave accomplishments and valiant atchievements may be *cram'd* into a Nut-shell: his three *Cardinal Virtues* being only *Swearing*, *Drinking*, and *Wenching*; and if other mens Lives may be compared to a *Play*, his is certainly but a *Farce* which is acted only on three Scenes, The *Ordinary*, *Play-House*, and the *Tavern*.

That

That he may be compleatly in the fashion of the times, he professeth himself both in word and deed an absolute Atheist, smiles at the Name of *Devil*, and is ready to burst with laughter, when he hears of *Spirits* and their *Apparitions*; and maintains with nothing else but horrid *Oaths* that there are no Angels but those in *Petticoats*, *Haircased with Lacets* to lead his fancy up as high as *Loves pretty Dimple*, and therefore denies any *Heaven* but what is here of his *own making*, and imagins *Hell* only a *Hot-house* to *Flux* in for a *Clap*. He denies there is any Essential difference between *Good* and *Evil*; deems *Conscience* a thing only fit for Children, and thinks all men so who are affrighted at the *Devil*, whom in derision he calls the *Parsons Bug-bear*, or the *Civil old Gentleman in Black*, and ascribes all *Honesty* to *Simplicity*, and ignorance in the *Ways*, and *Humours of the Town*.

By these Extravagancies does he signalize himself above common Mortals, and counts all other Dunghil Spirited Fops that are not as madly *wild* and wicked as himself. Thus is *Civility*, *Virtue*, and *Religion*, hooted out of the World, and *Folly*, *Atheism*, and *Profaneness* exalted and promoted: for this is the *Bel-Weather* of Gallantry, whom our younger Fry of Gentlemen admire for a Hero: and by these Arts doe's a Man now a days come to be a person accounted *well bred*, and fit for a generous *Conversation*, though in truth 'tis only his Estate that guilds his Vanity, and his Purse that can compound for his Follies; for of himself he is a painted *Butterflie*, a *Golden Watch* with an irregular *Movement*, a Baboon usurping Humane Shapes, whose Debauched Actions in the end will make him no fitter an Inhabitant than the *Kings-Bench*, or an *Hospital*, where I leave him to the mercy of the *Almighty* for *Conviction* and *Conversion*, and pass on

on to the third and baser sort of *Gallant*, whose extraction and education have rendred him incapable of being cal'd Gentleman, and therefore by that, and his base actions, we must name him the *Vulgar*, or *Ordinary Town-shift*.

CHAP. III.

The Ordinary Town-shift.

THere are several sorts of ordinary *Town-shifts*, but since it will be too tedious to particularize them, I shall include them all under this general head; the Vulgar or Ordinary *Town-shift*. It is a fellow that pretends to greatness of birth, and to back the reputation he would force from thence, gives a large account of his rich Relations, who shall live too remote for any one to inquire into them. Yet if any one is desirous to know his extraction, he need not trouble himself any farther, than to examine his *Name*, and he shall know the *Parish* wherein the *cruel Whore*, his Mother left him, by his bearing the same *Name* of the *Patron* of that *Church*.

Some of these ordinary *Town-shifts* come out of the Countrey, who not daring to live there longer, (their Rogueries being so generally known) *boot* it to *London*, who by the way, for food sake, are any ones Servants that will imploy them, and for want of that, must go supperless to their bed of straw, and glad they lye so well. Coming to *London*, their happy stars (it may be) directs them to an *Inn*, where immediately, for some emi-

eminent parts, they commence *Boot-Ketchers*; from they they proceed gradually to under *Hoſtlers*, whilſt in that employ, ſome one may be obſerved by his Miſtreſs to have good features, and well limb'd, who (out of pity to the ſtripling, whom for the kindling love ſhe bears him, thinks him better born than he is) removes him from the *Stable* to be a *Chamberlain*, and intruſting him with the ſheets, hath a months mind to lye in a *Bed* of his *making*. By ſo unexpected a favour, and not able to manage this fortune, he grows *Proud*, *Inſolent*, and *Talkative*, for which he is kickt out of doors, and meeting with a debaucht City *Rambler*, (a *Renegado* from his *Trade* and one who is reſolv'd to be wicked, maugre all the good counſel of Maſter and Relations) he finds him a fit Inſtrument of Miſchief to joyn with, and ſo they become both ſworn *Brethren* in *Iniquity*, and joyning with others of the ſame ſtamp, make up a Corporation of *Deviliſm*, and act according to the Helliſh Precepts which their *Grand Maſter* dictates to them. To add to the number of theſe Miſcreants ſome broken credit-crackt-fellow ſteps in among them, whom all other means hath failed, and now reſolves to live by his ſhifts; a needy fellow caſhir'd out of all civil company; for the World hath flung him off, and he would willingly be reconciled unto it, but wants ſome wealthy *Arbitrators* to decide the controverſie between them. He may be fitly compared to one drowning, who faſtens upon any thing that is next at hand, and if he muſt ſink, whatever he lays hold on, ſhall down with him. Amongſt other of his Shipwracks, he hath haply loſt Shame, and this want ſupplies him; for by his confidence, or impudence rather, he will ſhuffle himſelf into any company, and what he cannot do by fair means, he will effect (if he can)

can) by foul; if his *Wheedling* perswasions, and crafty Insinuations produce not their desired effects, he then applies himself to threats and violence; by the one he frightens some *Fops* into an humour to do him a kindness, by the other he compels them. That little wit he hath, he imploys to the utmost advantage; for as his Life is a dayly invention, so his Meat, Drink, Lodging, Cloaths, and all that belongs to him, are the Products of his Stratagems. When he wants money, his borrowing are like *Subsidies*, and desires the loan of mony, according to the quality of the person, or what he hath about him, and rather than be totally denied, he will accept of the loan of a shilling, though his request be twenty; he borrows so often, that few of his acquaintance but are his Creditors, and they fear, and shun him in the conclusion, as much as if they were indebted to him. They know his *Wheedling* tricks so well, that they dare not shew him any countenance, for fear of renewing acquaintance; at first, finding him a good fellow, and *Complaisant Company*, they never lookt further till experience taught them what he drove at, interest, which (though never so small) should not escape him; if towards dinner time he find but a good look, which promises his welcome, he becomes their half-boarder, and haunts the threshold so long, till he forces good natures to a quarrel, and yet know not how to be rid of him, like the poor *Scholars three-bare Cloak, a long hanger-on*, and being willing to be rid on't, walking in *More-fields* dropt it in one of the Quarters, and then ran from it as fast as he could; but the people at sight hereof cry'd out to him, *d' ye hear Sir, d' ye hear, Sir, you have left your Cloak behind*: which made him with regret return, and taking it up, spoke

like

like a Friend; *well, since our acquaintance hath been of so long a standing, it is pity yet to part; we'll e'ut see whether we can take the t'other nap together.*

Much more might be said of his character in general, but designing brevity, I shall supply in some measure what is deficient, in his particular *Wheedles* following.

CHAP. IV.

Wheedles between the Town-shift, Vintner, and Drawers.

MOney with the *Town-shift* Ebbs and Flows, sometimes it over-flows the banks of his Pockets, and at other times they lye dry. *Borrowing, Pimping, Padding, Filing, Gilting, Budging, &c.* are his *Exchequer*, whence he is continually supplyed with money, till *Tyburn* shuts it up, and his *Pay-offices*, or Houses of Disbursements are *Taverns, Bawdy-Houses, Inns*, and *Coffee-houses, &c.* of which I shall treat in their due places.

Having money he scorns an Ale-house, but he is all for the Tavern, which is three Stories higher than that *porterly*-house as he calls it, and there he may be drunk sooner, and with greater credit, and then the thoughts of a Coffee-house shall not come within his noddle, but to make him more sober to be drunk again.

First, It is his great care to find out a Vintner that hath not only good credit with the Merchant, but a very handsom Wife also, and having acquainted

ted half a dozen of his com-rogues with his design of being merry, and to have Money and Wine to boot, a Foot boy is dispatcht to the place design'd, with a Guinny to be delivered to the Master of the house, ordering him to provide such and such dishes for the next days Dinner; if the Boy be demanded his Masters Name, he readily tells him (with a submissive bow) — *Squire &c.*— at the time appointed they come all, as well apparel'd, as their *Roguery's* can furnish them, and being seated, behave themselves with more civility than they commonly use; Wine passes about freely, but not extravagantly, and Dinner being ready, the Master or Mistress is invited up, and with much importunity the latter is placed at the Table; each observes on whom oftnest *Madam de la Friz*, or *Dutchess de la Bar* doth cast her Eyes; he that from thence concludes himself a man more happy than the rest of his Companions in her respects; first begins her Health, with a graceful bow, and as he drinks, fastens his Eyes all the while on her Face, and having finisht the Glass, by some winning gesture or other, he discovers his Affection; she on the other side, either to ingage him to the House for her Husbands profit, or her own pleasure, instantly retaliates his amorous glances by a seeming languishing look, and having rendred him thanks, begins his Health most obligingly. According as it was designed before, their ordinary discourse is interlin'd with their pretended great concerns in the Country, and each takes a seeming modest liberty to praise one anothers estates, lessning their own, and magnifying the others, but dwell not long upon this subject to avoid suspition; and to add to the happiness of their conditions, they all go for *Bachelors.*

The

The Cloath being remov'd, the good Gentlewoman of the house, well warm'd with Wine, withdraws, to make room for her Husband, and in this, they are much like two *Buckets* in a *Well*; when one descends, the other mounts up, who (with the common saying, *d'ye call, Sir.*) invites himself to sponge, and so anticipates their desires, for that is the thing they would have.

My Gentlemen now fall to Repetition, saying before him, what they said before his Wife, to the same effect, though in different terms; and having drank very briskly, a reckoning is cal'd for, a Bill is brought, the total only lookt upon, without examining the *Items*, and the money paid to a farthing, with something to the *Drawer*. Hereupon my *Landlords* Bottle (and that really a flower) rides post up the stairs, to the breaking of the *Drawers* shins for haste.

This is so high an obligation, that they all swear they will make this their House, and will ingage their Friends likewise, and to seal the bargain, they must drink one Bottle of the same Wine with their *Lanlady* at the *Bar*: where all the discourse is about their kind usage; the goodness of the Wine; the well-ordering of their Meat, and the civility of the House; the Bottle being almost out, a young *Gentlewoman* is espied, peeping behind the *Bar*, and she must be known who she is by all means; being inform'd she is the Daughter of the House, with a *Con Licencia* they enter the *Kitching*, where they pass such complements, and devoirs, as become men of better quality; and having drank a Bottle, or two more (dropping a shilling into the *Cook-maids* hand) they take their leave.

The House being clear'd, and the Master and Mistress having liberty, and leisure to talk of that days proceedings, they particularly discourse on this,

this, thanking their kind ſtars, for ſending them ſuch good Cuſtomers, concluding them perſons of no mean quality.

The next day, ſome of the *Gang* (eſpecially the *Contriver*) comes, and asks for the reſt, who, though they find them not there, yet will have the civility to dine there, before they go in queſt of them. This repetition of the firſt kindneſs, it may be obliges the Vintner to give them the civility of his Cellar, and the rather, that he may ſhow them how well ſtockt he is of all ſorts.

To be ſhort, they viſit him ſo long, till they are not only intimately acquainted with the good *Man*, but *inwardly* with his *Wife*, and *Daughter*; and now it is high time for them to think of picking up their expences.

The *Alt-draper* uſes to ſay, *That the Tap is a great Thief, if not well lookt after*; but many *Vintners* to their great grief, may ſay, the *Bar* is a greater, which had it been carefully eyed, *Dublin* and other places would not have been ſo peopled with *Drawers, quondam Vintners* of *London*.

To inlarge their credit in the houſe, they ſum up what money they can together, and pretend to play; one ſeemingly loſing all, ſees how much he can borrow in the houſe, and obſerves with what willingneſs it is lent, that he may know how to ſteer his courſe for the future: what ever is borrow'd, is thankfully paid the next day, and whatſoever Wine is ſent home. as they call it (not truſting any body with it, but a Porter, a Creature of their own) is paid for in like manner: ſo that ſuſpition cannot faſten on ſuch honeſt dealing: but to wind up all, they borrow money of the Husband, without the knowledge of his Wife; of the Wife, without his knowledge; and of the Daughter, without the knowledge of either; but

the Bar pays for all; the Wife dares not acquaint the Husband of what ſhe hath done, leſt the loan of the money ſhould confirm the growing jealouſy of her diſloyalty; the Daughter dares not ſpeak a word of her deeds of darkneſs; for, ſhould ſhe do it, ſhe knows ſhe ſhould receive a double puniſhment for a double offence, in picking her Mothers pockets, and robbing her of her pleaſure.

Theſe generous Gueſts not coming to the houſe as they were wont, makes the poor Vintner run hornmad, ſwearing for the loſs of his money, and vowing revenge by an a reſt, this frightens his Wife out of her wits, fearing the action might provoke them to a diſcovery of their paſt amorous intrigues. The *Town-ſhift*, foreſeeing what would be the effects of this ſtratagem, ſends a Spy into the houſe, to ask for him of the Miſtreſs, who, glad to hear of her errant Lover, enquires more after him, than the Meſſenger, who whiſpers her in the ear, ſays, he is not far off, but dares not come, by reaſon of a debt due to her Husband; ſhe over-joy'd that ſhe has ſo happy an opportunity of ſeeing him, puts the money into her pocket, and is convey'd where he is; who, after ſome dalliance receives the money of her, and with it pays the poor *Cuckold* in his own Coin, which he would not have done, but that otherwiſe he muſt loſe a friend, that will continually ſupply him.

If ſhe be Rich and handſom, on my life.
No better Frind, than is a Vintners Wife.

There are ſeveral ſorts of *Tavern Wheedles*, and ſo numerous, that it is an impoſſible thing to give an account of them all, wherefore I ſhall conclude this Chapter with ſome obſervations tending thereunto.

There

There is a base, sensual, sneaking Fellow, who to save his money, and to gorge himself with Wine, makes it his business to be acquainted with as many *Drawers* as he can (whose Masters live not too near the *Compters*) a small expence informs him of their names, then he dives into their Inclinations; whether they fancy *Fencing*, *Dancing*, *Gaming*, *Wenching*, with other pastimes, which Youth takes most delight in, and as their desires tend, he fits them most agreeably; this so infinitely engages the young *Dash* to gratifie his Palate, that if there be any one *Faucet*, that can betray neat Wine to the *Bar*, it shall be arraigned before him, sooner than before a Person of Quality.

He is not long in making himself acquainted; the second sight shall be sufficient to call him honest *Jack*, or *Tom*, and making him (*Sans Ceremonie*) sit down, obliges him to drink a full Glass, and is a *Pledge* for his safety, whilst he drinks, by carefully peeping through the jarring door, to see whether *Master*, or any else, are coming to disturb them in the interim. This action makes honest *Jack* grow confident, insomuch that his *Pint* is offer'd at his *Masters cost*, and another being sacrificed on the same account, *John's Brains* begin to crow, and though his *Head* be *full*, and Belly too, yet not content, he will have his *Breeches* as *full*, as they.

The *Whetdle* by this means, hath struck his Fish, not easily to get loose again, yet gives him Line enough to play up and down, till by a sudden jerk, he is thrown out of a deep River of plenty, into a contrary Element, that proves his Ruin and Destruction.

Whilst humour'd by this *Whetdle*, the Drawer studies to please him, by undoing his Master, and

himself too; for *Canary* he cries a Pint of *White*; and for variety a Bottle of *Claret*, whereas 'tis *Sack* coated with *Red-wine*; or he will bring a Bottle in his Codpiece, saying, jocosely and roguishly, *Sir, take this to supply the other, when it is out; but let but one be seen at a time; my Master hath a good Estate, but no Children; whereof since he is able, as long as I am his Servant, I will make him treat his Friends*; at length by these frequent practices he is discovered, and turn'd out of doors; and having been *Wheedled* out of all credit, he at length for five shillings learns to play upon the *Tongs*, or upon a *Violin*, taught by some *Barber* (whose chiefest Musick is a *Cittern*) and with these accomplishments is admitted as a Menial into a *Minstrel-Bawdy-house*.

This *Wheedle* hath more strings to his Bow than one, two, or half a score, so that as he breaks one, he fastens on another, whom, when he hath once corrupted, he makes him his perpetual Slave to serve his unlawful desires, by threatning a discovery of all, without a present compliance to his propositions.

Some Drawers are so crafty they will not be *Wheedled* by any *Cunningham* of them all, pretending how much it goes against his Conscience to deceive his Master, that he had rather spend his own mony, than wrong him of a farthing, yet will *Wheedle* for himself so closely, that none shall discover him, no not his Master, but by his sensible decay, by his Servants purloinings, by scoring less, yet taking the whole reckoning; by scoring justly, yet taking more; by drawing continually *Flowers*, or the choicest Wines for reward; and principally in the *Night*, by conveying whole *Rundlets* away. If his Master anger him, he shows no discontent, but very patiently steps into the Cellar, and

and there to be friends with his Master, drinks a health to him in a glass of Sack, not omitting the remembrance of the least of his Progeny, though there were twenty, and will see that his fellow-Servant, honest *Ralph*, *shall do him Reason*; if their Fish want Butter, as they think no greater injury can be done them, so they will revenge it, by making it (after it is eaten) to swim in good Canary; much better Housewifery in the Mistress, if she had allowed them two pounds of Butter to three Sprats, and so have pleas'd them; than to be at that expence.

It is now high time to speak a little of the Vintners *Wheedle* in his Guests. In the Morning he stands at his door, to see who he can ingage, with 3 d. towards a Pint, (but especially one generally acquainted) which often causes many a Gallon; and if a Neighbour, a man of much business, doth chance to leave (in a reckoning) 1 d. 2 d. 3 d. or the like, it is bookt, and to be sure this ingenious Vintner shall work himself into his debt, which being demanded, he presently desires to reckon. I have been acquainted with one, who having a Bill brought in for Christnings and *Sweets* (*alias Devil*) amounting to 9 l. in his book show'd 15 l. left to pay, and his reason to me was, *he that helped him to cheat others, ought to be so serv'd himself.* If he be wise, and crafty for his own ends, he must be all submission to the *Velvet-Coat*, *Pantaloon*, or splendid *Thing*, that is in fashion, and make a noise with his *Bell*, and *Mouth*, as if the house were all in *Flames*, the one jangling to alarm the people, and his mouth speaking nothing but *Tom*, *Will*, *John*, show a Room; which words because they cannot be heard by the insufferable noise of the *jarring Bell*, one would think he call'd out for *Buckets*, and *Water* to quench the *Fire*. The

noise somewhat allay'd, he begins again with his Feet, and hasty running up, that he may have the first honour to serve the Gentlemen with bad Wine, having more authority to brazen it out with a lye; his hands under his Arm, and understanding what Wine it is they will drink, he instantly swears they shall not drink better Wine in *London*, though they cannot drink worse elsewhere, and it may be puzzle a good judgment, to know whether it be Wine or no. Their Palats being displeas'd, the Master in all haste is called for, whose place is supply'd by *John*, who cringingly desires to know their *Worships* pleasure, and understanding they dislike the Wine, he then asks what fault they find with it, to no other intent, than to try their judgments; if they want Vintners terms, and say the Wine is *sweet*, he streight way cries, I will draw you *greener*, Gentlemen; if they say it is *sour*, he then proposeth *Richer*; but if they say it is *foul*, for no benefit to himself, and little to his Master, he *mortgages* his *Soul* to the *Devil*, by swearing damnedly, *there is not a* cleaner *piece of Wine between* Aldgate *and* Westminster; *however he will change it, if they please*; 'tis done, and somewhat better than the former, yet not so good, but that the Master must be call'd up again, who, excusing himself that he is very busie, doing nothing, at length comes up, and delivering a Key (which never belong'd to any Lock of his knowledge) to his servant in their sight, bids him bring up a Bottle of that Wine, which is to be sent into his *Grace, the Duke of*—this must take, or else the *Devils* in't; sometimes he bids the *Drawer* go to the *Third* next the wall, and though it be a common draught, the *Faucet* shown in the mouth must seem to evince the contrary, and so between the Master and the Man, it is well if the Guest drinks

drinks one third of Wine that is tol'erable, and if you have a good farewel at laſt, you muſt not thank the kindneſs of the houſe ſo much, as the Drawers expectation of a Six pence, or the evening of the reckoning, if it happen to be bad money.

I ſhall ſay nothing of his large *Bills*, nor his dark working in his *Vaults* and *Cellars*, where he ſo ſubtlely plays the *Brewer*, that *Anniſeed Cleer* had never *Combatants* about her, ne're half ſo crafty in their *Art of compoſition*; the ſending *Mum* to Sea, brew'd at St. *Katherines*, to purge it ſelf, and ſo come in for Mr. *Brunſwick*, is a meer Bauble to this profound myſtery. If he has the fortune to run into a Country Trade, he then takes upon him to play the *Devil* with decayed Whites, which he buys for 15 pound per Tun, with a little *Clary*, and his *ſweet Devil* raiſed to a Fermentation, that is his *Canary* of 6 s. 6 d. *per* Gallon, which does not ſtand him in above 3 s. 6 d. as for his *Claret* he uſes *Red* amongſt his *White*, and if a *Chapman* ſhall deſire a Runlet of *Malligo*, he fits him to an hair; for in a Corner of his Vault he has a Preſs, which with *Mallago* Raiſins being ſteept in water, that is, a Pint of water to a Pound of Raiſins, and four Gallons of *Sweet* to every ſixteen; This he ſwears to be *Barbados Mallago*. This invention has not been long amongſt them. Now, ſince it is impoſſible to detect the *Art* and *Myſtery* of a *Vintner*, (but indifferently) without ſerving a time to the *Profeſſion*, and that thoſe who have ſerved two *Apprentiſhips* are ſtill *Novices* in their own *Trade*, I ſhall leave them amongſt their *Cans*, *Tubs*, *Casks*, *Cranes*, *Bellows*, *Leathers*, *&c.* and being in the dark, groap my way up ſtairs, and creep into the *Bar*, which ſhall be the ſubject of my next obſervation.

The *Daughter*, or *Kinsvvoman*, which is handsomest of the two, is *Bar-keeper*, which frequently proves more beneficial to the house within, than the enticing *Si n* without, and yet both use the same artifices of *Painting* to allure and delude, yet differ very much in their composition and substance, the one being a gravid heavy body, supported by almost a rising *Constables* estate in Iron work, the other is (it may be) *gravid* too, yet very *light* whom a *Feather* placed in the contrary Scale, will weigh down, and not blush at it, and yet her cloaths in her finery, if sold to the best advantage, would amount to a portion fit for a *Country Bride*, and raise her *Husband*, if a *Citizen*, to a *large Fortune*.

In the *Bar* she sits with much accustomed Patience, and her good face and cloaths angles for all sorts of Customers, whilst her eyes are groaping for *Trouts*, whom she intends to tickle for her own particular advantage. All in civility lower their *Top-Sail* as they pass by her, but if with the usual welcome she bestows on them a gracious and pleasant Smile, though under Sail in a stiff gale, this is the *Remora* that stops the *Vessel*, and makes it ride *per* force without dropping Anchor.

Where there is a noted *Beauty*, a *Bar-keeper*, she draws custom from all parts of the Town, as cunning Pidgeon Merchants with baits store their own Dove-coats from others mens, and at length engross more of that commodity, than they know well what to do with.

In the forenoon she is retired, to be the better attired, and when best drest, she shows her willingness to be undrest, and cares not how soon, so she may be assured her pleasure and profit may be considerable; to that end she leaves her *Honey-pot* sometimes uncovered, on purpose that the *gavv-*

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dy Wasps, and *Humble Bees*, may lick and taste thereof, till with its glutinous quality, like *Bird-lime*, some so stick therein, that they cannot get out, till they have dearly paid for their stoln sweets. Though she hath broken her Leg, she is sound enough for a *Drawer*, newly out of his time, who having credit for Wine, his house is furnished with the money that did set his *Wifes broken Leg*, with some addition of her Uncles; besides, we must not imagine she was so careless of her self in the management of the *Bar*, but that she laid by something for a lying in in the Country, if need required: being thus married, and set up either on the Merchants credit, or on Tunnage, they are now more at liberty to *Whittle* for themselves than formerly; he is all complaisance and cringe, and will be sure to score a Bottle in the reckoning extraordinary, that he may present that Company with one upon their going, the more to endear them to the house: He is very free of his Flesh without exception, and is full of invitations, especially to a *Sundays Dinner*; for usually he hath then something more than ordinary, and then drinks, and says, you are heartily welcome, and drinks, and tells you so again so often, that in the end you will find it cheaper to Dine at a *Crown Ordinary*; and yet still stand obliged for these eating kindnesses.

Here note, that in whatsoever Wine you drink to the Mistress of the house of your own calling for, she modestly refuses, though she like it better than any other sort, that, you knowing her dislike, may call for what she only desires to augment the reckoning; and to oblige you for that kindness, she becomes free in your company, both in speech and behaviour, to enlarge your hopes of a future fruition, which by continual expence, and lying

close *Siege*, may be obtain'd, but when all is sum med up, the *Besieger* will find himself a great loser by the *Surrender*. Trading growing bad, (and so it must be when forc'd) the *Young-man*, and his *Younger-wife* lay their heads together, how they shall shoar up their falling house; she cries, *leave all to me, and all shall be well enough*; and then she thinks of leaving him; hereupon she takes all, and payes all, and if any comes to him for money, he sends them to his Wife, as loth to be troubled in the weighty concern of drinking, and sponging with every body; if he be sober, and but few, or no guests in the house, he treads more steps up stairs, and down stairs in an hour, than a *Porter* in a *Crane* does for half a day; running into this Room, then into that, bawling aloud, that he may be heard in the Street, *Harry, Tom, Will, &c.* speak in the *Dolphin*, speak in the *Dolphin*, speak in the *Moon*, *&c.* having before lighted Candles in every Room, as a *lightning* before *Death*; the *Bell* goes incessantly all the while, which happily may *Toll* some company in, with whom our young Master will drink, or it shall cost him a *fall*, at length he gets drunk, or seems to be so, and going to Bed, shows how confident he is of his *Wifes honesty*, who wrongs him no more in her *Person*, than in his *Estate*, and at length, seeing her Husband sink, she adds more weight, and then shifts for her self; not long after she may be seen in a *Bawdy-house*, or an *Hospital*, whilst the poor helpless man lyes buried alive in some *Prison*, where he receives no other kindness from his Friends, and Relations, than what will barely contribute to the support of his life, and by the prolongation thereof, becomes more sensibly miserable.

If the *Daughter* keep the *Bar*, she is more reserved, and less toying in it than the other; not for any

any averſion ſhe hath to perulant expreſſions, (the Parents of wanton thoughts, and looſe actions,) but for fear ſhe diſpleaſe her Rich Father and Mother, who guard their Daughters chaſtity with as much care and vigilancy, as the *Golden-Fleece* of old. All private conferences are forbidden; If ſome Humoriſts will be dialoguing with her, there is, it may be, a retiring room behind the Bar; the Matron then ſupplies the Daughters place, who under the pretence of ſecuring her honour, is more willing to receive the *ſhock* her ſelf, for her deſign is, that her Daughter ſhall be only *ſeen* there and *heard*, not *felt*, and *underſtood*. The pride of the Vintner makes him look on better Matches for his Daughter, than ſhe deſerves, to be too mean; and by reaſon of his money, is ſo long chooſing an Husband for her, that ſhe is almoſt paſt chooſing, and therefore thoſe that make their own indifferent choice, are not much to be condemn'd.

A notable *Whaddling* Story, I have heard of, tending to this purpoſe. A Vintner of eminent note, having a very handſome young Gentlewoman to his Daughter, was Courted by a Country-Gentleman, who had an Eſtate of about Sixſcore Pounds a year, which though conſiderable, appeared ſo contemptible in the eye of this ambitious Vintner, that hearing what propoſals were made, as to Marriage, he was ſo irrationally angry, and highly incenſed, that he not only committed his Daughter cloſe Priſoner to her own Chamber, but forewarn'd the Gentleman the houſe, notwithſtanding he was before this Courtſhip, and ſince, a conſiderable Gueſt to the houſe; the Gentleman, it ſeems, had ſo plyed his buſineſs before he diſcovered his intentions to the old Ones, that the young Gentlewoman was totally at his Devotion by ſolemn promiſe, and other tyes, for a perpetual union in affection.

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Somewhat troubled, the Gentleman retired into the Country, not without contriving a way by the Maid-servant, to have Communication with each other at a distance by Letter. The young Gentlewoman impatient of her Lovers absence, and not being able to indure the cruelty of her passionate Father, sent him word, if he would come up to *London* on such a day, she would make an escape out, and be married to him, he overjoy'd, obey'd the Summons, and meeting each other were by a Minister lawfully Married; and to confirm it the more, went instantly to Bed, where lying about two hours, she arose, and dressing her self, went with the Maid, her Guardian, home again unsuspected. She tasting those sweets of Love which before she was unacquainted with, prompted her ingenuity, to find out ways, how to repeat their charming visits; in which a womans wit is seldom unsuccessful. The Pleasure she injoy'd, began now to discover it self, by too many apparent symptoms to the Mother, as *Paleness*, *Puking*, *Qualms*, *&c.* who, examining her Daughter very strictly, made her confess she was with Child, and gotten by such a Gentleman; the Mother, thinking it was illegitimately begotten, called her *Whore*, *Stainer* of their Family, and hitherto untainted Reputation, with such like vilifying expressions: having given vent to her immoderate anger, she consider'd that what was done, could not be undone, and now all her thoughts were imploy'd about the means of concealing this infamy from her Husband, whose humour she had been too well acquainted with, and knew his Pride at this affront would make him run raving mad; seeing it was impossible to do it, she made it known to him, preparing him as well as she could beforehand, but when once he came to understand it, his

his rage bare down, what ever reason could be alledged to pacifie him. The good Old People having vext themselves sick, by raving by themselves, and scolding with the Daughter, they at length consider'd, what is to be done in a business of this importance, and it was concluded that a threatning reproachful Letter should be sent into the Country to this Gentleman, to see how he would take it; 'twas done, and he returned them another in like manner, reviling them for abusing him, taxing them with unkindness, and laying the fault on their Daughters *Easiness*, not his Lustful *Eagerness*; that if they would force him to keep the Child, he could not avoid it; but then he hoped, that they would be so just, as to see their Daughter severely punisht, and the like; This netted the Old People to the heart, however, they sent another Letter, but in much milder terms, desiring him to come up, and discourse with them; he sent them word again, that he had business of more importance there where he was; than to neglect it, to look after *Bastards*, *&c.* The third time they sent again, with so many powerful charms contain'd in that Paper, that yielding to their requests, he came to *London*, and was invited by them to a sumptuous Dinner, at which, you may imagine Wine nor good Cheer was wanting, to express their Gallantry, and his welcome; after Dinner they fell into discourse concerning their Daughter, which he seemed to slight, alledging that his Estate was sufficient for a very good Match, though they lookt on it contemptibly; besides, if he had a love for their Daughter heretofore, this wanton act of hers had in a manner extinguisht his flame, *&c.* To be short, they offer'd him a thousand pound if he would repair their Daughters honour by marriage, which he refused; seeing

ing that, they cauſed her to be dreſt in as ſplendid a manner, as the ſhortneſs of the time would permit, and in that manner was uſher'd in to tempt him to an acceptance of their proffer; but this wrought no effects; they ſeeing his obſtinacy offer'd him a thouſand pound more, if he would be inſtantly married; he now thought it time to cloſe, accepting the proffer, provided they would give him five hundred pound more at the birth of the Firſt Child, if it were a boy; which was likewiſe agreed to, and a Miniſter ſent for, which was the ſame who had Married them before; according to inſtruction, whilſt the Parſon was going about to commence the Ceremony, the Gentleman burſt out into aughter, which ſtrangely amazed the Old man, who askt him what he meant? Not to be married now, quoth he; But you ſhall ſaid the other, I have you faſt enough, or I'le make your Land fly into the air; hereupon the Son and Daughter kneeling down gave their former Certificate into their Fathers hand, asking him bleſſing, with ſome pauſe, and with much more aſtoniſhment it was granted, and taking them up in his Arms, he hug'd his new Son-in-Law, ſaying, well ſince thou haſt ſo outwitted me, I will cheat my ſelf voluntarily of one five hundred pounds more, to make up the even ſum of three thouſand; and afterwards this young Married Couple liv'd a long time, not only to their own great contentment, but the general ſatisfaction of their Relations.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Wheedles of a Town-shift in a Coffee-house, Ordinary, Theatre, Inn, on the Road, with the Watch, and his Lodgings.

THis *Wheedle* in the first place takes great care in keeping good cloaths on his back, and he is to be commended for it; for they not only usher him into better Company than himself, but likewise procure him estimation where ere he goes. By means of some small scraps of *Learning*, matcht with a far greater stock of Confidence, a voluble tongue, and a bold delivery, he hath the luck to be celebrated by the vulgar, for a man of parts, especially if he have a lucky hit at Quibling, and can introduce now and then an odd *Metaphor*, a conceited *Irony*, a wild Fetch, an unexpected Inference, and hath withal a pleasing knack in humouring a Tale, and is resolved never to be dasht out of countenance; by these arts, dexterously managed, he engrosses a vast repute: He can speak *extempore* on all subjects, and this emboldens him to venture himself in any Company, where he strains himself to the utmost, to be accounted a notable *Head-piece*, and scatters his *Wit* as *Beggars* do *Lice*, or *Muskcats Perfumes*; not that he values popular applause on any other account than to enrich his pocket, and makes men pay dearly for the over rate they put upon him.

A *Coffee-house* is this *Wheedles Babbling-Pond*, where he Angles for *Fops*, singles out his man, insinuates an acquaintance, offers the Wine, and at next Tavern sets upon him with high or low *Fullams*,

lams, Goads, &c. and ſo plucks my *Widgeon*, and ſends him home *featherleſs*.

Full fraught with this ſucceſs, he ſteers his courſe to an *Ordinary* the day following, and will be ſure to be there about eleven, that he may the better take notice of the voluntary uninvited *Gueſts*, who thither do reſort, and walking up and down ſcornfully and careleſly, ſelects ſome particular Perſon to aſſociate with him in his traverſes, ſuch a one, who may ſet him off, and publiſh him better than the *Play-houſe*, with whom he diſcourſes much, no matter to how little purpoſe, ſo that he make but a noiſe, and laugh in faſhion, and changing the *Scene* of his countenance, he cloaths it on a ſuddain with grim looks, to promiſe quarrelling, whether neceſſity, or not require it: and to make himſelf the more obſerved, he urgeth how frequently he hath *Duell'd*, and not a *Dutch fight*, in which he hath not been engaged; that, being Captain, he was forced to ſhift his Ship twice, that *De Ruiter* coming up, he made him with a warm reception loof, and ſtand another way; that then the Prince hearing of his eminent ſervice in the Fleet, here he ſtops, and cries, *but no matter, I ſcorn to trumpet out my own praiſe, though upon this very ground, I was deſired to attend his Grace againſt* Maeſtricht, *that I was the next man that entred after him*, &c. Perceiving the *untravell'd Company* ſwallow down this glibbly, he plies them with more ſtuff of the like nature, how he (*as ſimply as he looks*) interpreted between the *Emperour*, and the *French King*, and this he makes uſe of as an *Herauld* to proclaim his knowledge of *Languages*, if he hath any, which he prodigally flings about the Table, but will hardly be induced to venture upon *Latin*; it is too general, ne cries.

Sometimes he will pretend to have great favour

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at *Court*, and then all his Diſcourſe tends to the obtaining of *Suits*, and cunningly ſifts every mans inclinations, who would make uſe of the intereſt of a *Great Man* to the *King*, and having not ſo much *Grace* left in him as to bluſh, he thanks his kind Stars in beſtowing on him ſo great an influence over Powerful men, though he knows in his own Conſcience he dares not (but only upon the priviledge of handſom faſhionable Cloaths) preſume to peep within the *Court-gate*.

Dinner being ended, which is commonly extraordinary, to entice Gueſts to come, and though the Maſter loſes by it, yet he knows he ſhall lick himſelf whole, by the benefit of the *Box*; I ſay after dinner, the general propoſition is *Play*, which Croſſes the Proverb; for though their *Bellies* be full, yet they will not let the *Bones* be at reſt; *Box* and *Dice* are made ready, and *Waiters* to attend.

Here note, that the prudent *Gameſter* will not ſwear at Play, becauſe it argues a violent impatience of parting with his money, and betrays his want and needineſs, and therefore, that none may undervalue him for his ſuppoſed neceſſity, when he hath loſt his money, he ſits down as patiently as a diſarm'd man does, when he is in the hands of unmerciful *Serjeants*.

By day-light he can do little, and therefore patiently waits as an idle *Spectator* till the night approach, at which time *Beaſts of Prey* do rove abroad, and ſo do *Rooks* of all ſorts, as *Huffs*, *Setters*, *Biters*, *Croſsbiters*, &c. the Candles being lighted, he then is buſied in a continual motion from one Table to the other, till he can diſcover ſome unexperienced perſon, and unskill'd in the *Black Art* and *Myſtery* of *Gaming*, whom the *Wheedle* calls a *Lamb*, and like a *Wolf* doth ſeize and prey upon him,

him, by engaging him in some advantagious *Bets* at first, to draw him on and having won all his money, the common saying is, *the Lamb is bitten.*

He is a careful observer of the *Winners*, of whom it shall go hard, but he will borrow money by some plausible pretence. If he throws himself, he will frequently let the *Box-keeper go with him*, that the Rascal, by violating his trust for advantage, may lend him, when he sees good, a *Tickler*, that shall do his business. If he sees a Winner dropping off, he presently closes with him, and by wishing him joy in his success, and commending his prudence in leaving off a gainer, (as he pretendedly hath done) he proffers him a glass of Wine, and warming him therewith, makes him repay at the Tavern that kindness with the loss of all he won, with what he had besides. If any time he thus picks up a sure *Bubble*, he will purposely lose some small matter at first, that he may engage him the more freely to bleed, (as they call it) and if he suffer him to go off a Winner let him look to himself the next meeting, where Wine and good Cheer shall be plentiful, but before he goes he shall pay for the Roast.

When it grows late, and the Table becomes thin, then is the time for the *Wheedle* to use his *Hocus Pocus* Tricks, and if there be none left whom he supposes *bubbleable*, to keep his Hand in action, and that it may not cool, he will venture his money among those of his own Profession, and then cheat, that cheat can; these of late are called *Rats*, and when they thus engage, and playing for Coats or Cloaks, wanting mony, the winner then according to the Term of Art, Trys, *he hath bit off such a Rats Tail.*

I might enlarge my self very much upon this subject,

subject, but since it hath been treated of already, I shall forbear *Cramben bis coctam apponere*, and refer you to a Book called the *Compleat Gameller*, discovering the manner of Playing and Cheating in most Games, either originally our own, or forreign invention.

From the Ordinary we will wait upon this *Whetstle* to his Lodging, and observe his deportment by the way; and first, if he meet with a Drunkenman, he will offer him his assistance in conducting him home, and pay himself for the trouble, either by picking his pocket, or pretend an abuse offer'd him, then beat him causelessly, and finally *rub off* with an upper Garment; if a wench chance to cross him (feigning himself more than half drunk) he swears *dam him, he will give her one Battle*; the silly Whore accepts of it, and then he carries her where he is known: Venery is the least of his thoughts, it may be, some deeper design is on foot, to get money: for having drank a glass or two, he suddenly cries out, *his pocket is picket*; the house is alarm'd hereupon, and the matter being his friend, she is threatned with a Constable, who scious to her self of former guilt in this nature (though not of this) dares not stand the test, but parting with what monies she hath about her, is forced likewise to leave a petticoat behind in Mortgage for further satisfaction.

In his going home, if he fear meeting with the *Watch*, he obligeth the *Drawer* to accompany him, and having given him his Lesson, approaching the *Constable*, he falls a railing at his man in a language as lofty as *High-Dutch*, because he hath used him so like a Rascal, in not giving him attendance, and vows the next morning to pull his blew Livery over his ears, though he pay but eighteen pence a Week for his Lodging, and that in a *Garret*. If he

he meet with the *Grand Round*, he then orders his *Will-with-a-wisp* to speak aloud; *Sir* John, *will you turn this way, or down that street*; if he be alone, to escape the danger, he pretends to speak no *English*, but hath more discretion than one had to tell the *Constable* so in the same *Language*.

If he chance to go home seasonably to his new Lodging, (for his *Roguries* oblige him to change often) he then picks up some of his gentiler acquaintance, and drawing near the door, he talks of none but Persons of Quality, with whom he hath been that day, and play'd a *Game at Cribbidge*; about to enter his Lodging, he salutes his Companions by no other Titles than *Squire*, or Sir *William*, though all a pack of pitiful beggarly Rascals; and to raise himself a further reputation in the house, he tells his Landlady, being more credulous than her Husband, that he and his *Shoal* of *Gallants* swam through an *Ocean* of *Canary*; that he danced so much money out of his heels; and that in Wild-foul there flew away so much; and to confirm them in this belief, he before-hand draws up a large Tavern Bill-of-fare, and dropping it in the house, loseth it on purpose to be found, and read to the increase of his reputation.

He is very solicitous to get acquaintance with some of the *Actors*, not out of any respect he bears to their Ingenuity, but to gain so far an interest in them, as to be let into the house now and then *gratis*, and upon no other score, than to pick up a *Bubble*, or some *unpractised* young Female, whom he pinches by the Fingers, and cries, Damme, *Madam, were you but sensible of that Passion I have for you, you could not but instantly show some pity to your languishing Vassal*: this he utters at first sight, and if the first show him no countenance, the next he comes at shall have the same Compliment; having

ing *trim'd* his Wigg, and *caren'd* his Breeches, he *trusseth* to and fro the Pit, (not minding the Players, who Act their parts so well on the Stage, that Ladies send for them to act in their Chambers) and never is at quiet till he hath made prize of some or other, whom he *tows* off to a *Tavern*, and there *rummages* the *Hold* at pleasure.

When he intends to go on the *Pad*, then Inns (some time before) are the chief places whither he resorts, to get information of *Hostler*, *Tapster*, or *Chamberlain*, what booties they can inform him of, and by knowing the time of the Travellers setting out, and which way he goes, he knows accordingly when, and how to surprize him; it is needless here to insert what *Wheedles* the *Pad* useth to effect his designs, since they are at large discovered in *Clevels Recantation*, and in the life of the *English Rogue*, or *Witty Extravagant*.

Were you but sensible of
that passion I have for you
you could not but instantly
show some pity to your
languishing Servant

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The Weedles of a Quacking Aſtrological Doctor.

BEfore I ſhall relate to you how *Doctor-Cunningham Wheedles* with his poor ignorant Patients, it is requiſite I deſcribe him by the way as briefly as I can, acknowledging my ſelf beholding to his Character ingeniouſly written by my very good friend. This fellow is the *ſag-end* or *Pug* of a *Conjurer*, who wanting courage, never durſt look his *Grand-Sire* in the face, yet loves dearly to hear of *Him*, and his infernal *Relations*; to that end he hath got *Cornelius Agrippa* by heart, and though he underſtands not *Latin*, yet he reads every day *Trithemius* his *Steganographia*, the better to imprint the names of his Brethren in his memory, and to furniſh his Mouth with ſuch words as may become as dreadful to the *Non-intelligent* as his *exorciſms*, or a *magical Circle* with *Devils* crawling round it. By his ſerious looks he beſpeaks the reputation of a knowing man, and undertakes to tell other mens fortunes meerly to ſupply the pinching neceſſities of his own, and that he may avoid the cenſures of the Vulgar, he by his Bills (which Chequer every piſſing place) proclaims himſelf *Secretary to God and Nature*, and the *Stars Privy-Counſellor*, that it lies in his power to jilt the Cabinet of the Deſtinies, and ſteal thence their greateſt ſecrets, whereas he is nothing but a *mere Hocus, and his whole Art is but a well contriv'd faculty or Legerdemain to bubble inquiſitive and credulous Fools of their money.*

His

His natural impudence and a ſtollen Ephemeris *ſet him up, and he begins at once to be a Student and a Profeſſor. No ſooner hath he rear'd the myſtery to erect a Scheme, but he fancies himſelf a whole Sphear above* Tycho Brahe, *&c. and thence forward his cloven tongue is tipt with Prophecy; let the diſcourſe be what it will, he ſtill ſpeaks Aſtrology, and never opens his Mouth, but it is bearded with a Planet.*

Some ſay he took his beginning from a Cunning-woman, and ſtole this Black-art from her, whilſt he made her Sea-coal-fires; whoſe impudence and ignorance ſo ſuted with hers, that ſhe could do no leſs than take him from that drudgery, and employ him in a greater, by marrying him, and making him Copartner in her ſecrets; if he will not condeſcend to this, ſhe thruſts him out of his warm Neſt half fledg'd, and rambling up and down, he knows not where, hardly eſcaping the Cage, at length he percheth where ſome famed Figure ſlinger liv'd before, and ſo raiſeth himſelf upon his Reputation.

To ſupply his defects in Learning, he will frequently quote, *Ptolomy, Cardan, Eichſtadius, Argol*, and ſeveral others, yet never read his Accidence, however he hath raked together a damnable many hard words, *with which he ſtartles his trembling Querents, who take them for names of his Confederate Devils*; which he conjures not up all at once, but intermixeth his diſcourſe with Tranſition, Direction, Schemes Profectional, Radix Genethliacal, Excentrick, Epicycle, Sextile, Trine, Quartile, Acronick, Helio-centrical, and a thouſand more words as terrifying. I have often wondred why ſo many Knights of the Croſs-leg'd Order have been great Proficients in this deep Art and Myſtery; it may be, ſitting *in a Garret four ſtories high, they have the better opportunity to contemplate the cœleſti-*

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al bodies, and ſearch out the meaning of their reſpective Twinklings; But that which makes me wonder moſt of all, is that a parcel of pitiful, debaucht, Atheiſtical Fellows, *ſhould ſo frequently look upwards, and perpetually pore on Heaven, buſying themſelves about a place they are never like to come to.*

His groundleſs Gueſſes he calls Reſolves, and compels the Stars (like Knights of the Poſt) to depoſe things they know no more than the Man in the Moon.

Some of them have ſo much practice they ſcorn to meddle with *Theft*, whereas it is nothing but fear that hinders him from picking the *Quirens* pockets to help him to his goods again. A poor Servant that hath loſt but a *Silver Bodkin* muſt put a ſhilling to his mouth before ſhe can unskrew his jaws, and when ſhe hath got them open, *Balaams Aſs* ſpoke a thouſand times to more purpoſe. Since *Plate* triumph'd ſo much in every petty *Ale-houſe*, he hath been forced to uſe ſome other means, than his uncertain *Art*, and I commend him, he took an excellent courſe for a more certain diſcovery of goods ſtoln or loſt, either by maintaining a ſtrict correſpondence, with *Budges*, *Gilts* and *Liſters*, as ſome raw young *Phyſical Practiſers*, with applauding *Midwives*, and recommending *Nurſes*, or elſe by laying aſide (into what houſe he comes) *Bowl*, *Beaker*, *Spoon*, *Tankard*, or any other thing he can, undiſcover'd, lay his hands upon: by the firſt he keeps up his credit by the ſame Hermetick learning *Mall-cut-purſe* heretofore profeſt; and by the latter means he buoys it up to no leſs admiration; for he tells them how and where it lyes, to the Eaſtward of the houſe, in ſuch an Angle, under ſuch and ſuch rubbiſh. O Wonderful! *but juſtly he that hides, can find.*

At other times laying aſide his Art, he hath recourſe to his never failing way of *ſifting*; if by ſubtle

subtle interrogatories, he pumps out any thing from the Querent, he is sure to remember it so, as to make use on't; and to avoid the suspition that his *Prædiction* proceeds from *Conjecture*, he spends some time in scrawling out a *Scheme*, and plays the part of an *Herald at Arms* in ordering the Planets in their proper places, but goes no further, till he receive his mony, and herein imitates a *Welch Custom*; The *Minister* at a funer l, stops half way in reading the *Ceremonies* for the Deceased, and proceeds not till some *Relation* pays him his fees and then goes on; *then he begins to tell him back his own Tale in other language, and he takes that for Divination which is but Repetition, neither regarding antient Rules, or the true positions of the Heavens, but follows his own fancy, and says what he thinks will please most*; and sending home some brisk young maid, *big* with the hopes of being speedily married, she brings whole *Shoals* with her the next day, to be resolved of the same question.

In his greener practice he meddles much with stollen goods, but being arrived to a *Velvet Jacket*, by the success of his *Wheedling*, and crafty delusions, he then sends his petty *Clients* to the young *fry* of the *Astrological Art*, and reserves the better sort to himself to practise upon.

The young *Gallant* bribes him with a Guinny to know when his covetous *Father* will have the civility to go to Heaven, and is so pious as to double it, if by *Art* he can expedite his Journey. The old toothless, stumpless, nay sapless *Lady*, cannot be quiet till he hath resolved her, concerning the seventh *Husband*; the Married, that are wearied by length of time, and other ways, inquire, which shall dye first, Male or Female; the broken *Citizen* (flying confinement as a Contagion) asks him, which way he were best steer his Course for

advantage; a *young Woman* comes to know whether Mr. such a one will marry her her, to *sawder* up that *crack* he made in her *virginity*; to all these he dispences *Oracles* with a confidence equall'd by nothing but his ignorance, and if any presume to scruple his *judgment*, the room will be too little to hold him and them, and if they go not voluntary out, 'tis ten to one he will be so saucy as to tell them, their company is troublesome to his studious retirement.

Hell hath not three such *Ministers* in all its *Territories* for amorous Intrigues, as the *Midwife Nurse*, and this *Astrological Bill-Doctor*; for he will *Pimp* for a *Stallion*, if he will bring him on his back a Load of *Hay*. He will betray a considerable *Fortune* to a *Foot-boy*, and if he may go snips in the portion, he knows an hundred ways how to effect his design; by furnishing the young man with good cloaths, as *Bawds* do *Whores*, that they may ply their business to the better advantage; then *Wheedles* with the *Heiress*, and tells her, *at such a time a young Man, so complexion'd, featur'd, form'd, and in such a habit, she will accidentally see, as she is walking home, the Stars have decreed shall be her husband, that there is no resistance to be used against their all-powerful influence, and that if she should be so imprudent as to oppose their powers, she will never meet with the like opportunity, and die miserably, and unpitied in a single condition.* If unhappily by his means two are conjoyn'd of different humours and condition, and they condemn him, for being the unlucky instrument of their misery, he excuses himself, and lays the fault on *Heaven*, by saying, *it is their destiny.* He gives out that he is the only *Love-procurer* in *Europe*, the noise hereof attracts to his lodgings every day, whole Flocks of *Turtle-Doves* of both kinds, who, poor silly Creatures, buy his powder

of

of *Cucow pintle* for an excellent *Philtre*, who did they not use some better means, would never reap enjoyment of their desired *billing*. He makes young *Bubbles* believe, he knows the Minute, the critical precise minute, wherein it is impossible for the chastest woman living to hold out. and to that purpose, appoints them meetings which shall be most safe, and least liable to discovery.

Now as some Creatures are Amphibious, living like *Rats* and *Frogs* both on *Land* and *Water*, so this cunning *Devil of a Doctor* is equally skill'd at *Scheme* and *Urinal*, and fearing he shall want mouths to praise him (being conscious to himself of his own defects and Inabilities) he opens his own wide, and where ever he comes brags out his own *Eulogies*, in running over a long *Catalogue*, of what dangerous distempers he hath cured, and lest what he tells every one should not leave an impression deep enough in their memories, he *Prints* his *Bills* so often upon *Tick*, that he is forc'd to remove his *Lodgings* as often, if for no other cause, than to shun the incessant clamours of the needy *Ballad Printer*. If by *Wheedling* he can cheat the people into an opinion of his abilities, and make them believe he is a *Scholar*, because now and then he *lards* his *lean* discourse with small *slices* of *Latin*, and by this means gets a little money into his pocket, he then hath the impudence of publishing a *Book* of anothers *writing*, having neither Wit, nor Judgment sufficient to do it himself, with his *Picture* prefixt, done by an *Engraver*, whom he bribed to make it not like but handsom, and as stock encreases, he will have divers of them by him, cut in *Brass*, not half so *brazen* as his *face*, one in a *Perriwig*, another without; one in a *Coat*, and the other in a *Doctors Gown*, and *Cap*, although he was never *dubb'd Doctor*, but by a *Licence* from the *Commons*.

When he is in the company of men, he draws forth some of his *Paper-books*, and scatters them about, as a *prodigal Goose* flutters about her feathers, and then with a loud voice and serious countenance, he relates what cures both internal and external he hath effected in such a County, and shows you in his book their names printed, besides several written Certificates he carries about him, pretending they came too late to be inserted. Thus he perswades the sound man to make himself sick, if for no other reason than to experiment his famous Physick; and you must not refuse to take a *Box* of his rare, *Universal Pill*, with a *Pamphlet* to wait upon it, to keep the *Viper* from doing you any harm; sure it must work wonderful effects in the body of man, since the supposed *Author* at first, knew not how to write the name he gave it, but past thus from *him*, and the *Printer* as ignorant as himself, *Pillulæ radiis Solis extractum*, and being laught at for it, was constrain'd to bribe a Boy of one of the lower *Class* to reconcile the difference he had made between the *Substantive* and *Adjective*.

If he be in *Female Society* his discourse runs in another Chanel, but fouler and polluted; for if he have not read the learned *Rodericus* a *Castro de morbis Mulierum*, or the sportive Italian *Sinibaldus* his *Gynæanthropeia*; he is sure to con over and over the *Man-Midwife*, *Culpeppers Midwifry*, &c. to furnish him with the names of *Womens Diseases*, and their Cures: and having sifted some Servant of the house, who is sick therein, or disorder'd, according to the Age and Distemper of the Person, he possesses the Mistress thereof with a strange opinion of what wonderful feats he can do, as thus, if she hath been married any while, and hath no Children, he then whispers her in the ear that her Womb

Womb is foul, and must be cleansed, for which purpose he hath incomparable *Pillulæ Fœninæ* of a purgative cleansing faculty, opening *Obstructions* of the *lower Region*, and Veins leading to the *Matrix* and *Privy parts*, by which it takes away the accidental causes of *Barrenness*, or he hath a *Pessary*, if she please to use it, *&c.* If he see any in the family that are troubled with the *Green Sickness*, Suffocations of the Womb, Fits of the Mother, or the like, he hath other *Feminine Pills*, which infallibly carry all offending matter from those parts incident to that Sex, and to forward or perfect the cure, he hath *Restaurator Naturæ* (as it is called) being an excellent *Spirit* to restore *Nature*, to heal, knit and strengthen, *Reins*, *Loin*, *Womb*, and *Spermatick Parts*, strengthen *Conception*, preventeth *Miscarriages*, easeth after Pains; as for *Weeping* of the *Womb*, *Whites*, or *Running* of the Reins: he hath a never failing *Pill*, whose name is not to be remembred without difficulty; in short, there is no disease, belonging to the body of Mankind, of which he pretends not the perfect cure, and could he do all, or one half of what his Bills contain, we might then truly say, that Miracles are not ceased yet, and we might allow him to boast his knowledge in Medicine as he doth, and should not blame him for saying, *that those remedies are prepar'd by a skilful hand, and rightly adapted from a true and perfect knowledge of Nature, grounded on the soundest Reason and maturest Judgment, and that, by long Experience, those Preparations are far beyond any* Elixir, *whatever, and are not inferiour to the best* Arcanums *in the* Universe. Admirable Operator! that can skin a Flint, make leaf Gold of the Rays of the Sun, and make ten pounds in Silver from the powder of a Brick-bat.

As in cheating there is a *Bonum utile*, so in being

cheated there is a *Bonum jucundum*, the *Wheedling* Quacking Impostor, impressing an expectation more pleasant than ordinary on his Patients fancies, which doth not a little tickle their dull Spleen, as rare Cordial Waters for languishing People, called by strange names, *viz. Elixir Proprietatis, Elixir Salutes, &c.* restoring Drooping Spirits to life and vigour; curing old and inveterate Consumptions, Dropsies, Scurvies, and what not, chears the heart, and are Health and Lifes Preservers, and prolongers. And, as I have heard some *Mountebanks* in a *Rhodomontado* humour swear, he deserves not to practise Physick, that cannot at any time plentifully supply his necessities with money gotten out of a Brick-bat pulverized, so it is generally known how a *Heil-maker* arrived to an estate of many thousands, by selling Barley water with a few drops of Spirit of Salt in it. It is strange that Persons should suffer their Purses to be gelded, and their Bodies Anatomized by an huddle of such *Wheedling* Empericks, as the *Hatbandmaker* once of *Moor-fields*; the *Gunsmith* in *Barbican*, and that old doating piece of Non-sense in *South-wark*.

Since the practices of such Ignoramusses are of so general and dangerous a consequence to such as use them. I shall now open to your sight the Skulls of such as are commonly intrusted with your Health, where you may behold the Wheels of their Brain framing subtle practices to drain your Dropsical Purses, and play the Knave and Fool with your consumptive Bodies.

The Knacks and *Wheedles* of this Quacking Practitioner, consists in three Notions. First, that a Patients grievance is either a discernable evident disease, which his own confession makes known what it is; or, Secondly, an inward Pain; or Thirdly and lastly, Endemick Diseases, as Scurvy, Consumption,

Conſumption, or Pox, this is his Theory, which is ſo deeply engrafted on his *Dura Mater*, which he either acquires at home by a fourteen years ſtudy, after he hath left making Fires for ſome *Chymical Operator*, or abroad by his money, which he gradually, or by little and little, ſtole from his Maſter, when ſleep and the fumes of Wine had rendred him unſenſible of the *Cheat*; it is no difficult matter for a mans *Coyn* to be dubb'd *Doctor* in *Foreign* places, the formality whereof moſt commonly conſiſts in this, *Accipiamus Pecuniam, & dimittamus Aſinum.*

But now let us conſider how he makes application of the aforeſaid three Notions. The *Doctor* demanding of his *Patient* the cauſe of his complaint, or where his doth lye, he replies, it may be, that he is troubled with *Vomitting*, *Looſneſs*, want of *Appetite*, *Cough*, bad *Digeſture*, *Difficulty* of *Breathing*, *Faintneſs*, *Jawndice*, *Dropſie*, *Gout*, *Palſie*, *Ague*, *Feaver*. *&c.* all theſe are evident; if the Diſeaſe be not evident, the Dr. then concludes, it muſt be either an inward Pain, or an *Endemick* Diſtemper. The *Patient* then complaining of an inward Pain, the *Doctor* then falls to his old trade of gueſſing, enquiring firſt in what part; if in the right ſide under the ſhort ribs, he tells him it is an Obſtruction in the *Liver*; if in the left ſide, then in the *Spleen*, if in the *Belly*, he calls it the *Collick*, if in the *Back*, he perſwades him it is the *Gravel* or *Stone*; if a *Stitch* in the *Breaſt*, he terms it wind, or *Pleuriſie*; and if the Perſon be reduced to a poor and lean *Carcaſs*, then he tell him that he is in a *Conſumption*, but being troubled with ſeveral pains at once, as want of *Stomach*, change of *Complexion*, *Looking Yellowiſh*, *Duskiſh*, or *Greeniſh*, then Mr. *Wheedle* whiſpers him in the ear, that he is troubled with the *Scurvy*, or if he have running

ſores, ſpots, pimples, or botches in the Face, Arms, *&c.* or Nodes in the head, he calls that the *Scurvy* too; if the Perſon have the diſcretion to behave himſelf as a ſober diſcreet man, that can go in, and come out of *Brothels* at ſuch convenient times, and in ſuch various *Diſguiſes*, that, with the help of a *Muffling Cloak*, he paſſes undiſcovered, though he meet his *Wife* at the Threſhold; otherwiſe if the *Patient* be youthful, and inclined to *Venery* by his *Complexion*, then the forementioned *Diſeaſe* muſt be called an inveterate *Clap*, or in down-right *Engliſh*, the *Pox*.

In Diſeaſes of Women, the *Mother*, or *Matrix* he accuſeth: If a Child, within the ſpace of ſix Months, be ſick without the appearance of an evident diſtemper, then he affirms it is troubled with the *Gripes*, which, if not ſpeedily remedied, will turn to a *Convulſion*; but if that happen not according to his Prognoſtication, to prevent the forfeiture of his skill and repute, he then cunningly acquaints the *Mother* it had inward *Fits*, and ſo craftily *Wheedles* with her, that ſhe poor ſilly *Woman* verily believes it: if after ſeven months, the *Child* be diſcompoſed, it is then breeding *Teeth*; having bred all the *Teeth*, if it fall ill, then he avoucheth it is troubled with *Worms*.

Let us a little farther conſider the ſubtlety of his fancy in *groaping* out the cauſe of Diſeaſes, which though cloathed with the darkeſt Clouds, yet by virtue of this following Principle, he aims at this mark immediately, *viz.* that moſt diſeaſes are cauſed by the four Temperaments; Choler, Phlegm, Melancholy, or abundance of Blood; of theſe, two are hot and two cold, and ſo are cauſes of hot and cold diſtempers; now theſe four being reduced to two general *Categories* under the notion of hot and cold, any one, having but the ſenſe of diſtin-

of distinguishing *Winter* from *Summer*, may instantly appoint a cause for almost every disease; hereupon the Patient complaining, Mr. *Wheedle* the *Doctor* hath no more to do, but to take him by the fist, to feel whether he be hot or cold; if cold, he summons in his cold causes, as *Phlegm* and *Melancholy*, which ready pronouncing of the *Cause* upon a meer *touch*, stupifies the *Patient* through admiration of this *Æsculapian Oracle*, hitting him in the right Vein to an hairs breadth, and upon this the *Patient* confesseth, that the *Doctor* undoubtedly understands his *Distemper*: For every Morning, (quoth he) as soon as I wake, I spit such a deal of *Phlegm* ——; and moreover, I am much inclined to *Melancholly*. This jumping in Opinions betwixt them, makes the *Doctor* swell with expectation of a large *Fee*, which the *Patient* most freely forces upon him; and so the Fool and his Money are soon parted: And it is two to one, but both are disappointed; the one in his Judgement, the other in his Belief: For suppose the *Disease* takes its growth from *Choler*, or abundance of *Blood*, there is scarce one in an hundred, but is subject to spit in the Morning; and being reduced to weakness by his Sickness, and in continual Pain, cannot otherwise chuse but be *Melancholly*; for Mirth and Cheerfulness seldom lodge in indisposed Bodies.

I doubt I have been somewhat too serious for my Subject, in this Discovery of his Physical Knowledge, which is no more than what any ordinary *Person* may arrive at in a very little time; only he hath a greater Stock of *Impudence* to push him forward, Subtilty to conceal his *Ignorance* in the *Art* and *Mystery* of *Physick*, and Craft to insinuate himself into Families and Acquaintance; whom he makes believe, he can do Wonders; and if he ef-

fect but one *Cure* in an hundred, that *Perſon* ſhall be continually quoted (nay, after Death) for one among ſome thouſands, on whom he hath wrought Miracles, by his Skill in *Phyſick*.

Here I might give you an account how he manageth a *Stage*, to his Advantage, both in City and Country, what *Tools* and *Cattle* he carries with him (for he is not ſo confin'd to a Chamber, but that he will ſometimes mount the Stage, whereon *Hi*, and *Merry-Andrew*, play the *Fool* to pleaſe a company of gaping *Fools*, and *Pick-Pockets*; but none ſo dexterous at that Art, as the worſhipful *Mr. Doctor:*) I ſay, ſo much might be ſaid concerning his Practices on the *Stage*, that it would afford matter to fill a Volume. How firſt his *Buffoonries* are exhibited in Publick to attract the *People*; and having congregated a great many, *Mr. Doctor*, who is in Ken, comes and aſcends the *Stage*; where having walkt to and fro very ſtately, and filling his hands with Papers, and ſmall Vials, he then begins to *diſgorge* the Names of thoſe Diſeaſes he not long ſince *ſwallow'd*; which, like Vomits, will no longer be contain'd. He then tells you, what excellent *Pills*, *Plaiſters*, *Powders*, *Spirits*, *Oyntments*, *Ballams*, *Waters*, and *Elixirs* he hath for all Diſeaſes that ever were, or ſhall be; how he did cut off ſuch a Wen, ſuch a ſore Breaſt, heal'd ſuch an Hare-lip; and, in confirmation hereof, whole Crowds of diſeaſed Perſons, cured by him, aſcend the Stage, and confirm the Truth of his ſaying. To raiſe him further Credit, he openly proclaims he will *Cure the Poor for Gods-ſake*; but thoſe who buy his Ingredients, ſhall in the price pay for ſuch Poor, and Themſelves together. At length, about to depart out of the *Town*, wherein he hath ſojourn'd ſome time; and being on the *Stage*, he in a ſtudied Speech, acknowledges to the People how

how much he hath been beholding to them; and, to expreſs his Gratitude, if the *Poor* will aſſemble there to Morrow, (for he informs them, he muſt go away that day) as many as come ſhall have twelve Pence apiece: The *People*, with abundance of *Poor*, aſſembled the next day; and thoſe that were able bought ſeveral of his Ingredients, and fearing they ſhould never ſee this worthy *Charitable Doctor* again, ſtored themſelves with ſomething of every thing he expoſed there to ſale. When he had done vending: *Now*, (ſaid He) *I muſt be as good as my Promiſe to the Poor, and ſo I ſhall, in beſtowing upon every one of them a Shilling: Look you then*, (ſaid He) *here is a Powder good for all Wounds, Ulcers, Fiſtula's*, &c. *the price I ſell it for, is two Shillings; I will take but one: here is a rich Cordial Water, the price half a Crown; I will take but eighteen Pence*; and ſo after that rate went on: But when the *Poor* ſaw themſelves deluded by this *Wheedling* knaviſh *Doctor*, they began to handle his *Stage* ſo roughly, that had not he preſently fled for it, and mounting rode in all haſte away, I know not but (like *DeWit* by the *Dutch Rabble*) they would have made him a Sacrifice to their Revenge.

But to proceed; Our *Doctor Wheedles* beſt by *Proxy*, and more ſucceſsfully; for if he make a true ſound on the *Trebble* of the *Females* Fancy, it will produce ſuch a *Harmony*, as ſhall ſound his Praiſe through *City* and *Country*: And indeed, without theſe Female-Inſtruments, or She-Trumpets, it is almoſt impoſſible for our *Doctor* (notwithſtanding his own *Wheedles*) to arrive to a famous Report, who having once by the Muſick of his Tongue enchanted the Women, doth by the ſame *Wheedle* ſubject the Opinions of Men to his Advantage; Women generally uſurping or impropriating the Affair of their Husbands Health to their own ma-

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nagement: For if a Man chance to fall sick, he presently asks his Wife what *Doctor* he shall send to? who instantly gives her Direction to him that had her by the Ears last.

In this piece of Policy, the *Doctor* shews himself no less cunning, than the *Serpent* in *Genesis*, who to cheat *Adam* thought it expedient first to deceive his *Wife*.

There are several ways, wherein he *Wheedles* with his Female *Patient*. First, (as I have said before) If she hath had no Children, he pretends to put her into the *Way*, how she may have them, than which nothing can oblige her more; most of the *Sex* being of *Rachels* Humour, in some measure; *Give me Children, or I dye*. If she be with Child, he tells her *Ways* how to strengthen the *Womb*, facilitate *Labour*, &c. If at any time she seems to be disorder'd, he knows she loves to be told that she is Melancholly, though of never so merry a composure; and in that part of the *Litany*, this *Doctor* is a perfect *Reader*. If she complain of *Drowsiness*, want of *Stomach*, *Cough*, &c. he presently tells her, that she is in an ill state, attended with many dangerous *Diseases*, which all proceed from *Melancholly*; or probably, quoth he, from the unkindness of *Husband*, or *Relations*, which instantly makes the *Poor Heart* put Finger in Eye, force a deep Sigh; and all this for being denied, what she requested of him. This certainly assures her the Impression of that Melancholly to be the Original of her Distemper, since her *Physician* discourses to her as much, though some Months or Years past, and for so doing admires him; withal intending to give an ample Testimony to the World of her *Doctors* profound Skill. But this is not all; he pursues his Business, peeps into her Eyes, where spying a small Wrinkle or two, in the inward or lesser

ser Angle, he tells her she hath had a Child or two: Then perswades her at her last *Lying-in*, her *Midwife* did not perform her *Office* skilfully, whereby she received Prejudice by taking Cold, displacing the Womb, &c. Which instance squaring so exactly with the premeditated Sense and Opinion of his *She-Patient*, (most Women, though never so well accommodated in their Labour, being prone to call the Behaviour of their *Midwife* in question) he hath now produced a far greater confidence than before. And last of all, to compleat his Work, now at the *Exit*, of his gulled, or *Wheedled* Patient, of rendring her Thoughts, Opinion, and Confidence, *Vassals* to his *Service*, *Fame*, and *Advantage*, make one Overture more of a great Cause of some of her Symptoms; declaring to her she is much subject to Fits of the *Mother*, occasioning a Choaking in her Throat. And here also they jump in their Sentiments, scarce one Woman in an hundred, but one time or other, is assaulted by those Uterine Steems especially upon a *Tempest* of any of her *Passions*, of Fright, Anger, Love, &c.

In the next place, let us consider this *Astrologico-Physical Wheedle*, as he a *Water-Gazer*, or *Water-Caster* also, who by the Streams of the *Urine*, pretends to gratifie his *Patients* nice Curiosity of being resolved what was, what is, and what Disease is to come; and, what is more, he sometimes by his great pretended Cunning, aims to discover as much by the *Urinal*, as he does by the *Stars*.

By the way, give me leave to relate you a Story, how an *English Doctor* at *Leyden*, not many Years since, promoted himself by his most wonderful Sagacity in Urines; hundreds, nay, rather thousands repairing to this stupendious *Oracle*, to have, by that means, the State of their Body described. Upon his Arrival, at the Place forementioned, he

is assaulted by those Uterine Steems

had in his Company a bold Fellow, that haunted the moſt noted *Taverns* and *Houſes* of Entertainment; where, by way of Diſcourſe, divulged the good Fortune that was come to the Town, by the Arrival of an *Engliſh Doctor*, whoſe great *Learning*, and particular *Skill* in *Urines*, would ſoon render him famous to all the Inhabitants. This being pronounced with a Confidence, ſuitable to the Subject, occaſioned three ſick *Scholars* (two *Hecticks*, and one *Hydropical*) then preſent, to make tryal of the Truth of his Words; the next Morning agreeing to mix all their ſeveral Waters in one Urinal, and commit the carriage of it to *Him* that was *Dropſical*. In the mean time, *Mr. Doctor* is adverтiſed of it by his *Companion*; who made him ſo skilful, that when the *Dropſical Scholar* preſented him with the *Urinal*, to know the State of his diſeaſed Body, he ſoon gravely replied, That he obſerved three *Urines* in this one *Urinal*; whereof the two lowermoſt parts of the *Urine*, appeared to him to be *Conſumptive*; and the third, that floated atop, *Dropſical*: withal, that their Conditions appear'd deſperate, and that at the Expiration of ſix Months, they ſhould be all lodged in their Graves. This admirable Dexterity of diſcerning Diſeaſes by the *Urinal*, was ſoon proclaim'd by the *Scholars* themſelves, who all having finiſh'd the Courſe of their Lives within the prefixed time, proved an undoubted Argument of his unparallel'd Parts in the *Art* of *Phyſick*; which immediately procured him an incredible Concourſe of People, and ſo continued for many Years.

That the Effects of *Conſederacy* in promoting a *Phyſician* to a popular Vogue, are as powerful as diſingenious, may evidently be deduced, not only from this *Narrative*, but from the common Deſign of vulgar *Empericks*, who to raiſe their Fame high

high as a *Pyramid*, send forth several *Mouthers*, to Mouth in all Publick *Places*, *Taverns*, *Coffee*, and *Ale-Houses*, their vast Abilities, expecting with that Bait to hook in as many Patients as will swallow it.

Sometimes, to counterfeit his great Practice, he will order an *Apothecary*, or some other, to call him out of the *Church* at an Afternoon Sermon, to hasten with all speed to some *Suborn'd Patient*, to the intent the People may be advertised of the weighty Business the *Doctor* is concerned in. At other times, by insinuating into the *Speaking-men*, and *Holders-forth* in *Conventicles*, he entises a far greater Employ, than his real Capacity in *Physick* can pretend to; and mounting himself thereby, turns tail to those who held the Stirrup to him: And by his Equipage, eminent House, and by the frequent waiting of his hired Patients on him, he gains so great a Reputation in the World, as to purchase quickly either an Estate, or a Prison.

To sum up all; When he is in Company where he dares presume to talk, his Discourse is all *Aphorisms*, though his Reading be only the School of *Physick*, *Alexis Secrets*, or the *Regiment* of *Health*. The best Cure he hath done, is upon his own Purse, which from a lean Sickliness, he hath made lusty and in Flesh. His Learning consists much in reckoning up the hard Names of Diseases, and the Superscription of Gally-pots in an Apothecaries Shop; and must be admired for his going a Simpling annually. He is hardly languag'd otherwise than in Diseases, and speaks *Greek* many times when he knows not. He makes it one great part of his Business, to intrude himself where *Physicians* of note are consulting about some desperate Cure. If he escape the Ignominy of not being excluded the Society, and the *Patient* recover, his whole Dis-

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Discourse for a Month shall be, how he and such such Doctors of note consulting about a desperate Recovery, following his Advice, the Person is now in good Health, though given over by half the *College:* And This breeds his *Reputation*, and That his *Practice.*

CHAP. VII.

Phanatick Wheedles of a Self-Edifying Non-Conformist.

THe word *Non-Conformist* includes all Separatists from the *Church of England*; and therefore, I have made use of it, to the end I may not tire the *Reader* with a Character of the Division of their *Sects*, and the several *Fryes*, that are contained under them: And seeing the Distinctions would be infinite, I shall not confound him with Sub-divisions, and new Names; for every *Sect* takes up a new *Name*, with the old *Villanies*; they change the *Name*, but retain the *Sin:* He that can perswade the People, that from an *Old Sinner* he is become a *New Man*, may, under that Disguise, cheat with greater Liberty; and by the *Saints Practice*, prove, *It is lawful for him, as well as other Saints, to cheat the Wicked.*

You may know this sort of *Cattle*, by these Marks: Their Words, and their Works, do seldom agree. They are infinitely conceited and opinionated of their own Perfections, and condemn all others. A Lye

in

in their *Own*, or a *Brothers* Mouth, is truer than Truth it self in another Mans. They suspect, and conclude all Men to be wicked, but themselves.

They begin all their Mischiefs in the Name of the *Lord*; and what is unjust in another Mans Case, is most just in Theirs. They will believe none, but the confiding Men of their own Party. In a word, the World is their *Stage*, and they act the *Devils Part* thereon in the Shape of an *Angel of Light*; a Part that has been acting ever since the World began, and will not be finished until the VVorlds End. They are a People generally subtle, frugal, and wary in their dealing; by which, and their large pretensions to a punctual Honesty, they have engrossed a great part of the *Nations Trade*: and since that Equivocation is as common to them, as Oaths and Curses to a *Losing Gamester*, he that deals with them, has need of more Eyes, than *Potts* bestow on *Argus*; for they out-wit a *Gnoes* for subtlety, and an *Amsterdam-Jew* may serve as their *Apprentice*; and by their crafty Trading, can teach him how to make his best Advantage: For *Self* is the Center whereunto the Lines of all their Actions tend; and, like an *Hedg-Hog*, wrapt up in his own warm Down, turns out Bristles to all the World besides. They would not appear in a plain Habit, but to gain thereby; and therefore it was well observed by the Ingenious *Satyrist* against *Hypocrites*.

Meekness they preach, yet study to controul.
Money they'd have, when they cry out, Poor Soul!
And angry, will not have, Our Father *said,*
'Cause it prays not enough for Daily Bread.

Their

Their *Conventicles* are but a *Holy Cheat* at beſt, where *Extempore Effuſions*, Sanctified *Non-ſenſe*, and Ridiculous *Fopperies* flow as inſenſibly as *Excraments* from deſperately ſick Perſons; and if any accuſe them for their poor, flat, jejune, impertinent, ſeditious, and blaſphemous Expreſſions, he is reviled by them for abuſing by *Nick-names* thoſe precious *Soul-piercing*, yea *Soul-ſaving*, *heart-breaking*, *Sin-deſtroying*, yea *Faith-comforting Truths*: Calling them *Boanergeſes*, *Sons of Thunder*; and ſo they are, in ſome ſenſe, Sons of Thunder; for, inſtead of *Soul-ſaving Truths*, they thunder out *Soul-deſtroying*, *State-diſturbing*, *King-reproaching Doctrine*. This they thunder out ſo powerfully, that the *Siſters*, thoſe *Weaker Veſſels*, cannot chuſe but fall before them, and proſtrating themſelves, petition the ableſt Members to ſtand to them; profeſſing their readineſs at all times, eſpecially in theſe days of more Light, or rather more light Days, to lay down themſelves with their whole Subſtance; and though they may fall back a little, yet not totally fall away.

Theſe are a parcel of *Fellows*, who beat more on the *Cuſhion*, than the *Text*, and make the *Pulpit* groan more than the *Hearers*. Thus otherwiſe expreſs'd:

Sans Compliment, the precious Man begins,
The ſuff'ring Pulpit groans for Iſraels Sins.
Sins, which in number many though they be,
And crying ones, are yet leſs loud, than He.
Half melted, but more out of breath, He cryes;
Not knowing what to ſay, He wipes his Eyes.
And then at laſt, that he may raiſe new fears,
And make his Gang ſhake their myſterious Ears;
All is not well he doubts,——

He

He is much admired, and beloved too; for having the *Art of Memory* to retain *Non-sense:* He speaks all by heart, never looking into his *Book*; indeed, 'tis no wonder, for it was a thing he never was accustomed to use. He will hardly condescend (for fear of spoiling his Reputation) to open his *Bible*, when he names the *Text:* And, if he does, 'tis,

> ——*As you'l find it writ,*
> *Repeats his Text, and takes his Leave of it;*
> *And streight to's Sermon in such furious wise,*
> *As made it, what 'twas call'd, an Exercise.*

It is impossible for him to make a *Preachment*, but that he must rail against the *Pope*, calling him by an hundred more beastly names, than the *Grand Signior* hath Titles; hating no *Whore* worse than her of *Babylon*. In the *Interim*, a prick-ear'd *Brother* is endeavouring to gratify the *Old Man* with a *Kind* Green-*Apron*, whom he hath in view; and the bawling *Impertinence* being finisht, he singles her out, and by a *Lecherous* Touch of the Hand, under the pretence of a purer Salutation, he finds by her Rampant Pulse, and tempting turning up of the Whites, that her Desires are at flood; and so they retire together for mutual Edification.

The *Speaker* having raved two hours like *Mahomet* in his *Falling-fits*, or the *Devils* Priests at *Delphos*, (who never delivered their lying *Oracles*, but with extravagant Gestures, and strange Destortions of Body) he then consults his carnal Interest too; and will not, privately in the Company of Friends, refuse the refreshing *Bottle*, provided *it be not known in* Gath, *nor published among the Wicked of* Askalon: For he confesseth the use of the Creature, (especially

(especially when it comes on free cost) to be exceeding lawful.

There is a certain Fellow call'd a *Wet-Quaker*, and rightly so nam'd; for I have seen him drink his Liquor like a *Fish*, and after the same fashion, without passing the Cup about: This Man dares drink in publick, whereas his preciser *Brethren* do it only in private; and there is none of them all, of what *Sect* soever, who desire not to fare deliciously, and with plenty.

On Geese and Capons with what Zeal they feid,
And wondring cry, a goodly Bird indeed.

Their Speech and Habits they cannot indure should be like their Neighbours, and are very curious to be in all things contrary to the common Mode, that they may be taken notice of for singular Men, (only private Venery and Luxury excepted) and are so stuft with Contradiction, that they will do nothing commanded by *Authority*; so that the only way to have them do any thing, is to forbid them the doing of it *on pain of Death*. Having screw'd his Face into a *Religious Form*, and tun'd his Voice to a puling *Sanctimonious Key*, he uses it as a *Low-Bell* to catch *Larks*, or rather such *Owls* as will be *bubbled* out of their Money, meerly on the Repute of his Conscientious Dealing; though by *Yea* and *Nay*, he will cheat worse than a *Long-Lane Broaker*; for, the pretence of dealing at a word, is the Hook by which he draws in his Customers; and that which engages them to come again to be cheated, is, *I tell thee plainly, Friend:* And to let the World know his punctuality to his Word, if his Customer tells him, he will not give him so much, yet returns, and offers him his price, he sends him away without the Commodity, yet with a

reproof,

reproof, ſaying, *friend, I will not be guilty of thy lye*; yet values not his own; for though he will not ſwear, becauſe it is unprofitable, yet lyes in many caſes he holds venial, and in two meritorious, either when they make for the intereſt of the beloved ſeed, or reflect ſcandal on the Government.

Now ſince *Lying* is ſo generally uſed and practiſed among this ſort of People, give me leave to hold forth a little, and ſhow you what pleaſure and profit they make of *Lying*.

Lying in general as it is nakedly, and abſtractly conſidered, firſt implies Reſt; for by this means we enjoy reſt, that which all things even to the loweſt inanimates tend unto, with a ſtrong propenſion.

Secondly, *Lying* implies Health, that is to ſay in Women, according to the *French* Proverb, *La femme eſt bien malade, quand' elle ne ſe peut tenir ſur le dos.*

Thirdly, *Lying* implies Pleaſure, that is *quand' l' homme Couche avec la femme*: but theſe are not the *Lyings* I intend to inſiſt upon: there are three other ſorts of *Lying*, which ſhall be my preſent ſubject, and they are the *Officious*, *Jocoſe*, and *Pernicious* Lying.

Firſt, An *Officious Lying*; and that is, when a man lies with his own wife, but this is a thing out of faſhion now adays, and therefore I'le but lightly touch upon it.

Every man that would be accounted honeſt, ought to lye with his wife *ex Officio*, but this Age it ſeems is generally grown wiſer, and will not tye themſelves to duty in this kind; Therefore the *Italians* ſay, *Gli huomini dà bene ſi maritano, Gli ſavii no*; honeſt men marry, but wiſe men tarry.

But there is another ſort of *Officious Lying*, hurtful to none, but profitable to moſt men, and may be lawfully

lawfully used sometimes; as thus, if a *General* of an *Army* should see a kind of despondency in his Soldiers, and he encourage them by telling there are auxiliary forces coming to their succour though it be false, yet it may be dispensed with: *Plato* allowed a Lye lawful, either to save a *Citizen*, or deceive an *Enemy*; this kind of Lying, *Abraham* used with *Pharaoh*, and *Abimeleck*, and his Servants, and the *Hebrew* Midwives in *Egypt*.

This is of such universal use, that there is no living for Trades-men without it, and it passes as a secret Maxim not to be denied among the *Self-edifying Brethren*; *No Lying, no Living*: There are no wares scarce vended without it, either at home or abroad; they think they can gain no *Custom*, without this *custom* of *Lying*: oh faith one, *it cost me more*, when you have bid money for a Commodity; this is commonly practised in the *Exchange*, where scarce any thing is sold without the *exchange of a Lye*; and if you should seem to suspect the truth of what they say, the woman will be apt to fall on you *Tooth* and *Nail*, and you shall be pelted with the *Hailstones* of opprobrious words, which will fall thick about your ears, like Fish-women, who rail at their Customers for bidding one third less than they demand, yet in that scolding raving fit, *take it*.

In all Ages people have been so vicious, as to swallow a *Lye* glibly, if benefit accrues thereby; when *Livia* the Wife of *Augustus* the Emperour promised *Numerius Atticus* five and twenty thousand Crowns, if he would swear that he saw *Augustus Cæsar* after his Death, ascend into Heaven; think you he was so great a Fool, nay Sot, to refuse so tall a Sum for an Oaths sake, no, no, *Quis potest tot armatis resistere?* Nay the very *Brother-hood* (as I have hinted before) will make no bones of being

being *Head* of a *Faction*; nor will they Scruple to have (for benefit) a Hand in Fiction.

There is Lying too for credit, as well as profit; but such a one as tells a Lye to save his *Credit*, *wipes his Nose on his sleeve to save his Handkerchief.* I shall say no more of this first head of *Officious lying*; the next is *jocose lying*; but since it is not much to our purpose, I shall skip it over, and come to the third; and that is *Pernicious lying*, and this is twofold; one is, when a man *lyes*, and hath neither pleasure nor profit by his *lying*; he that is guilty hereof, deserves to be severely censured: the second is, when one hath a little pleasure at first, and hath dolour afterwards; now this is such a *lying* that is destructive and hurtful to both parties; for Example, when a man Lies in the Torrid Zone of a *Betty Br*——, or a *Moll Sn*——, *&c.* or some other prostituted vitiated she-bed-fellow, and gets such a heat, that he can never claw off again; this sort of Lying you see is very dangerous, and healths destroyer, according to the Italian Proverb, *Quello che hà un piè in Bordello, hà l' altro nello Spedale*: he who hath the one Foot in a *Bawdy-house*, hath the other in an *Hospital*. Those Persons that do so freely indulge themselves in such wild ranges, little consider how much their desultory promiscuous conjunctions do disturb the mind, and render it unfit to undertake serious matters; they are so much for Generation work, that at the last they wholly incapacitate themselves for the serving of their Generations; besides the many mischiefs the body receives by those fatal venereal encounters, which are often-times the productives of Misery and Infamy, which they intail to their posterity; for though their stolen waters seem at first to be sweet, and you shall have some Gallants in the apprehension thereof Risque *Fortune*, *Honour*, nay, Life

Life it ſelf, and all to enjoy a *Miſs*, yet they will prove waters of *Marah*, bitter in the end.

To wind up all, I ſhall declare in the laſt place, that *Lying* is very edifying, it tends much to edification, for by that means the *Siſters* being wrought upon, will greatly increaſe, and multiply, and they being extraordinary plumpt up before, it is a pregnant argument of their thriving condition; now you muſt know, they edifie not alike, under all *Teachers*; thoſe that they moſt edifie by, are a certain confident ſort of Declamers, who mount the *Pulpit* as *Mountebanks* do the *Stage*, with equal impudence, and ignorance, and vent the fooliſh and ridiculous whimſies of their diſtemper'd *Brain*, for profound and ſolid *Divinity*; they admire theſe moſt, and account them the ableſt men, eſpecially that are of *long* ſtanding, not caring how ſhort they are of underſtanding: much more might be ſaid, but let this ſuffice for this time.

There are another ſort of Godly *Wheedles*, who labour wonderfully till they ſweat again in their *Weekly Exerciſes*, where a *Fleet* of *Coaches* arrive laden with ſanctified *Silk*, and other rich *Commodities* to truck for *Wind*, as *Marriners* at *Lapland* do with *Witches*.

Theſe babbling *Pains-takers* are thoſe *Meduſa*'s heads, environ'd with Snakes, whoſe Carkaſſes are cram'd with venom, and yet have ſuch lovely flattering outſides, as would deceive *Eve* again, if ſhe liv'd in *Paradiſe*, and do beguile her Progeny to this day, whoſe *Groans*, and *Whinings* have deluded more than *Mahomet* and his *Pidgeon*: and with their *labouring hands* they have ſo moulded that ſilly *Sex*, called women, that they will receive no other form but that of *Non-Conformity*. They have heard their *Teachers* talk ſo often of the *Rag* of *Rome*

Rome, that they think *Popery* a very *flattish Religion*, and Rail at the *Whore of Babylon* for a very naughty Woman. They look upon it, as a damnable Sin (if in health) not to be present at *Week-dayes Exercise*, and esteem them above Sundays, because *Devotion* being *Customary*, theirs is lost in the Multitude, and cannot be observed.

At one of these *Meetings*, how doth the precious *Man* melt the strong and stony hearts of the *Sisterhood*? Into how many forms doth he distort his Face, to insinuate into the *Auditor*: he sometimes shuts his eyes so close, as if he were asham'd of himself, place and company; and then suddenly blasts them up, as if he intended to caper through the *Roof*, to be rid of them.

What an heart-converting sight is he in a *Conventicle*, when he hath exalted himself, and is doing *Penance*, in the *surface* of a *white Cap*, environ'd with a long *mourning Cloak*, which helps instead of an *Hum*, or *Ha* to spend time by pulling it forwards, first on one shoulder, then on the other, whilst the unwilling matter which sticks below, is pull'd up, and brought to utterance, and then 'tis hard if any escape conversion, I mean of being converted to his use; by his divine *Rhetorick* he conquers the men, and consequently must overcome the Women, and though his pretences are Piety, for the most part, you shall find his designs are nothing else but honour, and profit; he endeavors to be admired, and esteemed by the *Brethren*, as a precious, Heavenly-minded man, whilst in the mean time he aims at nothing more than *self-Interest*: thus elegantly expresst by *J. P.*

Two Caps he had, and turns up that within;
You'd think he were a Black-Jack *tipt with* Tinn;

Now when he did relate, how little wit
The Foolish Virgins had, then they do ſit
Weeping with watry eyes, and making vows,
One to have Preachers always in her houſe,
To dine 'em well, and break-faſt 'em with Gellies,
And Candles hot, to warm their wambling Bellies;
And if the Caſh (where ſhe could not unlock it)
Were cloſe ſecur'd, to pick her Husbands pocket.

And as by all outward demonſtrations of ſanctity, he endeavours to make himſelf famous among ſuch, as are of his *Congregation*; ſo by his *Example*, he teacheth them to gain a reputation one amongſt the other, by the ſame way of pretended *Pitty*; and that they may the more infallibly effect their deſign, they ſeldom *Pray*, but it ſhall be next the ſtreet, and at ſuch times, as the *Noiſe* in the ſtreet ſhall not be ſo *loud*, as their *voices*; and after Evening *Sermon* it will not be amiſs for him to ſing a *Pſalm*; it will add very much to his credit, and the continual practice of it (for ought I know) may keep him from being *Shipwracht* in the turbulent Ocean of his greateſt misfortunes.

Here I might expoſe our *Wheedling* Saint to ſhame enough, by diſcovering his nakedneſs, and pulling off that Vizard-Maſk with which he doth deceive the World: but when I conſider that it is impoſſible to enumerate half his cheats, and they are ſo frequently practiſed that every one meets with them, I purpoſely forbear any particular account, referring you not only to the Hiſtory of the late times, wherein they ſwarm, but likewiſe to your own experience.

To conclude, inſtead of a *Catalogue* of his manifold *Rogueries*, I preſent you with a *Chariot*, which like *Phaetons*, ſets the World on fire. This *Chariot* is the *Self-edifying* Phanaticks Cheat I now ſpeak

speak of; the *Wheels* are the *Ignorance* of the People, and the *Admiration* they have of him; the *Horses* that draw this *Chariot*, are his *Pride* and *Covetousness*; the *Self-ediſyer* is the *Driver*, and a *Conventicle* is his *Whip*. The *Chariot* hath almoſt a *Stage* in every Town of all Countries, and travels up and down the World, being carried to every thing by the Horſes, *Pride* and *Covetouſneſs*.

The firſt *Wheel* is *Ignorance*, and this is a good *Wheel*, on this the *Chariot* runs ſwiftly; where the People are learned, the *Chariot* moves ſlowly; *Letters* are like *Clogs*; and good *Rudiments* are ſuch a *Burthen* it cannot ſtir; where men are well educated in the principles of *Religion*, this *Chariot* can hardly *paſs*, but amongſt the *Ignorant* it runs *poſt*.

The Second *Wheel* is *Admiration*, which is as good as the other; for when he has once inſinuated himſelf into them, ſo that they have a good opinion of him, and admire him, then the *Chariot* gets ground, and flies merrily; then all he ſays is *Goſpel*, nay more authentick than the *Goſpel* it ſelf; and having thus gotten poſſeſſion of their hearts, he can ſeize, when he pleaſes, any part, or parcel of their eſtates; and their whole families are at his devotion.

Of the *Horſes*, *Pride* or *Covetouſneſs*, I cannot tell which excels, *Pride* has moſt *Mettle*, but *Covetouſneſs* is the ſureſt *Drawer*. To be applauded for *Excellent parts*, for a *Singular Man*, for a *Gifted man*, for a *Leading man*, to be called *Rabbi*, to be eſteemed a *ſure Guide of Souls*, a *true ſetter of Conſcience*; to be wiſer than thoſe that follow him; to have liberty to ſpeak what he pleaſes, and that more to the *Nodification* than *Edification* of the *Beholders*, theſe preheminences puff up, and make him preſume to take the wall of his

Betters, and speak imperiously to his *Superiours*. A little *Pride* many times induces a great *Cheat*, yet this *Horse* is often jaded; for although our seeming *Saints* ambition makes him aspire above *Heaven* it self, yet frequently I have known, when *Covetousness* draws one way, and *Pride* another, *Covetousness* has got the better, and went away with the *Chariot*. To be head of an Assembly; Sole Teacher and Instructer is very acceptable; but a good *Living*, a *Fat Benefice* hath made our *Saint* leave them all, and be subordinate to legal *Authority*; it is but Preaching a *Recantation Sermon* at most, and if the great Government should change (as God forbid it should) it is but *face about again.*

Thus have I known *Mechanicks* lay aside their *Trade* being lazie, or not able to live upon it, and first turn *Seekers*, and from thence travel through as many Various strange opinions, as there are *Ross's Pansebeia*; at length, having gotten by religious prating, enough to subsist upon, have turn'd tail to all, and having tryed all Religions, have in the end acknowledg'd none. Thus again according to the *Satyrist*.

Every Mechanick, either wanting flock
Or wit to keep his Trade, must have a Flock;
The Spirit cries he moveth me unto it,
And what the Spirit bids, must not I do it?
But profiting more than his Flock by teaching,
And stept into Authority by Preaching,
For Lay-office leave the Spirits motion,
And straight retreateth from his first devotion.

But to return where I left off, which was the

the Second Horse in this *Chariot*, *Covetousness*; this is it which makes him prey upon the *Brethren* themselves; he has warmed their *Zeal* so hot by pressing the *Duty* upon them of raising *Money* to build a *Conventicle* (though they have contributed one would think enough to build one already) yet that is not sufficient had it been 'twice as much, but more being rais'd, the foundation is laid, and the structure is raised, but cannot be finished without a third *Contribution*, which is prest, after the Sermon is ended, in this or the like manner. *Beloved, you are not insensible of the pains I have taken to raise an House for the* Lord, *for his glory, and our mutual comfort, yet all my endeavours will become as nothingness, I shall sink under the burthen, if you lend me not once more your assisting hands. Beloved, in a Word, do as a* VVidow *did in this present Congregation; when she heard that the work of the* Lord *was began by me, though a poor Cinder-woman, she brought me five shillings, professing she had but two groats left, to buy her, and her children food, till she had wrought for more; and I took it kindly from her; when she saw this good* VVork *so nearly finished, as you now see it, she the brought me ten shillings, which she said was all she had, and I took it from her; Beloved, rather than the* VVork *of the* Lord *should not go on, but stand still, as the Sun did in* Joshua's *time; be as this poor* VVidow, *bring again and again; and think not much to lay out all for Christ*, &c. This *Conventicling House* is now finish'd, which, at a distance appeared to me to be some Noblemans house, newly built for the benefit of the Air, but when I was told it was a new erected *Conventicle*, it impudently stood so near an *Orthodox Church*, that I thought this Fanatical

Cathedral had robb'd *Stipney* of her Steeple.

Another had money ſufficient given him to build a *Conventicle*, and when it was built, he made uſe of the *Houſe* for himſelf, and turned the *Brethren* out, telling them the *Houſe* was not ſo convenient as he thought it would have been, and that he knew another place much fitter for the purpoſe, and wrought upon them ſo, that they made a new Collection, and built another *Houſe*: and thus this *Self-edifier* hath ſerv'd them three or four times, converting their Conventicles into dwelling *Houſes*.

Ah! This *Horſe*, *Covetouſneſs*, is an unruly Beaſt, he draws our *Saint* to all manner of *Vices*, to *Lying*, *Hypocriſie*, *Knavery* in dealing, nay even to the ſins of the *Fleſh*; many, yea many a time hath he drawn our *Saint* to his Neighbours *Wife*, and there ſo *kicked*, and *friſked*, that he hath thrown him upon her; ah! *threw him even upon her*.

This *Horſe* is ſo ungovern'd, that no man can live in quiet near this *Saint*; he breaks down his Neighbours fences, eats up his graſs, and his corn, and is ſo often taken *dammage feaſant*, that was he not a ſerviceable *Horſe*, and very profitable to this *Saint*, he would not keep him.

One faculty this *Horſe* has, which makes his *Maſter* highly prize him; he is an excellent *Stretcher* of *Conſcience*; take him in a morning, when he is freſh, and put him to the *Self-edifying Saints Conſcience*, he will draw it ſo wide, that 'twill ſwallow any thing.

In the next place we come to the *Whip*, which is no common whip, but a *Whip* of many Cords moſt ſutable to his deſigns, and that's a *Conventicle*, in which are many Rich men, and they ſerve as ſo many *Cords* for the *Horſe*, *Covetouſneſs*;

tousness; in it are many Admirers of this *Pseudo-hagisti*, and they serve as so many *Lashes* for the other *Horse*, *Pride*. These motives are the *Spurs* that prick on the *Palfreys* which hurry away the *Chariot*.

He is never so rampant as at a *Conventicle*; here, his *Pride* snorts and prances, spurns against Government, condemning and contemning all that are not of his way, and scornfully pitying all those poor lost Creatures that gainsay a *Meeting-House*. Ah poor Souls! they live in sin, they are stupified, and have no sense of the joy and Refreshments that we have at our *Meetings*, *&c.*

In the mean time *Covetousness* claps his Tail betwixt his Legs, lays his ears close to his head, and leers at the rich and wealthy *Brethren*. He pulls the *Chariot* hard towards the *Sisters Silver* and *Gold Bodkins*, and with such *Concupiscence*, that sometimes he gets *Bodkin*, *Sister* and All.

It is fit I should now inform you how he handles his *Whip*, and the place, where *Policy* hath taught him to put the *Whip*: That Alehouse, that Inn, that Tavern is best scituated, and most dexterously contrived that hath a thorough-fair (as 'tis called) by it; for by that convenience, custom is gain'd; so our Saint that hath all the Tricks of a Tavern or Tipling-house, hath likewise this, and places his Conventicle, where there may be a Common way or passage next thereunto, in hopes thereby to catch some silly *Gudgeon* or other, that comes near his Net; so *Mountebanks* gain Company: and he well knows that many persons fall into the loose sport of *Pidgeon-holes*, meerly upon the occasion of passing by them.

In a word, his whole life is nothing but an holy *Whedle*, he prays with men at home one day, to beg, or borrow the next; he preaches himself into a sweat, till he stink again in the *Conventicle*, that concluding his Sermon with a Prayer for the People, he may then use that opportunity to pray them to consider his necessities, and having reminded them of their former liberal contributions, he then reproves them for slackening their hands. *Ah!* says he, *are not these sad times? Is not this a sad Age? When the Saints and Children of God are so slow to good works. Mistake me not, the sadness doth not arise from my want of that abundance of money your liberal contributions used to supply me with, but from this, that your defect herein is a sign you are fallen from Grace; 'tis a sign your Zeal is not so warm as it has been, 'tis a sign the Doctrine we preach has not such an influence upon you as it ought; 'tis a sign of a dissolution, and that the World will be at an End.*

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The Wheedle of the Shop-keeper.

METhinks I see him standing at his Shop-door in cold Weather, either blowing his fingers, eagerly waiting (if he be a young Man) for one kick at the Foot-ball; or basting his sides with his own hand, and so makes every cold day a *Good-Friday* to chastise him for the sins he hath committed. If any person pass by him, and but looks into his shop, he fondly imagines him a Customer, and intreats for his own necessities, by asking others *what they lack*; if any chance to step in, he hath *Hocus tricks* enough to delude them, and rarely shall they stir out, like sheep engaged in Bryers, but they shall leave some Fleece behind them.

Some have dark shops, with false lights, which wonderfully set off a commodity: others for want of that, make use of their Tongues, arrogantly commending their own wares, and protesting whatever they exhibit to view is best in the Town, though the worst in his Shop; his words are like his wares, twenty of one sort, and he goes over them alike to all Comers; and when he hath done with his yard, he invites you to the Tavern, to oblige you for the future; you may there soon measure his understanding, which extends no further than the Longitude of his Shop, but for the latitude of his Conscience, it is as little known, as the *North-west passage*: Others say, that

he has no such thing now as Conscience; for finding it a thing that was likely to lye upon his hands, he was forced to put it off, and in its stead took upon him the pretence of Religion, that by the profession thereof, he might take the greater liberty of *Lying*, which he does by rote, having spent most of his time in learning that Art, and the Language, and crafty phrase of *selling dear*, and that to his friends, and acquaintance, rather than other persons, knowing, he can make more bold to cheat them, than Strangers; from hence you may gather, that he never speaks more truly, than when he says, *he will use you as his own Brother*; you may believe him, for he will not stick to abuse the neareſt Relation he hath in this kind, and in his Shop thinks it Lawful. He is commonly of that Religion which brings him in most Customers, and is never more angry at others tenents, than when they bring him in no profit, and so by a mis-interpreted sense of Scripture, *to him Godliness is great gain.* How obsequious, and full of cringes he is to him that pays ready money, but where he does befriend a man, he is a Tyrant, and by his frequent duns, makes a man weary of his native Country. One thing I like in him very well; he takes special care of not letting *Conies Burrough's* in his *Shop-book*, knowing 'twill be hard *ferreting* them out again.

If he be rich, he not only commands a credit, but hath the benefit and priviledge of paying his money when he pleases, and the poor Creditor, many times when necessitated for it, dares not make a demand, for fear of losing his Customer: the intrigues of buying and selling are infinite, nor is it possible for any to enumerate them but *A Jack-of-all-Trades*; Wherefore I shall leave him with all his tricks, and delusive devices, and come

come to the poor *cracking* Shop-keeper, whoſe credit being out at Elbows, what hard ſhifts doth he make to keep himſelf from ſinking, and lays hold on every petty thing that is next him; like a Lover, he is ſo continually tired with breaking of *Oaths*, *Faith*, *Vows* and *Promiſes*, that he hath neither time nor ſtrength to perform any other exploit.

A Saturday is the Melancholieſt part of the whole Week, not ſo much by reaſon of the froppiſh, and humourſom *Planet* that governs it; but by reaſon of too many inſufferable *Dunns*, who tread the ſtreets in terrour, and that's the reaſon ſome Citizens can as well be Hang'd as keep out of *Nine-pin-houſes* in *Moor-Fields* on this day, to be out of the ſight of thoſe ghaſtly apparitions that haunt their Ghoſt at the heel of the Week. *Poverty*, and *Neceſſity*, the God of the *Andrians*, that could ſtop the mouth of *Themiſtocles*, cannot appeaſe the Wrath of a *City-creditor*, whoſe empty mony bag, twiſted about his hand, is as killing as a *Gorgons head*; and therefore 'tis well the poor man is out of the way, and is only practiſing thoſe ſports which are like to be his only lively-hood in ſhort time; and what a kindneſs it is for a man to be removed from the cares and labours of this world, to the ſweet pleaſures of *Drinking*, *Smoaking*, and other ſportive *Recreations*.

'Tis well theſe *Deſperado*'s in Eſtate are not ſo ſtrong as *Sampſon*; for they would then not put their Landlords key underneath the door, but take away Key, Houſe, and All. What abundance of Travellers ſhould we meet upon the Road with Houſes, and Shops furniſhed; and what Landlord ſeeing a man ſtanding on the Sea-ſhore with his houſe on his back, ſwearing he would

would send it to the bottom of the Ocean, but would come to any composition? Besides they were out of the reach of the Law; for there is no *Statute* in *Polton* against removing Houses, so a man carry them whole without breaking; but the lineaments of Fate are certain; *the Coblar cannot go beyond his Last:* therefore now adays it is better for Debtors to fall to their prayers, beg and beseech, as *Daniel* out of the *Lyons Den*, or *Jonas* out of the *Whales Belly*.

I shall conclude with a word of advice; he that has a Creditor over-cholerick, let him not be too hasty or angry with him, though he be called Rogue, Rascal, and what not only for owing a little money; for 'tis time and Straw that mellow *Medlars*; but should thy Adversary make use of a Lawyer, do thou make use of a Lawyer and an half, and having brought thy Noble to Nine-pence, never spare at the bottom, and having whitten thy Mil-post to a Pudding-prick, in the full of the Moon go hang thy self, lest *Poverty* and cold *Weather* overtake thee napping together.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

The Practising APOTHECARY.

IN *Galens* time, and many Ages after him, Medicines, for their greater Secresy, were prepared and composed by *Physicians* only: But People growing numerous, and Diseases increasing by Intemperance, their Multiplicity imposed a necessity upon *Physicians* (being unable to attend all their Patients as formerly) to dismemberd their *Art* into three Parts; the first clean and gentile, *Physical Prescription*; the other two servile, *Chyrurgery* and *Pharmacy*.

The *Physician* (as I said before) having variety of Patients, and having not leisure to make up his own Medicines, caused his Servant to fetch them already prepared from the *Apothecary*, and from thence to convey them to the *Patient*; by which means the *Apothecary* was kept in Ignorance, as to the Application and Use of the said Medicines, not being suffered to be acquainted with the *Patient*, nor the Diseases, lest they should presume to venture on Practice. In time, the *Physicians* Honour and vast Riches in the Eye of the *Chyrurgion* and *Apothecary*, proved Seeds sown in their Minds, that budded into Ambition of becoming Master, and into Covetousness of equalling them in Wealth; both which they thought themselves capable enough of aspiring to by an Empyrical Skill, the neglect of their Masters had given them occasion to attain unto; for they sent them

to

to their *Patients* with Medicines, and did entruſt them with the Preparation of their greateſt Secrets.

This Truſt they ſoon betray'd; for having inſinuated into a familiar Acquaintance with their *Patients*, perſwaded them, that thoſe that had made and diſpenſed the Medicines, were able to apply them to the like Diſtempers, as well as they that had preſcribed them: By this means they arrived to a Copartnerſhip with their Maſters in Reputation, Title, and Eſtate; and having got enough, they ſcorn to take pains by Manual Operation, as formerly; but leap boldly out of a Shop into a Doctorſhip.

The *Book-ſellers* Original in ſome meaſure runs parallel with the *Apothecaries:* Before *Printing* was, there was *Book-binding*; for, what Manuſcripts were then in being, were made publick by tranſcribing them, by certain *Clerks* writing a good hand, and made a Livelihood thereof; the written Books were convey'd to the *Binder*, who bound them after what manner the Owner directed him. As Authors and Books encreaſed, ſo did his Profit by his Trade; inſomuch that ſome of theſe *Binders* grew rich, and purchaſed ſo many Manuſcripts as to furniſh a Shop, indifferently according to thoſe Times, and dying left their Sons well ſtockt: But *Printing* coming in, broke the Neck of the writing *Clerks*; but yet gave a conſiderable Lift to the riſing *Book-binder*, who not only bound for others, but himſelf, and *Printing* his own Copies, had work enough to do to bind his own Books. His Stock increaſing by the Benefit of *Printing*, it was buſineſs enough for him to mind his Shop, and ſee that his Servants pleas'd his Cuſtomers; and now reſolves to work no more: His *Sewing-Preſs* lies mouldy in the Garret, his *Plow* neglected lies, and his

his *Knives* rust; the Skrews of his *Standing* and *Cutting-Presses* have forgot their wonted Duty, and stubbornly won't stir an Inch for any Man; his *Marble-moody-beating-Stone* weeps incessantly, to see the weighty *Hammer* lie rusting in a Corner unregarded. In short, if he work, it is for his Pleasure; and what pains he takes now and then in binding of a *Book*, is his Pastime. The Son after his Fathers Decease, scorns the mean Title of a *Book-binder*; and therefore employs others, and is henceforward stil'd a *Book-seller*; and the rest of his Brethren, who are able, follow his Example.

Thus, as *Binding* formerly was the Rise of a lazy *Book-seller*; so many a *Doctor* now adays had formerly a hand in scouring the Skillets; and having with Slavery and Difficulty served his Time, set up; but having very little Interest in the *Doctors of the Colledge*, and other *Grandees*, whose single Practice is enough to make an *Apothecary*; he takes pet and leaving his Shop out of spight, takes at first a Chamber, and hangs it with *Pots*, *Glasses*, *Boxes*, &c. and the Ruins or Remains of his broken Profession; and by Them, and his *Bills*, gets the Reputation of an able *Doctor*.

And now give me leave to touch a little upon his *Wheedles*.

Suppose your self to be troubled with any Distemper, (it matters not which, for all is one to him, or his like you send to) upon his Arrival he feels your Pulse, and with a fixt Eye on your Countenance, tells you your Spirits are low, and therefore it is high time for a Cordial. The next Interrogatory he gravely puts to you, is, *When were you at Stool, Sir?* If not to day, he promises to send you a *Laxative-Glister* by and by; and

if

if you complain you have a *Looseness*, then instead of one *Laxative*, he will send you two *Healing Glisters:* If besides, you intimate a Pain in your Stomach, Back, and Sides; then responding to each Pain, you shall have a *Stomach-Plaister*, another for the Right and Left Side, and another for the Back; and so you are like to be well *patched*, or *clowted* every way.

Now, before we proceed, let us compute the Charges of the first Day: Here is a Cordial composed by the Directions of an old dusty Bill on his File, out of two or three musty Waters, especially if it be towards the latter end of the Year; be it a *Citron*, a *Borrage*, or a *Bawm-Water*, all very full of Spirits, if River-Water may be so accounted: To these is to be added an ounce of that miraculous *Treacle-Water*; then to be dissolved, an ounce of *Confectio Alkermes*, and an ounce of nauseous Syrrup of *Clove-gilly-Flowers*; this being well shaken in the Viol, you shall spy a great quantity of Gold swimming in Leaves up and down; for which your Conscience would be burdened, should you give him less than five shillings for it: from the meanest Tradesman, without the least Abatement, he expects three shillings six pence. The *Glister* shall be prepared out of two or three handfuls of *Mallow-Leaves*, and an ounce of common *Fennil-Seed*, boil'd in Water to a Pint; which strained, shall be thickned with the common *Lenitive-Electuary*, *Rape-Oyl*, and brown *Sugar*, and seasoned with *Salt*. This shall be conveyed into your Guts by this young Doctors Man, through an Instrument he commonly carries about him, which makes him smell so wholesom; for which piece of Service, if you present your *Engineer* below half a Crown, he will think himself worse dealt with, than those who empty

This Glister

the Close-stool-Pan. The Master places to account for the Gut-Medicine, (though it were no more than Water and Salt, and for the use of his Man, which he calls *Porteridge*) eight Groats. *Item*, for a *Stomachick*, *Hepatick*, *Splenetick*, and *Nephritick Plaister*, for each half a Crown. The next Afternoon, or Evening, returns the *Doctor-Apothecary* himself to give you a Visit; for should he appear in the Morning, it would argue he had little to do; and finding upon Examination you are rather worse than better, by reason those Plaisters caused a melting of the gross Humours about the Bowels, and dissolved them into Winds and Vapours; which fuming to the Head, cause there a great Pain, with Dulness and Drowsiness, and part of 'em being dispersed through the Guts and Belly, discommode you with a Cholick, a swelling of the Belly, and an universal Pain or Lassitude in all your Limbs,

Thus you see one day makes work for another. However he hath the Wit to *Wheedle* you into an Opinion, that they are the Signs of the Operation of Yesterdays means, beginning to move and dissolve the Humours; which successful Work is to be promoted by a Cordial *Apozem*, the Repetition of a *Carminitive Glister*, another Cordial to take by spoonfuls; and because your Sleep hath been interrupted, by the unquietness of swelling Humours, he will endeavour to procure you for this next Night a Truce with your Disease by an *Hypnotick Potion*, that shall occasion Rest. Neither will he give you other cause, than to imagine him a most careful Man; and so circumspect, that scarce a Symptom shall escape his particular Regard; and therefore to remove your Head-ach by retracting the Humours, he will order his Young *Mercury* to apply a *Vesicatory* to the Nape

Nape of your Neck, and with a warm hand to beſmear your Belly, and all your Joynts, with a good comfortable Ointment for to appeaſe your pains. The Cordial *Apozem* is a Decoction that ſhal derive its Vertue from two or three unſavoury *Roots*, as many *Herbs* and *Seeds*, with a little Syrrup of *Gilly-Flowers*, for three or four times taking, which becauſe you ſhall not undervalue, by having it brought to you all in one Glaſs, you ſhall have it ſent in ſo many Viols and Draughts; and for every one of 'em ſhall be placed three ſhillings to your Account; which is five Parts more than the whole ſtands him in; for the *Cordial Potion* as much, and as much for the *Hypnotick*; the like Price for the *Carminative Gliſter*; and for the *Epiſpatick Plaiſter*, a Shilling. Thus, with the Increaſe of your Diſeaſe, you may ſee the Increaſe of your Bill.

The third Day producing an Addition of new Symptoms, and an Augmentation of the old Ones, the *Patient* ſtands in need of new Comfort from his *Doctor*; who tells him, That Nature begins to work more ſtrong, and therefore all things go well: But becauſe Nature requires all poſſible Aſſiſtance from *Cordials*, and ſmall *Evacuations*, he muſt expect the ſame *Cordials* over again; but with the addition of greater Ingredients, it may be *Magiſtery of Pearl*, or *Oriental Bezoar* in Powder; the former being oft-times but *Mother of Pearl* diſſolv'd in diſtilled Vinegar, the latter a Cheat the *Armenians* put upon the *Chriſtians*, by ramming Pebbles down a Goats Throat, afterwards killing him, and extracting the Stones before Witneſs out of his Maw, which they ſell for thoſe rare *Bezoars*, whereof the quantity of fifteen Grains hath been taken by a Child of a Year old, that lay ill of the *Small Pox*, without the leaſt effect of

of Sweat, or any Expulsion through the Pores. And besides, the Repetition of a *Glister*, and the renewing of *Plaisters* for the Profit of your *Physician*, you must be perswaded to accept of a comfortable *Electuary* for the Stomach, to promote Digestion; of a *Collusion* to wash the Slime, and Filth of your Tongue, and to secure your Gums from the *Scurvey*; of a *Mallet Plaister*, to apply to the Blister that was drawn the Night before; of some *Spirit of Salt*, to drop into your Beer at Meals; of three Pills of *Rufi*, to be swallowed down that Night, and three next Morning; which possibly may pleasure you with three Stools, but are to be computed as two *Doses* each at a Shilling: The *Spirit of Salt*, a Crown the ounce; for the *Stomach-Electuary* as much, for the *Glister* as before; for your *Cordial*, in relation to the *Pearl*, and *Bezoar*, their weight in Gold, which is two Pence a Grain, the greatest Cheat of all; for dressing of your Blister a Shilling; for the Plaister as formerly.

Now, if you shall reflect on the Total, that shall arise out of this Arithmetical Progression of Charge of a Fortnights Physick, modestly computed, at fifteen Shillings a day, without the Inclusion of what you please to present him for his Care, Trouble, and Attendance. I will not harbour so ill an Opinion of him, or give so rigid a Censure as your self shall, upon the following Oration, your Glister-Pipe-Doctor delivers to you with a Melancholly Accent in these terms:

Sir, I have made use of my best Skill and Endeavours; my Master was one of the ablest Apothecaries in and about London, *whom I faithfully and carefully served Eight Years; in which time, and since, I have administred for my self, I have seen the best*

Pra-

Practice of our London *Physicians*; *and I'le assure you, I have given you the best Cordials that can be prescribed*; *yet all will not do, your Case is dangerous*; *and I think, if you send for such a one, Doctor* ——— *he is an eminent Man, and one I know very well.*

Now would I fain know how the Patients Pulse doth beat, to hear this *Practising-Apothecary* preach him his *Funeral Sermon*, whilst he is yet living; and the loss of his Money cannot but add to his Pain. Had he not at first been Penny-wise, and Pound-foolish, he might have prevented all this by sending for a *Physician*, who for the small Merit of a *City-Fee*, would have struck at the Root of the Distemper, without tampering at its Symptomes and Branches.

And now should this *Apothecary* be call'd to an Acccount, as to what he hath administred, he shall answer (I warrant you) that he hath given him nothing but *Cordials*; which word *Cordial*, he supposes to be a sufficient Protection for his Erroneous *Wheedling-Practice*. Should this his *Cordial-Method* be continued in a Feaver, or any other acute Distemper, for eight or ten days, the Patients Heirs would have been particularly obliged to him for giving him so Cordial a Remove out of his Possession.

Lest I should be accused of Partiality, by concealing what may be pleaded, for the Practice of *Apothecaries*, I shall conclude this Chapter with a short Apology: For so doing, in the first place consider, that many a substantial Citizen may have the ill luck to have a Servant taken sick in his House; why should he upon every slight occasion, or accident, fling away ten Shillings on a

Doctor,

Doctor, when an *Apothecary*, at a venture, by Vomit, Purge, or Glister, may for the Charge of a Shilling or two, remove the Distemper: His Success herein sometimes makes him bold and confident; especially considering, that he practices on his Inferiours; for if they miscarry, he excuses whatever Errour he hath committed, by asserting he was importuned, or rather forced to it by their Master.

On the other side; Should an *Apothecary*, being thus called unto a sick Servant, or a mean Trades-man, (whose Condition, by reason of his Charge of Family, is little better) refuse this Assistance, disobliges the Master, loses the Practice of his Family, and turning away his Patient, shall immediately send to the next, who shall most willingly embrace the Imploy: Whence may be observed, the One necessarily spurs on the Other to Practice; and he that can *Wheedle* best, skrews himself into most Families.

A third Import greater than any of the former, is, That *Doctors*, all or most, being tied to particular *Apothecaries*, prescribe their Bills in terms so obscure, that they force all chance *Patients* to repair to their own *Apothecaries*, pretending a particular Secret, which only they have the Key to unlock; whereas in effect, it is no more than the commonest of Medicines, disguised under an unusual Name, on design to direct them to an *Apothecary*, between whom and the *Physician*, there is a private Compact of going Snips, out of the most unreasonable Rates of the said Medicines; wherein, if a Redress be sought, by shewing the Bill to the *Doctor*, he shall most religiously aver, it is the cheapest he ever read: The Consequence whereof, is a double

Fraud; but they have a greater, or it would never be ſaid, *Three good Patients in the Spring, makes the Doctors Pot boil all the Year round.*

And as to the *Apothecaries* in general, their number bearing the proportion of at leaſt ten Parts to one of noted *Phyſicians*; to whom allowing each his *Covenant-Apothecary*, who conſtituting but one Part of the ten, the remaining nine Parts of the number, are compelled either to ſit ſtill, or to Quack for a Livelihood; or, at leaſt, eight of 'em; for we'll allow one Part of the nine to be in a Poſſibility of acquiring competent Eſtates, in a way more honeſt than that of the *Covenanters*, by their whole-ſale-Trade of fitting *Chyrurgions* Cheſts for Sea, and ſupplying *Country-Apothecaries* with Compoſitions.

And now to conclude, I muſt not omit the Injuries the *Covenant-Apothecary* does, not only to the Ignorant *Patient*, but the Learned *Phyſician*, by his ignoble *Wheedling*, and Inſinuation. Being ſent for by a *Patient*, after a ſhort Eſſay of a Cordial, he inſtantly over-powers him by Perſwaſion, to call in a *Doctor*, who ſhall be no other than his *Covenant-Phyſician*; by which means the former *Phyſician*, that by his extraordinary Care and Skill, had obliged the Family before, ſhall be paſſed by, and loſe the Practice of that *Patient*. And ſhould it happen, the Senſe of Gratitude of the forementioned *Patient*, ſhould engage him to continue the uſe of his former *Phyſician*; yet this *Covenant-Apothecary* ſhall privately cavil at every Bill, and impute the Appearance of every new ſmall Pain or Symptom, (which neceſſarily, in the courſe of a Diſeaſe, will happen) to his ill Addreſs in the Art of *Phyſick*; and ſhall

shall not give over before he hath introduced his *Covenanter*, whose Authority in the Fraud of a Physick-Bill, he supposes to be most necessary.

I might have insisted on the Excellency of Form and Feature of an *Apothecary*, relating how many Advantages he hath over others of his Occupation, that hath a Face and Body so well qualified: But since it is of general use to all *Wheedles* whatsoever, I shall say no more than this, That if an *Apothecary* be Handsom and Young, he hath an infinite Influence over all the Females where-e're he comes; and rather than be without bewitching Visits, they will be sick on purpose: If sick some are, the sight of him works more healingly than his Physick; and in their hot Distempers, were it not for shame, they would deprive the Women of their wonted Office, and none should administer them a cooling Glister, but himself.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

The Country-Attorney, Pettifogger, and other Law-Hangers-on.

THE *Inns of Court* are the general Rendezvouz of young Gentlemen from all Parts of *England*; ſome whereof are not more noted for their Extraction, as for their Education, excellent Parts, and Learning: Yet as the pureſt Flour hath ſome Bran; ſo theſe refined Wits are not without the mixture of talkative, impertinent, trifling, and debauched Perſons.

'*Here it is, that you may ſee, in a Winter-Term, at* '*Dinner-time, in their Halls, a drowſie Company of* '*formal Fellows, ſtand purring over a Fire; who after* '*a long and painful Study of thirty Years, have at-* '*tained to the wonderful and gainful Art of ſpeaking* '*Non-ſenſe, with the greateſt Confidence in the World;* '*and when they walk, to carry their Eyes and Noſes* '*directly before them, not daring to turn their weighty* '*Noddles on either ſide, for fear of forfeiting their* '*Gravity. There are another Brood of Men, who ſtarts* '*from the Deſk, and ſnatch up a Gown; and having* '*firſt in their Infancy been ſwadled and nurſed up in* '*Rags of Paper, are at ripe Years, (ſometimes out of* '*Poverty) put Clerks to Attorneys; from whence,* '*without the leaſt Taſte of Univerſity-Learning, they* '*advance, ſwell'd with Preſumption, and full of Igno-* '*rance and Impudence, to the Barr: Profit and Lucri* '*then becomes the only Subject of their Converſation:*

Gain

'*Gain gives motion to all their actions, and that also*
'*is the end of all their Arguments, whilst Reason and*
'*Honesty are oft made Factors to their avarice; if ever*
'*you have occasions that force you to make use of these*
'*Persons, or to seek any favour from them, they expect*
'*from you the greatest attendance and submissions; but*
'*where money is to be gotten, they on the contrary will*
'*be as base and servile in their flatteries.*

How repugnant soe're this is, you must dispose your self, (if you intend as well as they, to act the *Wheedle* advantagiously) *and when your thoughts are at strife about it, call it a submission to necessity and occasion.* Vide L'Art du Complair, elegantly translated into *English*, and called, *The Art of Complaisance.* The young Attorney, newly hatcht under a Lawyer, and whilst but pen-feather'd, nests for himself, and either practices in anothers name for half-fees (which he makes whole by acting too as a *Solicitor*) or else by the hoorded pence of an indulgent Mother, purchases an Office, two Desks, and a quire of Paper, with a pint of Ink, and an hundred of Quills, and a Pen-Knife true set, set him up; his Office shall be lined with green, and the wood adorned with Taffarels and carved work, his shelves fill'd with paper and parchment, and a *Practice of Piety* lies not more certainly in a *Brothel*, as *The Statutes at large*, or some Folio Law-book in his window; These in time purchase him an Apprentice or two, with a considerable sum, and his success in two or three common Causes proclaim him an able *Attorney*; this procures him *Clients*, more than he can mind, and they produce him money, more then he knows well what to do with, and having gotten a wife with a good estate, minds the *Tavern* more than the *Court*, or his Clients.

Some of them have the ſmatch of a Scholar, and yet uſe Latin very hardly, and leſt it ſhould accuſe them, cut it off in the midſt, and will not let it ſpeak out; and fearing that his Hand-Writing ſhould prove Traitor to his actions, it is as difficult to be underſtood as his countenance, which always looks ſollicitous, (unleſs diſordered by ſome liberal Treat, it matters not at whoſe coſt, whether *Plaintiff* or *Defendant*, ſo that it brings in Griſt to the Mill, and benefit from both ſides) I ſay, to amuſe the ignorant his looks ſeem careful, importing much haſte and diſpatch, whilſt he only waits for an *Habeas Corpus* to delay the Suit for three *Terms*, and that he may not be ſuſpected as idle or little employed, he is never to be ſeen without his Hands full of buſineſs, that is, of Paper: to illuſtrate what I have ſaid, I muſt not omit the inſertion of this Example. *B* was Arreſted at the ſuit of *A*, *B* adviſed with an *Attorney* what to do, not having Bail, he replied, *Give me my Fee, and I'le appear for you, and ſave you the trouble of Bail*: The *Term* following, a *Declaration* was Filed againſt the *Defendant*, who thereupon conſults his *Attorney*, and he cries nothing, but *Give me my Fee, and I'le defend it*; He delayed the Suit till next *Term*; at which time he muſt plead, and then called on his *Client* for money to that end and purpoſe, beſides his own Fee afreſh; the *Aſſize* coming on, the Cauſe proceeded to *Aniall*; then cried the Attorney again, *Give me my Fees for Counſel and charge of the Court, and I'le defend it*; At the Trial, a *Verdict* paſſed for the *Plaintiff*. Oh! *What muſt be done now*, cried the *Defendant*? Then ſayed the Attorney, *The Declaration is naught, I'le move the Court this next Term in Arreſt of Judgment*. The Motion being made, the Court confirms *Judgment*; And *Execution* thereupon was coming

coming out; *What shall we do now* (cried the Defendant) *We are lost, undone, quite undone?* *Not so yet* (cried the Attorney) *Give me my Fee, and I'le bring a Writ of Error*, and keep off *Execution two or three Terms*. But now observe, the Errour was at length argued, and *Judgment* affirmed thereupon for the *Plaintiffe*, with increase of *Costs*, for the *Delay*, no *Errour* being found in the *Proceedings*; the poor *Defendant*, at his Wits ends, not knowing what to do, with a face more miserable than the first lines of an Humble Petition, askt his *Attorney*, What he shall do now? *Hast any moneys*, cried the Attorney? *If so, we will get an* Injunction, *and bring it into* Chancery. Here the *Cause* hanged three or four *Tearms*; at length, no *Equity* being found, the Complainants Bill was dismissed with *Cost* allowed to the *Defendant*; hereupon the *Client*, willing to purchase more Advice, askt, *What must be done now?* the Attorney having no more delays to make advantage of, with a shrug in much hafte, cried, *There's no more to be said, Go pay the Knave his money, he's a Rascal, and I'm satisfied.* Thus *Hudibras* in *Rhime Burlesque*.

So Lawyers, lost the Bear Defendant,
And Plaintiff Dog should make an end on't,
Do slave and tail with Writs of Errour,
Reverse of Judgments, and Demurrer,
To let 'em breathe a while, and then
Hoop—— and so set 'em on again.

But to proceed, I say his face seems as intricate as the most winding *Cause*, and talks of nothing but *Statutes*, *Presidents*, *Reports*, and the Lord knows what, as if the first time he had mooted, was when he was in *Hanging Sleeves*, and that from that time, he had fed on nothing but

what a *Judge* had *Cook'd* for his learned Stomach, whereas he had no other Porridge-pot but his Ink-horn, which could not boyle him sustenance, but for the fewel of his deluded Clients. All his actions, words, and gestures are very stiff, and affectedly constrained, his conversation is obstinate, and full of Contradiction, and contrary to the pliable *Complaisant Wheedle*, grows rich by strife and wrangling. What a man of Worship is he, when living in a Country Village, all fear him, but few love him, the dread of him so aws some spirits, that they are at a treble charge to fence their own grounds, lest leaving open any gap, it should give him an inlet to take possession of their Land, whilst others wear out more shooes and hob-nails by scraping at him, in one Twelve month, than would conveniently serve them in their necessary labours for seven years; the business he creates to set himself on work, will not give him leave to think of his Conscience; and when the Term is ended, and the time of his life is expiring, he minds not *Doomsday*, hoping still, according to his wonted course, he hath a trick to reverse *Judgment*.

I would say more of these Practicers of the Law but that their ways are past finding out, as to what is already spoken. I would be willingly understood aright, I do not any ways reflect or throw disgrace upon the glorious Profession of the Law, which hath in all Ages raised so many eminent Persons to the first Honours of the Realm, and have left their Posterities engrafted in the Nobility, but on such whose matchless Impudence, and Knavish ignorance, have by their specious pretences, and indirect illegal courses, ruin'd by insinuation, onely for self-ends, or malice, thousands of Families. It is now time to make *Hut and*

Cry

Cry after a worser sort of *Vermin*, and a *Caterpillar* that is far more dangerous, a meer *Blood-hound*, *Cannibal*, or *Man-eater*, who not content to feed on humane flesh, till he hath made Dice of his Bones, but will swallow an Estate at a Morsel; one who when he hath put a man upon the *Rack*, and hath tormented him even to death, will then deliver him to the *Lawyer* for *Execution*,

Some call him modestly *Sollicitor*, a name not inglorious, and did his actions merit that appellation, I should not grudge it him, it being an employ (Honestly managed) that deserves reputation in the World. And is so absolutely necessary, that I know not what the middle, nay most sort of people unskilful in the Law can do without him: It is not he that is the subject of my present discourse, but the *Splitter*, a pitiful *Petti-fogging* fellow, it may be one that can neither Write, nor Read; or one, who living unbeloved, and selling Ale, not knowing how to *Wheedle* custom to his house, but by *Splitting* of causes, gives out how knowing he is in the Law, and lest his own word should not pass (as I wonder how it should) he is never without his *Bribed Avouchers*, both at home and abroad to Justifie his Honesty, as well as Excellency of parts, though the meerest *Ignoramus* in the Universe, and no matter so he get but money, for which, like the *Golden Calf*, he is worshipped, or *Sir Reverenced* by the Vulgar.

If the *Splitters* Law-knowledge (brooded and hatched in one Goal, and receiv'd its increment from many more) be attended with a little learning, he then proves a *Cockatrice*, and kills, or maims infallibly at first sight; He knows all the Windings and turns of a Prison, and by pretending Liberty to others, by the Machines of his own mischievous brain, at last procures his own, and

being out, ſpeaks of nothing but fire and ſword againſt his *quondam* Keepers for pretended abuſes, and having his legs at liberty he will not let a cauſe of note eſcape him; from Court-proceedings he gleans ſomething to adviſe others about, he hardly knows what, yet tells them his judgment in that particular is infallible, and ſo deludes his Hearers, not on a ſudden, but by degrees, that he may not leſſen his expected benefit.

Should I characterize him to the full, I muſt anatomize the Devil, but ſince it is impoſſible, I ſhall only enumerate ſome of thoſe cheats he frequently Commits.

Frequenting the Courts (as Ravens do Carrion) and getting into the acquaintance of Attorneys, or their ſervants, he by them informs himſelf who are ſued to an Outlawry, either for Debt in the Court of *Common-pleas*, and ſometimes for other Cauſes of Action, or in the *Crown-office*, for *Contempts, &c.* having learned their names, under pretence of belonging to either Court, he writes a Note to this effect; *Sir, I am an Attorney or Solicitor belonging to a Court, wherein you are ſued unknown, and will be Outlaw'd; if you pleaſe to content the Bearer, and gratifie* Premonitus *for this civility I will for a ſmall matter bring you off, &c.* venienti occurrite morbo; The Party hereupon miſtaking this Knave, and by this Action thinking him a very honeſt man, not only gratifies him for the preſent, but alſo employs him for the future, ſo long till by woful experience he finds his former kindneſs was but a *Decoy* to enſnare him by it.

Knavery is ſo implanted in his Nature, that he cannot forbear cheating the deareſt friend that entruſts him, and circumventing every one he deals with, that hath more honeſty than himſelf, betraying them for any ſmall advantage that may accrew

accrew thereby. He frequently takes money on both sides, and will advise the *Defendant* against his *Plaintiff*-Client; In short, his *Roguery* and crafty Projects are so many, that they will swell into a large Folio, were but the tithe of them described, wherefore I shall only add some few that were lately practised by a pretended *Sollicitor*, a fellow I might name, but that the Pillory first, and then the Gallows next have made him known to all.

At the first he was a Scriveners Clerk, and having learned to engross an Indenture, he began to peep into his Masters Actions, and so emproved his Knavery by those Presidents, that in a little time he excell'd him in all villany imaginable. A little before the last dreadful Contagion, he took a Shop, or an *Office of Deceipt*, in which he acted a thousand *Roguries*, by forging *Leases*, *Bonds*, *&c.* and the better to effect his designs, he had variety of *Knights of the Post* at his command; but who the Devil dubb'd these clip'd forlorn dregs of Mortality by the name of *Knights*, and for what cause I know not; fellows that will swear any thing, however they came by the Title it matters not much, but certainly *Proteus* was their father, which I Conjecture from the several Long-lane Shapes, and dresses they appear in, for sometimes they are in a *Canonical Garb*, sometimes they seem as *Country Gentlemen*, at other times like Doctors, *Sober Citizens*, or Serving men, as the thing to be sworn to Requires: Heaven certainly can never entertain them, since Perjury is the only crime punishable among the Gods; one very well observes that they are an apparent argument for the Excellency of man, above Angels, *Corruptio optimi est pessima*, therefore are men so much the more excellent than *Angels*, by how much they the more

more Corruption of mankind are worſe than *Devil's*. Miſtaking the true meaning, and intention of that pleaſant Philoſopher *Epicurus*, they place their chief, nay, only happineſs in this World, and think they live well, when they eat and drink well, and never think themſelves in the Road to Heaven, but when their heads ride poſt on a pottle of Canary.

Ram-Ally, and the Walks they as conſtantly Viſit, as the *Rooks* do the Trees, and are ſeldom abſent, but at feeding time, or doing miſchief, to which they are ſo accuſtomed, that they dream of nothing elſe, and to ſtill Conſcience (if they have any) force themſelves to believe the mortality of the Soul, otherwiſe they would never ſell their Salvation ſo cheap; half a Crown a time, come as often as you pleaſe. This Generation of Vipers were of great uſe to this Scrivener, Pettifogger, or what other name you will call him by (for you cannot call him bad enough) and when he came with theſe pernicious *Finishing Tools*, to compleat a Title, there was no reſiſtance, the caſe being made ſo plain. Then might a man ſee, without the help of *Necromancy*, or *Black-Art*, the ſtrange motions of *Terra Firma*, out of one family into another. Mountains without the help of *Faith* removed out of one mans poſſeſſion, into the poſſeſſion of another. Should a man be ſo wicked as to aim at the life of a man, and acquaint them with the deſign, they will out-do a revengful *Italian* in his ſubtle Poyſons, doing his work ſo Gently, and ſo legally, that he ſhall get repute by the Proſecution. They will ſwear that ſuch a one being aſleep, they ſaw his ſoul go out of his mouth, booted and Spur'd, take Horſe, ride to ſuch a place, do ſuch a *Murther*, Commit ſuch a *Felony*, or act ſuch and ſuch *Treaſons*, now becauſe,

cause, as one saith, it is so hard a matter to punish a false oath, without discouraging a true one; such as *Pad* on the Road, though the Robbery be not twenty shillings shall be hanged, and these Villains (*sons of Belial*) that strike at the root of Life, Estate and Fortune, shall only be Pilloried, or lose their ears, which they value no more than the senseless Earth in parting with a pair of Mushroms; insignificant pieces of flesh, which they hold made in opposition to the great Maxim in Philosophy, *that Nature does nothing in vain*, as being of no use in the body of man.

This Rascal was seldom without a *Guard* of those *Janizaries* at his heels, especially in *Term-time*, who *Pimp* so cordially for the *Devil*, as if they thought him to be Disposer of all Inheritances, as Lord of the World. They have made a *Feoffment* of their souls, with *Livery* and *Seisin* to *Satan*, only taking a short *Lease* back again, and therefore are resolved to make all people they have to deal with turn *Tenants* to their *Landlord*: And if a *Councellor* or *Attorney* chance to take their *Fee*, What *Villanies* must he not conceal? What *Treacheries*? What *Forgeries* is he not bound to be privy to? What *Defences* must he not make of injustice and wrong? What the worst of actions must he not strive to palliate, and daub over with the *Fucus* of forced Eloquence, quite contrary to the dictates of either *Reason* or *Conscience*? Those that have Calculated their Nativity, banish them from the society of men, as the most dangerous and treacherous persons in the world, and wonder, finding it so threatned, by the stars, that no more of them are hang'd, there being no crime in the World that more deserves it.

When he went to Drink with any single

Gentleman, who came to him about ſome concern, he ſtill ordered it ſo, that two of his *Knights* ſhould come and inquire for him, where he was, and having taken good notice of the Gentleman, drink a Glaſs, and pretending buſineſs, be gone again, the ſame day the Scrivener draws a Bond, making the Perſon become obliged to him in ſo much, he not knowing of it, and theſe two *Rogues* ſet their hands unto it: moſt commonly he made the party Drunk before he did it, and when the Bond came due, Sued and Recovered it; by ſuch like practices he became ſo notorious, that none would come near his Shop, ſo that he was forced to ſhut up, and thereupon turn'd *Sollicitor*, as he call'd himſelf, and then had more an Car in every mans Boat than before; but the *Sickneſs* encreaſing he could do little, however he was not idle, for every day he took his Rounds, viſiting his friends and acquaintance; for the ſick he made their *Wills*, and in them put in his *own*, never failing to go a ſnack with the ſurviving Relations; beſides, ſuch was the Mortality, that every day not only help'd him to *a Laſt Will and Teſtament*, but the opportunity of helping others to Husbands and Wives, for which, ſometimes he received a conſiderable gratuity; where they all died out of the houſe he made himſelf ſole Executor, and ſwept away all; nay, I have been informed that the Rogue frequently fed the *Nurſes* where any thing was to be had, to haſten the Diſeaſed in their Journey to Eternity.

Such was his ſucceſs in all theſe villainous Enterpriſes, that he grew very rich and being ſingle, made an addition to his fortune, by marrying a young Gentlewoman with a conſiderable ſum left her by her Parents, who all died of the Peſtilence; in three weeks time he buried her, and was married again to a rich Widow that day ſeven-night; In

ſhort

short, and in truth, he buried five Wives in nine weeks: This may seem strange, but upon enquiry you will find at that time, that several, in three months, were married three or four times, by which means such *Ministers* who stayed in *London*, and durst look *Death* in the face, got as much by *Marriages*, as others did by *Burials*.

The heat of the *Contagion* being much abated, he took a larger uncontrouled freedom to range abroad, *seeking* (like the Devil) *whom he might devour*; and as the Devil would have it, a Widow (well stricken in years) fell into his clutches, a Gentlewoman who had lived creditably in the World, but falling to decay, took a house in a convenient place, and had no other dependance than upon Lodgers; and that she might be capacitated for the reception of the better sort, she furnished her house in a very splendid manner, supplying her want of money by credit; but her Lodgers, though sure, yet being slow Pay-Masters, her Creditors severely dun'd her for money, and fearing an Arrest, advised with this *Knavish Sollicitor*, who knowing what debts she had abroad, and how well stock'd she was at home, promised to procure her fifty pounds, or an hundred on good security; but she telling him, she knew not how to do it, he whispers her in the ear, pretending much kindness, and in short, assures her it was not convenient to trouble her friends in this business, and that she need not, so she would sign a *Warrant of Attorney* to secure the Lender, and give him procuration-money, which was more than the use came to; however she consented, and meeting the next day in order to sealing, there was but fifty pound in money produced, the other fifty was is commodities, as braided *Stuffs*, *Silks*, and out of fashion-Ribbons, *&c* prized higher than they,

they were ſold for at firſt; however, ſeeing ſhe could not have the money without them, being pincht at that time for money, and over-perſwaded by her treacherous friend, ſhe confeſs'd *Judgment* with a *Defeazance*, for ſix months, as ſhe thought, whereas it was unlimited; the *Sollicitor* had for his pains twelve-pence in the pound preſently paid for the whole hundred, though half goods, and the Villain, his Accomplice, in a ſhort time after ſeized on all ſhe had, to her utter ruin, for which, if for nothing elſe, *Old Nick* may pick his bones hereafter.

This was another thing he frequently practiced; if any of his acquaintance died, or others he could hear of whoſe Relations durſt not Adminiſter on his Eſtate, but leave all to the Creditors, then would he be ſure to make himſelf a principal Creditor by a forged Bond, or otherwiſe, and thereupon take out Letters of Adminiſtration, and ſweeping all away, wipe the Note of thoſe to whom the Deceaſed was really indebted. One time above the reſt he cheated his greateſt Confident, and beſt friend he then had living, after this manner.

A Gentleman bought ſome Houſes in the City, and being uninhabited, impower'd the *Spitter* to let them by *Leaſe* and *Fine*, he being not able to do it himſelf for ſometime, by reaſon of ſome extraordinary Buſineſs which called him away into the Country, and would detain him there about a Month or two: This faithleſs *Truſtee*, as ſoon as the Gentleman was gone, pretended the Houſes were his own, and by his plauſible Carriage, ſmooth *Wheedling* Tongue, and other knacks of deſigned *Roguery*, he ſo far inſinuated into the Belief of a well-meaning *Shop-keeper*, that he perſwaded him to take a *Leaſe* from him of one of the biggeſt Houſes,

Houses, paying him an hundred pound Fine, the Rent being but small, and had been a real good Penniworth, had the Title been good. Having succeeded so well in his first Enterprize, he made all the haste he could to put off the rest; not mattering the Rent, so that he could advance the Fine: and so brought about his Business, that just as he had let all the Houses with Fines in his own Name, the right Owner of them returned. By his Spies he had Intelligence thereof, and therefore in time absconds himself. The Gentleman not finding his Trustee, went to the Tenants, and demanded by what Power and Authority they inhabited those Dwellings. They readily satisfyed him, by shewing him their *Leases*; and telling him, what Fines they had paid. The right Landlord, by this means, saw that his Friendship was not only abused, but that they were also knavishly cheated of their Monies; and to be short, told them the whole Truth of every thing; which they not believing, he was forced to eject them all, leaving them to the Law, to require Satisfaction of their *Impostor* Landlord.

If any should have chanced to nap him, he would have served them as hundreds before, never left them, till Ruin had fallen on them; for by *Fob-Actions*, *Indictments*, *Informations*, *Swearing*, *Forswearing*, and the like, he so impoverisht them, that as they were reduced thereby to a Condition incapable of helping themselves, so it lay not in the Power of their Pocket to prejudice or hurt him much; and so force from them a Confession, that they had better to have sate down with their first Loss, than to struggle for their Amends; and had they known what a Conscience he had, that scrupled nothing for Advantage, with Instruments that never stumbled at an Oath,

Oath, it had been the beſt courſe they could have taken.

Getting the better ſtill of thoſe that contended with him, got him the general Reputation of a very ſhrewd knowing Man; ſo that if any intricate *Controverſie*, *Reference*, or *Law-ſuit* aroſe among his Neighbours, he was the only Perſon pitcht on to arbitrate the Difference, and was well paid for his pains, beſides the cramming of his Paunch.

That his Cl aths might ſpeak him a Man of worth, as well as his lying, flattering, and deceitful Tongue, he garb'd himſelf very ſplendidly; and when he walk'd abroad to perpetrate ſome notorious piece of *Roguery*, he had always two of his perjur'd Raſcals with him, following him as his Attendants. One day as he paſt by a lovely Seat, newly built in the Suburbs, a ſudden Stratagem came into his Head, and his Fancy ſtrongly perſwaded him, that he might with Eaſe make himſelf the Maſter thereof. Having conſulted a while with his Helliſh *Cabal*, and laid down his *Plot*, (at which he was always nimble) he cauſed one of his pretended Servants to go and knock at the Gate, and know whether the Gentleman the Maſter of the Houſe was within: It was done accordingly; and the Maſter happening to be at Home, came out himſelf, to know who it was would ſpeak with him. This impudent *Splitter* hereupon advanced, and paſſing a Complement or two, told him his Buſineſs, that it was only to ſee the Inſide of that Houſe, whoſe outward Parts appeared ſo lovely to his Eye. The Gentleman miſtruſting not ſo good a Garb, kindly invited him in; and having ſhewed him what he could, civilly treated him. In fine, This gawdy *Splitter* deſired one Favour more, and that was, to have leave to take a Model or Draught of the Houſe; for

for no other Reason, than that he being about to build a House, he was so well pleased with that Structure, that he much desired to have one built, as like it as he could: The Request being granted, they parted. But not many days past, before he came again with a House-Carpenter, whom he had pre-informed, that he was about buying of an House in such a place, and that he would have his Judgment in it; enjoyning him Silence, lest talking should be the loss of a Bargain. Arriving at the Place, they were entertain'd civilly as before, and he like a Person of Quality. The Carpenter in Paper took the Dimensions of the House exactly, with its Buttings and Boundings; and having been well satisfied for his pains, was dismist. This Cheat coming to *London*, drew a Lease by that Paper, as from this Gentleman, with a considerable Fine mentioned therein, to have been paid at delivery; but the Rent not worth a naming: And to make good the Bargain, those two *Rogues*, his pretended Servants, were Witnesses thereunto. Shortly after he demanded Possession; but the Gentleman thereupon thinking him in a Frolick, laugh'd heartily: But this Demand proved, in the end, not the Subject of a Comedy; for he was immediately sued; and at Trial his two Witnesses, with what the Carpenter could say in that behalf, cast the poor Gentleman; who hearing what a very *Rogue* this *Solicitor* was, first Arrested Judgment; and afterwards, by Friends Perswasion, and by Threats, brought him to a Composition.

Examples of this kind, I verily believe, I could nominate five hundred, besides what already I have discovered in the First Part of the *English Rogue*, or *Witty Extravagant*: These already recited, are sufficient to manifest what a deal of mischief

chief the worſer ſort of *Sollicitors* or *Splitters* do in City and Country: And therefore, I think it was wiſely done of *James* of *Arragon*, who baniſhed *Semeng Rada*, a great *Pettifogger*, for being famous only for cunning Querks and Quillets in the Law: But better did *Galeatius* of *Milan*, who hanged another for his excellent Art in multiplying Law-ſuits; and indeed, the Multiplication of theſe Fellows proves a greater *Plague* to this Kingdom, than *Lice* with other *Vermin* to the *Egyptians*.

One word to the *Attornies* of *Weſtminſter* and *Guild-Hall*, and I have done. Though in the Head of this Chapter, an *Attorney* is mentioned; yet I mean none of you, but ſuch as are (conſcious to your ſelves) of ſome unjuſt Proceedings therein contained: It is the Ignorant Knaviſh Country-Attorney, that I have had a fling at all this while, or ſome beardleſs Fops, who fluttering up and down preſumptuouſly, aſſume that creditable Name, that the Boys may be thought Men of Underſtanding; many whereof are only fit to make a noiſe at a *Court of Py-Powder*, louder than the *Jack-Puddings* in *Bartholomew-Fair*; and yet are bold to tread other Courts too often, where they as frequently make Combinations againſt their Clients; and though not ſeldom they take Exorbitant Fees, they have a trick to let go *Judgment by Default*.

It cannot be expected, that in this well-governed Kingdom, Law-ſuits ſhould be as little in uſe, as they were in the well-regulated Common-Wealth of the *Lacedemonians* ſeldom heard; but I could wiſh, it were ſo order'd here, as it was by *Charles* the Ninth of *France*, who to prevent needleſs and numberleſs Suits of Law, ordered,

That

That whosoever Commenced a Suit, should deposite such a Sum with the Judge, to receive it back again if his Cause were good, or forfeit it if the same prov'd frivolous: People then would grow weary of worrying one another; Places in the *Hall* and *Compters* would not then be sold at such dear, nay, excessive Rates; nor would there be such variety of *Juries*, as *Farriers* have Shooes, fitting all sizes ready at Hand, according as they are bespoke: Whereas now Men have not their *Offices* for nothing, but pay soundly for them; and therefore must lick themselves whole out of poor Mens Necessities: Certainly, Sale of *Offices* is the greatest Wrong can be done in a Common-Wealth.

CHAP

CHAP. XI.

The Catch-Pole, or Tenter-Hook.

THis Fellow, among those many great Judgments *God* inflicts on the World, for the many crying Sins therein committed, is none of the least; for having *crack'd*, (it may be twice or thrice) he only reserves so much Money as will purchase him a *Commission* for *Napping*, to make others as sensible of being in Debt, as himself was formerly; and having the Nature of the *Devil* in him, is restless, and in perpetual Motion, *seeking whom he may devour*; and is never better pleas'd, than when he hath made a poor Debtor acquainted with the *Torments* of that *Purgatory*, he himself hath lain *pickled* up in for many Years. For which cause, the Indigent and Insolvent look upon him as the properest Shape wherein they fancy *Satan*, fearing that one time or other he will meet with them, and drag them to an Hell, from whence they never shall return. Others look upon him as a *Goss-Hawk* on the Wing, taking a Circumference at a distance, seeming not to mind the wary *Heron*, who is using the same Stratagems in winding to get aloft; but all in vain: for when the bold and crafty *Hawk* hath got above her in his soaring, 'wave *Hawk*, or any other Advice avails but little with him; and will pounce her, though he venture the striking himself

self through with the long Bill of his *Opponent*. Thus have we known several of these *Vermin* violare Places, that are Priviledged by Antient Custom, and defended by the *Gallantry* of the *Desinants*, who have made them suffer for their Insolencies, sometimes too severely, by *Death*; at other times sportively, by *Clipping*, *Shaving*: And lastly, by throwing them into the *Bog-house*, to send them home sweet-scented to their *Dulcina del Tobosa's*, or reaking *Hecuba's*.

Notwithstanding these deadly or dreadful Punishments, they will confidently adventure out again, having first got some loving *Cracks* or others, to mundify their loathsom *Carkasses*, that they may not poison their *Jessimy Barbers*, who otherwise instead of sweet fragrant Essences, must be forced to bring a Brandy-Bottle, or some other Spirits, to keep them from fainting, whilst they are indeavouring to even the difference between their Hair and Beards on both sides. Having new cased themselves, (for their Employment obliges them to have diversity of Garments by them for Disguises) and having Perriwigg'd their *shaved Crowns*, they boldly walk the Streets, and By-Lanes again, and makes them more dangerous to some, than the High-ways; for they are *Moveable Prisons*, and their Hands two *Manacles* not to be filed off.

They are the *Remora's* to young Gentlemen, and breaking Shop-keepers; when at Anchor they find they can ride it out no longer, they either *cut* or *slip*; and when under a stiff Gale they think safely to sail from that dangerous *Port*, to some other of better Anchorage, they are stopt by the way, and can go no further, till their unlucky *Pilots* moor them where they please, most commonly to their utter Ruine.

If

If any one of them ſeem to be Merciful to the poor *Priſoner*, it is for no other end, than to make his own Advantage. For ſhould he immediately ſtop a Man in either *Counter*, or ſome other *Priſon*, it is not for his Benefit; therefore he protracts the Execution, and with much ſeeming Willingneſs delays, as long as Money is ſtirring. He will reſpit you in no Place, at firſt, but a Tavern, where he ſells his Minutes dearer than a *Watch-Maker*; and though he venture half a drowning in Canary, or what other Wine he moſt eſteems; yet that will not ſtop his Mouth, unleſs his Hands be ſtuff't, and Pockets cram'd continually. With a Leg of a Fowl in his Hand, and a Wing on his Trencher untoucht, he cries, *Come, we cannot ſtay, we muſt be gone*; whilſt his Eyes are greedily feeding on the *Sides-men*, or the *Marry-thought*; wiſhing every bit may choak others, that goes not down his gormandizing Gullet: no more Angels appearing, and fearing his over-drinking may diſinable him from ſecuring his Priſoner, he inſtantly removes him to his own Houſe, or the Suburbs of a Goal; where he viſits him twice a day: But the poor Man having no more Money to gratifie his Forbearance, and the large Fees of the Houſe, two Shillings a Night, *&c.* a Priſon then muſt be his Manſion; and being a Free-man, hath the Benefit of a *Duce*, which ſome call an *Horſe*; and thence he rides to *Ludgate*, where he may chance to lie ſome Years in the Sweat of his *Keepers Tots*.

A *Suburbian-Trader*'s Credit is no ſooner fly-blown, but the *Magot-Bayliffs* are rooting in his *Tail* immediately: Money is the only way to blind them, ſo that they ſhall not ſee you, which you muſt either ſend or give them; and then, though they have a *Writ* in their Pockets, and the Perſon

Person walks just under their Noses, yet they cannot see him for their Lives; which *Astrologers* say, proceed from a wonderful Conjunction of *Sol* and *Luna*, in *Palm of the Right Hand*. I have heard of an *Officer*, that was stone-blind to a Friend of mine, and that for a long time; (yet had the Eye of a *Linx* to all others) but at length it was discovered to the *Creditor*, that they used sometimes to fuddle together; whereupon he blamed much the *Officer*, calling him *Knave*, *Cheat*, and what not, in taking his *Money*, and not performing his *Office*: The other denied it; and tho' the other urged it was so, he could get no other Reply, than *The World's a Cheat, and he is a Fool that has not a hand in it.*

If a Person abscond himself for Debt, he shall be taught to know his own worth in a very little time; for a *Serjeant*, or a *Bayliff*, shall dig him out of the Earth with as much Diligence, as if he were the Oar of *Mexico*; and never ceases till he has hid him again, in some obscure Place or other, never to be found out, but by chance; like a *Pot of old Roman Coin*, but he shall not be half so much hugg'd by the Finder, for fear of being lousie, or infected by the *Running Plague-sore* of *Poverty*.

A Man in this Condition, may be said to be totally eclipsed. For as the *Sun* is *Eclips'd* by the Interposition of the *Moon* between *It*, and the *Earth*; so *Man* is *Eclips'd* by an Interposition of a *Stone-Doublet* between Him, and the Street; but he is but half *Eclips'd*, when first Arrested, and carried to the *Coach and Horses*, *Hen and Chickens*, or *Rose and Crown*, (to the unspeakable scandal of the Law, at the Expence (as I said before) of two Shillings *per* Night for Lodging only; besides the continual Visits of *Officers*, who like

Physi-

Phyſicians, will have their *Fee*, and ſeldom go away empty.

I cannot invent a Name evil enough to beſtow on theſe *Tenter-Hooks*: In ſhort, they are the *Sweepings* and *Scum* of the Nation; and would Men diſcover from daily Experience what Tricks they play, what *Leidger-de-main* they uſe, what Juggling there is among them, it would be as creditable to keep the *Hang-man* company as ſome of them. I ſhall inſtance ſome few of their Abuſes and Stratagems they uſe in their *Arreſts*, and ſo conclude this Chapter.

If a Gentleman they lay wait for, has laid himſelf up, and will not ſtir abroad, they have ſeveral Tricks to catch him notwithſtanding. Sometimes they will perſonate a *Porter*, putting on a Frock, with *Knot* and *Ropes* about their Middle, which would have becomed and fitted their Necks much better; and with a Letter in their Hand, directed to the Gentleman they intend to Arreſt, the Gentlemen not ſuſpecting that Garb, admits the ſeeming *Porter*; who having delivered the Letter, inſtantly draws his *Mace*; and being commonly one of the luſtieſt *Rogues* in the *Pack*, runs him to rights down Stairs, and at Door is received by half a dozen *Janizaries*, more of the ſame *Brotherhood*. Sometimes they have adventured to come into *Grays-Inn-Walks*; and watching the Perſon as he came to the Wall, looking into the Bowling-Green that was, this *Deſperado* inſtantly takes him up in his Arms, and (Neck or nothing) throws himſelf over with his Arms full, who is preſently aſſiſted by others that waited there for the finiſhing the Plot; and with all Celerity, carry him off *Sans reſcue*.

Another I knew, was thrown over the Wall in the *Temple-Garden*, and the *Officer* leapt after him at

at High-Water; and were both taken up in a Boat, that attended this Exploit.

Others I have known, who dressing themselves in every respect like an *Orthodox Minister*, in Canonical Robes, have got Admittance into a Gentleman's Chamber by that means; and by Arresting him for the Lucre of an extraordinary Reward, have undone the poor Gentleman for ever.

Another Gentleman, I knew, was ruin'd also by them; but after another fashion, in this manner: A Bailiff was promised he should have a considerable Sum, if he would undertake the Arresting such a Gentleman, lying in *Holbourn*: Having agreed upon the Sum, the first thing he did was to enquire what Acquaintance he had thereabout; and being inform'd thereof, he watcht such as went to visit him, (for his Debts being great, he durst not stir out; and was besides very wary, lest he should be surprized) among the rest, he observed one to go often to him, having a lusty Fellow to wait on him, and much about the Stature of this *Catch-Pole*: Hereupon he cloathed himself in every respect like him; and knocking at the Door, he was ask't what he came for? who replyed, That he was Servant to such a Gentleman, naming him, and that he came from his Master to speak about business with that Gentleman that lodged there: That very Gentleman hapned to be in the Chamber, and by that means judged it was a Plot; who understanding that there was but one at the Door, drawing his Sword he opened the Door, bidding him come in; who seeing him and others in that Posture, trusted rather to his Feet than his Hands, and for haste knew not whether he made one or two Steps to the bottom of the Stairs, venturing a Neck-breaking, rather than

than to have his Soul infallibly pusht out of his Body by their Rapiers. One would have thought this should have been a fair warning to him; yet for all this he undauntedly persisted in his Resolution, and soon found out a way to effect his design in this manner: He had strictly observed from a House almost opposite to this Gentlemans Chamber, that a Dish of Meat was frequently sent thither about Dinner-time: A little before that time he got a Dish prepared; and putting on a white Wastecoat, Cap, and Apron, went in that posture to the Gentleman; whose ill luck was such, that he looking out of his Window, and seeing this Meat coming towards him, perswaded by the rash eagerness of his Stomach, he had got the Door open, ere the Fellow was half up the Stairs, and mistrusting nothing, gave him entrance; who setting down the Dish, first seized the Gentlemans Sword, that lay neglected on the Table, and then secured his Prisoner.

Of all the cunning Tricks they use to captivate poor Debtors, I was never pleased with any more than this which followeth; because the Contriver was by Heaven justly punished for his Treachery; in short, 'tis thus: A Gentleman, owing much Money, kept within doors a long time; by reason of which he much coveted the Air, but daring not to stir abroad, he was content to take the benefit of it as he could, and that was early in the Morning at his Window. The *Bayliffs* laid several Plots to take him, but to no effect; at length a *Smith*, that lived opposite to this Gentlemans Chamber, and knowing the design of these Rascals, agreed with them for so much to betray him into their Hands, and informed them after what manner it should be done. They approved of it, and the next morning was the time appointed, accordingly these varlets planted

planted themselves in *Ambuscado*, whilst the *Smith* very early got upon the Grind-stone, which stood under his Shed, and fastning a Rope, to a small Beam, put the nooze over his Neck, and having so done, fell to his prayers; the Gentleman (according to his Custom) looking out, and seeing an object of desperation before his eyes ready to dispatch himself, in pure pitty (which overcame all thoughts of danger) ran with all speed he could, to prevent this wretched fellow from being his own Executioner; But all would not do, neither his own aversion, nor the others opposition, since heaven had decreed him an example of divine Vengeance, for injustice; for the *Bayliffs*, seizing the Gentleman, carried him away with all the speed imaginable. And the *Smith* turning his head about to see which way they went, the Grindstone turned, and slipping off, was hanged unregarded by the *Bayliffs*, and unpittied for his labour.

All their political plots, and projects are so many (new ones dayly taking place) that it will be irrequisite to discourse them further. Wherefore to conclude, I shall only touch upon some few of their many thousand *Woudles*, and leave the *Reader* to his own woful Experience for the rest.

Having Arrested a man (as they agreed before) one must be the *Lyon*, the other the *Lamb*; When one is *Rampant*, the other is *Couchant*; And here note, that they are never both either passionate, or mighty furious, but when they are like to be *beaten*. The next thing they do, is subtilly to sift out of the *Prisoner*, whether he was ever Arrested before, if not, they know the better how to work upon his ignorance; if they

find the Perſon arreſted hath been an old *Truth-Breaker*, and that he is much indebted, though they have but one *Action* againſt *him*, they will perſwade him that they have ten; however if he will preſently put in *Bail*, (leſt his other Creditors ſhould come upon him) and ſatisfie them well for their pains, they will be very civil, and what they take of him they will not receive as their due *Fees*, leſt they ſhould be pincht (as ſome of late have been) for *Extortion*, wherefore they cry, *Give it us freely, or not at all.*

Under pretence of being a man's ſincere friend, they will adviſe, and by ſubtil wayes they will ſqueeze out of him what his debts are, and to whom they are due, perſwading him, that they have the Art of Compoſing all ſuch differences; having got out of him who they are, to whom he is obliged; in the firſt place, one of them aſſures him how ſorry he is for him, and had he known ſo much as now he does, he ſhould never have bin Arreſted for them; however, he will go and ſee what may be done with the *Creditor* that hath entred the preſent *Action*, whilſt he goes to no other intent than to adviſe ſome other *Creditor* to enter an *Action*; for this (as far as he ſees) is his time, or never; and having perſwaded him to it, keeps this as a reſerve to lay upon him, when he hath bail'd the other; and if he be ſtrengthned with four or five more, he thinks it ſo much the better, which he will execute in order; at laſt, having ſuckt out the very hearts-blood of his Pocket, the *Compter* or *Ludgate* muſt be his *Ultimum Refugium.*

All

All men who ſtand in fear of an Arreſt, (if they know it) muſt be their ſlaves, for they will pretend when they meet them, that they have a Commiſſion to give them a *Caſt of their Office*, to no other end, then that they ſhould caſt them half a Crown, or a good Breakfaſt in their way.

Their Civility (for ſelf-intereſt) is no ſmall advantage to them, ſending to a Perſon (againſt whom an Action is entered) either to keep out of the way, or put in *Bail*, if the Creditor be not by; it is uſual for them to be blinded at the ſight of an Angel, and then tell the Creditor, his Debtor's a man very difficult to be found. At length he is forced to *Napp* him (after the *Cat* hath plaid a long time with the *Mouſe*) and ſwallows his pretended friend, with as little difficulty as a *Whale* may do a *Gudgeon*.

CHAP. XII.

The Miſeries in, and Wheedles of a Priſon.

AS there are many Priſons in, and about the City; ſo their Nature, and Cuſtoms are different, yet the *Wheedles* that are practiſed therein, are much alike; ſo many and ſo various, that the Deſcription of them all would take up ſo much room, as that I ſhould have but little left to proſecute ſome other ſubjects, I muſt neceſſarily touch upon.

In ſhort, a *Priſon* is the *Bankrupts Banquting-houſe*, where he feeds on Diſhes borrowed from other Mens Tables: or it may be called, *The Prodigals Purgatory*, or, *A Peſthouſe* for decayed Citizens, wherein is contained as many maladies and miſchiefs, as flew out of *Pandora's Box*, when opened by *Epimetheus*. It is the *Grave* of the living, or a place where men are buried alive, and the Wormes that gnaw upon them, are their own diſcontented thoughts, and the racking of the *Maſter-Keeper*; and that which aggravates their miſery is the frequent curbs of under-*Officers*; yet herein lies ſome little comfort, that their *Creditors* dare as well be damned, as come there to rail at them for non-ſolvency, or upbraid them with Knavery; for Cuſtom hath empowered them to inflict within their own Territories puniſhment on ſuch *Billingſgate-Offenders*.

At

At my firſt being acquainted with the place, the *Priſoners* (methought) walking up and down the *Watch-Hall* look'd like ſo many *Wracks* upon the *Sea*; Here the *Ribs* of a thouſand pounds bearing againſt the *Needles*, thoſe dangerous Rocks, *Credulity*; here floated to and fro *Silks, Stuffs, Camlets, Velvet, Cloth of Gold, Cloth of Silver, &c.* without giving place to each other according to their dignity, and after them ſwims the *Owner*, making to ſhore on his *Yard*, miſtaking it for the *Main-Yard-Arm* of the *Foundred Veſſel*; and after him drives another ſwimming on his *Shop-hooks*, which bear him up like *Bladders* for the preſent; here floated ſo many *Pipes of Canary*, belonging to a *Vintner* or *Cooper*, whoſe *Bung-holes* lying open, were ſo damaged, that the Merchant may go hoop for his mony: look upon it in general, and it is a ſpectacle of more *Pity* then *Tyburn-Executions.*

How welcom is a new *Commer* amongſt them; every one ſtrives who ſhall get him into his chamber, if there be a vacancy; not ſo much for friendſhips ſake, as *Garniſh*: one will tell him, that he hath an excellent room, wherein there is lodg'd but four; another tells him, that his room is better; for though it be *Winter* now, and may ſeem to be too bleak and cold, yet it will be the beſt room in the whole houſe in *Summer-time*, being near the *Leads*; and this benefit he hath too, that he cannot take the benefit of the Air thereon, but that he muſt of neceſſity ſee thoſe places, by taking the Air too often, which club'd to his undoing; ten to one this Propoſal puts the new come *Priſoner* into a Paſſion, thinking himſelf abuſed to be thought he ſhould be confined ſo long; but by his good leave, I can aſſure him, I knew a Citizen booted and ſpur'd, taken as he was going

out of Town. and brought in thither, who swore he would not have his boots pull'd off, till he was at liberty, so confident he was of his speedy enlargement, yet, contrary to expectation, he remained a Prisoner sixteen years and upwards.

A Prison is an *Exchange* for all sorts of *Trades*, but without *Commodities*, unless what are *female*, and they are for the most part braided, and out of *fashion*, being the *Reliques* of some *Defunct*; now and then some *Cracking Sempstress*, or *Free-Trader*, for taking up too much linnen, and over-trading with *Holland*-Factors, have the ill hap to be Confined within this *stony Band-box*; how will the *Baggages* then pule, and whine, and putting finger in eye, cry, *He might have been more kind, if all were rightly understood, and not call me his back friend— Suppose I was; there was no harm done him by it. Well, well, it was a most un-Gentleman like part of him, to undo a young Woman in both senses.* The report of her Confinement brings a great concourse of men, whoever took any of her Linnen upon trust, and by way of gratitude, pay her Ransom; if no such assistance happen to her, she then sends some *Female Wheedle* of her Function, with a Letter to her Creditor, all blubber'd with tears desiring to speak with him, who over-perswaded goes, and at sight of her, his heart melts, faster then her eyes, or any other part, and not being able to refrain, seals her Release with *fleh* in stead of *wax*. Hence we may infer this, that they that deny *Prisons* to be *Bawdy-houses* are very much mistaken, and may as well gainsay, that Mother *Nabbs* who liv'd in the *Park*, never stood in the *Pillory*, that *Venus* was translated to the sky, for being a *Nun*, and not for being a *Whore*; as that *Salisbury*-Court, *Shoo*-lane, and places near adjoyning

joyning, are not the most General *Rendezvouz* for fashionable *Bona Robas*'s of the better sort.

And now by the way, give me leave to express what I find commendable in a *Prison*, and let any one judge, whether this be not a very great commendation belonging to it, in that it renders *Matrimony* most savoury, where the pleasures thereof are most stoln; but it most extreamly commends their Charity one to another, for lending their chambers to their Fellow-*Prisoners*; Others, that are for the more noble way of *Pimping*, defend themselves by the Example of *Heliogabalus*, who was wont to lend his *Baths*, and *Wenches* to his friends, and acquaintance, whenever they desired it. If a man would throughly inspect the house, he will find little Mortification among the confined, they being generally of *Aristotle*'s opinion, that Whores are not only useful but necessary in a well-instituted *Common-wealth*; such is the *Fleet* and *Ludgate*, whose inhabitants cry, *Corporeal Recreations mitigate Corporeal Punishments*; and as one very well observes, that it was never recorded among them, that any one that was ever put in, ever pray'd himself out. The looseness of the Company, corrupts the good intentions of most men. Thus Prisons are like a Lough in *Ireland*, called *Lough-neaugh*, whose Waters (in some time) turn the tenderer substance of Wood into Stone, and from a piece of Holly is produced an excellent, nay the best of Hones: so when a man is confined within the grates of a Goal, his heart becomes petrified, to that excess, that neither the soft words of a flattering *Creditor*, nor the most sharp and peircing execrations of a passionate One, can make the least impression therein.

I have told you what is commendable; I must

now give you a ſhort account of what is diſcommendable in thoſe *Common Sewers*, into which all the *Malice*, *Envy*, *Rancour* and *Hatred* of inveterate Perſons, ſpend themſelves: where the *Tenter-Hooks* of Oppreſſion always ſtand in publick view, or ſit there at *Receit of injury*, and mourn at the Tranquillity and peace of Neighbours; cruel *Giants* of theſe *Inchanted Caſtles*, not ſuffering a poor *Debtor* paſs by them, but one ſteps out, and cries, *Fee, fa, fumm, I ſmell the blood of one in debt, and I muſt needs have ſum.*

Within theſe ſtrong *Holds* there are a ſort of people, who were men once, but coming into *Office*, are on a ſudden changed into *Tygers*, *Wolves*, and *Man-eaters*; ſtrange Monſters, that will eat a couple of poor men at a Meal, who are more cruel than *Diomede*, who fed his horſes with *humane fleſh*: they are more inhumane, more mercileſs than the great Robbers, *Sciron* or *Pytiolanthes*; more terrible than the *Lernean* Monſter; ſhould they be *broiled*, *roaſted*, *gridled*, *toaſted*, *ſinged*, *baked* ten thouſand years in *Purgatory*, they would be as black, and ſooty, as when firſt put in. They ſtrut it in fine Clothes, and are fat with feaſting on the forbidden fruits of *Extortion*, and ſelling unlawful liberty at unlawful rates; yet, what will not a *Priſoner* do that has it? What will he not expend to conjure down, and appeaſe the evil *Demon*, that ſo torments and haunts him, worſe than the trembling cold, and hot Fits of a *Quartane Ague*? How dreadfully does he appear with thick *Battoon*, when he ſays, *Maſter*— (meaning the *Maſter-Keeper*) *muſt ſpeak with you*; which is one, and the ſame thing, as if he ſhould have ſaid, *I have order to lock you up*; what fumbling then in the *Pocket*, to ſtop one gaping mouth of *Cerberus*, with a Glaſs of Wine to boot, and a hundred

dred Promises at the end of it; *that such a time he will clear all his Chamber-rent, with a thousand thanks for that liberty, which is like to be beneficial to him*; for, if the Prisoner be Poetically inclined, he then says, *That the noise of a Prison is very distracting and injurious to his Fancy; that since he hath been abroad, his Invention hath wrought Miracles; that he hath a Copy (almost finished) which a Bookseller offered so much for it, with Priviledge to dedicate it to my Lord—— who hath seen it, applauds it, and doubts not but to receive, not only a considerable reward from him, but much more, by threescore several Dedications he intends of the same Book to others, and none under Knight, or Lady.* Whereas all this while (it may be) poor man, he hath been studying *de die in diem*, how to eat and drink in abundance, that should he be taken up, he may be stored with flesh to withstand a three weeks siege against the Poverty of a Prison, and that he might drown in Oblivion, the Miseries that he hath already run through, and the thoughts of what he may run into for the future, he was not so idly employed to write *in laudem Pulicis*, or, *Encomium strepitus*; but he was translating that learned and elaborate Piece of that deep and profound Author *Obsopæus*, who writ a Treatise in Latin verse, *de Arte bibendi*, which Art he reduced into practice, and taught it (in his Peripateticks) to his young Disciples.

If a *Shop-keeper* (that is a *Milch-Cow*) be sent for, and he be driven *lowing* to his *Stall*, if they halt by the way, as 'tis ten to one but they do, for the benefit of *Baiting*, then out comes the *Almanack* wherein is registred some of his best debts, which were cancell'd in his *Debt-books*, that they might not be known to Wife or Creditor, and then tells him, *That he was with such, and such; that such a Person a very honest Gentleman promised him such a day, to pay him*

so much : That he had received a little from him to day; that there was so much for his Pains ; and desires, that with his thanks, and humble service he will present so much to his Master———, where note, if this Charge be not constantly paid, he is inexorable to all Prayers, and entreaties. We read, that the *Jaylor* in the *Acts*, fell down at the feet of his two *Prisoners*, when he saw such a terrible *Habeas Corpus* come from *Heaven* to *remove* them. But it is to be feared, had those *Prisoners* been here now, the *Earth* might have shook, as well as the *Prison*, e're it could have shaken some *Prison-Petty-Tyrants* in the Kingdom.

In the next place, let us consider the evils that proceed from the *Master-Keepers*, letting his *Cellar* at a rack Rent, which indeed must inevitably follow from his paying so dear for the *Custody* of his *Den*

The *Cellar-man*, or *Tapster* (which you will) is (whilst money is stirring plentifully) extraordinary kind at home, and that you may pay for it abroad, if you have a desire to take the Air, he will proffer sometimes the kindness to be your *Keeper*, and you need not fear he will tire you with *walking*. For he shall only carry you to the next Crony-Tavern of his acquaintance : and then if you are not drunk for joy, that you are abroad, and spew to gratifie his courtesie, you understand not what it is to have a *Prison-Tapster* to your friend. As your money shortens, he slackens his favours ; at length he cannot hear you when you call for *Beer* and *Tobacco*, yet in hopes to be paid one time or other, and partly out of the Lechery they have in couzening and cheating, with short Measures, and confounded *Mundungus*, is at length perswaded to let his dear *Euridices*, his *Beer* and *Brandy*, take a little Air out of his *infernal Regions* ; but the hot *Strumpet* leaves such violent *Claps* behind

hind her, in the Pockers of the poor *Prisoners*, that no *Aqua fortis* eats so violently into a Fob, as she doth; Only the *Cellar-man* has one *Recipe*, to stop the violence of the *Gonorrhœa*, by crying in a tone like a *Bear*, *I'le trust no more*; and so he might say as often, and as currishly as he pleased, might the doors stand open, and men might have the liberty of coming in, or out, as they pleased. For in such places there is the *worst*, *least*, and *dearest* of all things; whereas the poor *Prisoners* ought to have the *most*, *best*, and *cheapest*. However, this brings in a great annuity to the *Master-keeper*. Though this is none of the least of his benefits, yet he hath a great many more than I can tell you, proceeding from his *Iron Barr'd Limbeck*, and in his *Chymistry* acts contrary to Nature, while he makes it his business all his life, to extract something out of nothing; and by reducing men to nothing, out of the *Caput Mortuum* of their perished Estates, makes himself something. However there lyes a *Curse* upon him, for as it is observed, from the highest to the lowest, that never any one of them dyed worth a groat, their reign seldom exceeds the length of a *Pope*; being *Poisoned* quickly (in five or six years) by excessive drinking, *Lim'd Sack*, *Stum'd Claret*, with *Feeding* high and living voluptuously.

Now, should there prove a Conspiracy between the *Sheep* and *Goose*, (who out of pure revenge on them who devoured their dead Carcasses, are resolved to devour them whilst living, by aiding and assisting their enemies with implements to drawup a formidable thing, called commonly an *Habeas Corpus* by which their Persons are seized, and carried over the Gulph *Thamesis*, and then incarcerated in the *Kings Bench*) it is a thing worth the noting, that the silliest of Creatures should be too hard for

most

moſt cunning *Foxes*; nay, by a *Sheep-skin* convey-ed violently into the *Heſperian Gardens* of *South-ward*, where though there are no *Golden Apple-Trees* growing, yet they ſhall find many *Lions*, waking for their ſecurity. Some ſay, the *Priſon-ers* themſelves are changed into *Golden Apple-Trees*, to whom as long as they bear fruit, the *Lion* is as gentle as a *Red Herring*, but if they wither, and grow dry, they are preſently cut down, and made fewel for the *Common Goal*. Nay, your brace of *Guardian-Angels* will forſake you, for want of a little chamber-rent; otherwiſe *Polyphemus* himſelf is civil enough, and will be content to have his own eye put out for a while, while *Ulyſſes* eſcapes under the belly of the *Golden-Fleece*.

Now under what Planets the *Tip-ſtaves* and *Waiters* were borne, the beſt *Figure-Flingers* cannot tell; ſome believe *Mercury*, though not as he was a god, but an *Engliſh Guſman*. They are a ſort of Vermin, that believe not only the *Moon*, but all *Mankind* to be made of green *Cheeſe*, ſo like *Rats* and *Mice* do they altogether live and feed upon it.

And now to the unſpeakable comfort of the *Creditor*, let us a little look into the *Counſels* and *Deportment* of their *Debtors*, under *Confine-ment*.

In a full Meeting or Aſſembly this Queſtion is Started, Whether a man ought to be compelled againſt his Will, to pay his debts. A Sage Per-ſon, much indebted, and a long time a *Priſoner*, and therefore more capable of being a Law-giver, was poſitively in the negative. And thus he prov-ed it; *If, volenti non fit injuria, no injury can be dont to him that is willing; then it follows, that all injury muſt be dont to him that is unwilling; now, what*

greater

greater injury can be done to a man then to compel him to pay money against his will, whether he has it or no? Again, no man was ever compelled to lend Money; what reason then is there that a man should be compelled to repay it? Otherwise lending of Money seems a kind of Invention of Man to trepan his fellow Creature, to lend him Money, that he may afterwards make him his miserable Slave and Vassal, and triumph over his calamity. It was concluded on all sides, that there can be no greater mischief done to Man, than to captivate his body, and deprive him of his divine priviledge of freedom; he then that intends the ruine of another, ought to have the same ruine intended to himself. Hereupon the Counsel broke up, and every one applyed himself to the usual holy exercises there performed, as *Dicing*, *Drinking*, *Drabbing*, *&c. Venus* is very powerful here, but *Bacchus* much more, being indeed the very *Baal-Peor* of this Place. As for the Stars of the first Magnitude, they resorted to the *Leg*, or *Golden-Lyon*; the lesser bestowed their influences on *Ale-houses*, *Brandy-shops*, *&c.*

And now dear friends, you, who are *Creditors* to these *Persons*, how do you think you shall be satisfied your debts, when nothing will serve your turns, *but to make Dice of their Bones*; a slender satisfaction, considering how dearly you pay for every *Bale* that is made out of them. Alas! you don't consider they live in the *Land of Oblivion*, where three quarterns of *Brandy* is an *Antidote* against *Sorrow*, and two quarts of *Canary* is perfect *Lethe*. In a short while they forget you, and in a long time you forget them.

Consider again; should all men pay their debts, some would have nothing left, and others would have all; there would be no *Ebbing* nor *Flowing* of *Fortune*, should the *Tide* run all one

one way: besides, Cheating would have too great an encouragement, should it always prosper; yet loss is the spur to make them run the same course over again; and I believe, these Debtors are not so unjust, but, that should it be proved, that in any Age of the World all men paid their debts, I dare engage that you should have it so again. Be not so vain, as to think that Natures course must be altered to gratifie your humours. Again, they complain of their trusting too, as well as your Worships; where lies the difference then, since you are both *Creditors*; and were you in their condition, I question, though you now complain of their *Knavery*, whether you would not be as very *Knaves* as themselves; you rail at them, and they again at others. The *Mercer* cries, *Was ever Man so Hocus'd*; *However, I have enough to maintain me here*, and cries, *Hang sorrow, cast away care.* The *Milliner* is much in the same tone, and cries, *Hang it too, Give me 't other Glass of Sack, 'tis well 'tis no worse.* The *Taylor* cries, *Was ever a man so mistaken? The Gentleman seem'd as honest a man as ever pis'd*; *but I may thank my Wife for this*; *A Pox on her: she was always too willing to entertain handsom Gentlemen.*

After all this, if the *Creditor* will have any *Musick* to revive his drooping Spirits, let him step to the *Flett*, where he shall find some (over a *Chirping-Cup,*) sing like *Canary-Birds*; and 'tis ten to one after the Song is ended, but a *Health* shall go round to the *Confusion* of their *Creditors*; whilest others are exercising themselves in the Noble *Art of Cheese-Bowling*, where some shall cry, *Two Pieces on the single Cast*; *five to one cries another on the Cast*; *whilst another steps in, and proffers to lay ten Guineys on the Game.* A pleasant Harmony in the Ears of a *Creditor*, who hath entrusted

sted these men, who have laid up their Estates in *Lavender*, that they may the more freely follow their Recreation, and will not be Confined to Humours, though Humours confined them.

Thus you see, if Men can *Wheedle* themselves into a large credit, yet keep their Estates; what care they for a *Capias*, or a *Latitat*; and 'tis but seeing often and liberally the *Clerk*, and it lies not in the power of a *Creditor* to keep them from their Recreation there, or where they please.

And now *Gentlemen-Debtors*, a word to you, and I have done When all your Money is gone, farewel all kindness of this Nature; for they will prove as obdurate as *Hell*, and will as soon trust their Souls with the *Divil*, as a *Prisoner* with a shilling; and therefore as little as you may, and only when necessity compels you to it, make use of their civilities, as they call them; keep money in your pockets, and lie as little out as you can upon *Security*. You will find it but a scurvy thing to be visited once a week by the *Clerk*, and his two *Gog-Magogs*, with rugged Cudgels, and rough-hewen faces, when the end is only to milk the *Cow* as they call you: Endeavour to be one of *Solomons* Sons, and keep company with none of them; if you do, blame not the Stars, but your own folly, which became your ruine. Extremities will happen to all sorts of Persons, as well good as bad, and therefore they determine best, that best determine for their own safety.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

The Wheedles of an Handsom Hostess.

OF *Hostesses* there are several sorts: There is the *City-Hostess*, the *Country-Town-Hostess*, and the *Hostess* on the *Road*: The two first have frequenter Opportunities to *Wheedle*, by reason of the variety, multiplicity, and constancy of their *Guests*; yet the last doth it as certainly, and less controulably, than the former; but all three in a different manner. The *City-Hostess* takes more state upon her, and useth a Freedom, which would seem scandalous in the other, who lives in the Country; for she will frequently admit of Treats abroad; and, that her Person may be noted at Publick *Meetings*, *Balls*, and *Theatres*, her splendid Habiliments shall forcibly attract the Eyes of the *Spectators*, causing in Men an Admiration, and an Emulation in the Women: For rather than they will want any thing of that Modish Finery they observe in others, they will make their Husbands pawn their *Consciences*, as well as their *Credits*, for that *Point de Venice*, or for another Story of Lace more upon their Petty-Coats; as if Women thought Mens Fancies did not climb fast enough, without such a Lecherous *Love-Ladder*. She never stirs out, but in her choicest Ornaments, and is rarely seen within Doors by her better *Guests*, but when she thinks her self most charmingly adorn'd;

dorn'd; whereas the *Country-Hostess* never studies or consults her Fineries, but against some *Fair*, or usual *Market-days*, which she endeavours to grace with her best Habiliments, as much as she will do a Neighbours Christning. If her Leisure will permit her to step to the Gate, to shew her *Dressing*, and thereby invite her *Guests* to taste of her *Dish*, (which who can refrain, seeing it so well *Guarnisht*) she then seems to proclaim to all, that she is a fairer Commendation of her Inn, above the fair *Signe*, although the Painting, Tafferels, and other Curiosities, cost the value of the Estate of a rising Constable. In this Posture, as she stands, she proves a *Load-stone*, that attracts not only Men of *Iron*, but the *Black-Coat*, and sober *Citizens*: If the first (that mighty Man of *Buff*, and *Feather*) come but near her, he sometimes cleaves so long, that he is not easily got off; and will not only command Accommodation for himself, and Horse, (less beast than himself) but sometimes too for his beastly Companions.

The Man that wi l not eat, and drink well, is not for her Diet; for the first, she knows by Experience, *That he that cannot eat well, will never do the feat well.* Besides, the sober Man is not for her turn; because being always guarded by Reason, all the Assaults her *Whetdles* makes against him, are bootless, ineffectual: He is her Man that will be drunk, who will be a Man it may be to Morrow-Morning; but for the present, she can make him what she please: for having let go the hold, and stay of Reason, she knows he lies open to the Mercy of all Temptations, and suits them according to his present Inclinations. No Lust, but finds him disarm'd, and fenceless, and with the least Assaule enters: If he be Rich, how will she humour him, and under the pretence of pleasing him

him with any thing, either eatable or liquid, she frankly calls for it to oblige her own Pallat, and he shall pay dearly for it to boot; and, to make him believe how much she loves him, will not stir from him, but when business calls upon her: and when she returns, it shall be with such speed and cheerfulness, that if he be not quite drown'd in his Liquor, with half an Eye he may see the greatness of her Love and Kindness; and, to make a Demonstration thereof, the Husband, by her Perswasions, and his Compliance to her *Wheedling*-Contrivances, shall go to Bed, and so give them the Opportunity of a privare Conference. Now out-comes all his Passions, Vanities, and those shamefuller Humours, which Discretion cloaths; all which she converts to her own Advantage; at length, (with a thousand Protestations, she never admitted any to that Freedom before, but her Husband, (though an hundred preceded him) she sends him to bed, fully assured of his future, as well as present, Happiness.

Of all Men, the Young Man is her Darling, whom she can best shape and fashion as she pleases, and can perswade him to any thing; for she sees but the out-side of Men and Things, and conceives them according to their appearing Glister; and out of this Ignorance believes them: Thus she makes all her Flatteries pass for real Kindnesses; and the more to endear him to her, he must call her *Mother*; and will not be angry with her Son, if he commit Incest with her; and lest the rest of her adopted Children should take Exceptions at it, she will give all of them (who have a mind to it) the same Liberty. This Obligation ties them to the House, as firmly as a Galley-Slave is to the Oar; and this is for a while the only Rendez-vouz of all their Revels.

The

The Truth on't is, she need not use many *Wheedles* to this sort of People, to effect her designs; for since their Reason seems not to curb, but only to understand their Appetites, they prosecute the Motions thereof with such eager earnestness, that being themselves their own Temptation, they need not *Satan* to prompt them, if *Wine* and *Women* be in their Company.

Of all her *Guests*, there is none makes her such incomparable Sport, as the Fop, *What d'ye lack, Sir?* or the meer *Trading-Bubble* of the City, when he comes into the Country, as ignorant as the Clown; both of them being much about the same model, and pitch of Brain; only the ones Ignorance is a little more finical. She knows him by his Garb, and bawling Deportment, when he rides into the Yard; and indeed, his posture in riding only, is enough to discover him: And the better to humour his Vanity, she makes as great a noise as he, in calling on her Servants to give him Attendance, and then waits him at the Parlor-door to welcom him with her Smiles and Courtesies, whilst she is screwing her Mouth into a round Plumpness, that the warmth of her Lips may signifie the glowing of her other Parts, and the fervency of that Zeal she hath to serve him. The Wine being brought, (which must be a Pint of Mul'd Sack, if in Winter time) *Ninny* drinks to *Mistress Craftsby*, which she kindly receives, and will not let the Liquor cool in her hand by any means, but nimbly pass the Cup till the Pint be out. A Cessation of sipping for a while being concluded on, they still proceed in the Exercise of their Mouths, by Talking and Billing; both their chief Education lie in their Occupation, which indeavours to Apify the Humours and Manners of their best Guests, or Customers: The frequent

Visits

Visits of finical Gentlemen, fine Ladies and Gallants, *Antartick* to the City-fashion, (who have a Mode in Speech, as well as Habit, peculiar to themselves) I say, from these he draws the *Infusion* of *Eloquence* and *Fopperies*; and catching any one word, which he imagines extraordinary, (altho' he understand not the *Etymology* thereof) wears it for ever, and regards not how Thread-bare it is, by his often using it, so his Habit be not in that Condition. As he takes up Wares on Credit, so he does words; and in time, it may be, makes himself a *Bankrupt* as to both: For as he is affected with Complements, and gingling Expressions, so no Man pays dearer for them, since several Debts in his *Shop-Books* are often paid by them. And this our subtle *Hostess* knows full well, and therefore fits him to a Hair, having had the same, or larger Advantages of various Society, than himself. Having first tickled his Ear with what pretty pleasant Collections of Wit, she hath collected from the ingenious Frequenters of her House, she then endeavours to inform her self what his Profession is; and knowing that, not only praises the Function, but promises to buy of him what she or her Friends hath occasion to make use of: And that she may make it appear, that she hath not only rich Relations, but Acquaintance of good Quality, she recounts the Names of such and such Men of known Estates and Reputation, who live near her, or elsewhere Eminent throughout that County: In hopes of such good Customers, he calls freely, and drinks as plentifully; and having plied him with warm Cloaths, she gives him some small Incouragements of injoying; the Temptation takes, and every Kiss proves a Conspiracy: at length, her petulant Deportment gains over him a total Conquest; yet

yet ſtaves him off from Fruition, by holding him in expectation, and incouraging his Hopes, ſhe makes his Shop-Commodities dance after hers, and her Inn or Houſe muſt be his Home: If in the City, he willingly drinks no where elſe, obliges his Friends to go with him, and inſtitutes Clubs of ſeveral Trades, not to propagate their Intereſt in the leaſt, but his own, and raiſe his Reputation with the *Hoſteſs*. If in the Country, he takes the benefit of the Air very often, (as he calls it) for his Healths ſake, and ſo deludes his indulgent Wife, that ſhe may not grumble at his Abſence, nor ſuſpect his Intentions, which are fully bent in the proſecution of his deſigned Pleaſures; and, that he may be the more made welcom when he comes alone, he often ſeduceth his Neighbours to accompany him abroad, who (good natur'd Men) will not deny him that Civility; and, tho' it be often repeated, (with great expence) yet they grutch it not, finding from their Country-delights ſo full a Compenſation. The Inſtigator to theſe rural *Rambles* is better ſatisfied in his Thoughts, having cunningly perſwaded them to club towards that ſatisfaction he hath propounded to himſelf, which he believes they never ſhall have the Happineſs to injoy, and probably he neither; for if ſhe be Wiſe and Prudent, ſhe hath her *Booms* to keep off thoſe, who deſign to clap her abroad; and, haling in her Guns, ſhe may ſeem to be a fenceleſs *Merchant-man*, to invite the *Enemy* to attaque her, but preſently run them out again, and ſo make Prize of him, that would have done the like by her. Her Intereſt may in ſome meaſure be her Excuſe, when ſhe makes a more than common Familiarity, playing the *Broker* to vend her Commodities faſter, and at a better rate. What will not a *Wink*, a *Clap on the Shoulder*, a *tread on*

the

toe Toe, a wringing by the Hand, a Wink, or a low Whisper? I say, what will not these do, when Mans stubborn treacherous Design hath banisht his Forecast, the good Features of her Face is the sole Center of all his Desires? What then can she desire within the Circle of his Ability, which she may not have? What Obedience will he not shew? What Tyranny may she not use, when she hath gain'd the Conquest of his Heart, if she can but keep Possession of her self? 'Tis true, a *Man of Wit* may board her again and again, and yet she values him not, and never shall rummidge her *Hold*, knowing how and when to clear her self of him, by blowing up her false *Decks*; not but that she will let a Man freely enter, so that he be no *Picquernon* or *Caper*, but an honest Merchant, that will not only largely pay her for the *Freight*, but make her *Supracargo* too.

The Man with brawny Back is he, (with Money in his Pockets) whom she best esteems; a good Face, and a proportionable Body, shall little avail, where only *Whiedling* Words, and not Expence, shall put a value on him; though she love her Pleasure well, yet she will not cut the throat of her Profit for its sake. There are indeed a sort of *silly Things*, who admire a Man for his *Parts*, and are infinitely taken with his Expressions; which are so many fine Phrases set together, which serve equally for all Women, and are equally to no purpose, unless sometimes they work upon their Weakness: and lest the Barrenness of his Invention should not supply him with Stuff to entertain these ignorant Pieces of VVantonness, he is very careful of his Dress; in the ordering of which, he imploys all the Faculties of his own Soul, and his Tailors. This is the Man they are so taken with, and this is that ill-designing *Simpleton*,

pleton that will perswade them to run from their Husbands, with what Money or Credit they can carry with them, and accompany him, who shall travel them the whole Kingdom over, till all the money be spent; his *Nagg* then, that was before so mettlesom, tires all of a sudden; and to the intent he may be rid of them, it may be he will do them the kindness, being friendless, moneyless, and in a strange place, to acquaint their Husbands where their Beasts have strayed, whilst he, fearing to be called to an account for making a Market of them, is gone another way; then the poor over-ridden *Jades* are driven home to their shameful Habitations, Methinks it is enough to make the worst of the whole Female Sex to blush, when they shall consider the greatness of the number of such Women, who consulting their own lust and luxury, never consider the ruine of themselves and Family. The *Whadling Hostess* (that I here describe) is of another principle; what she does, she conceals from the eye of the World if she can; however, she will so warily demean her self, that the Censorious shall have no other grounds for their ill report, but bare suspicion, and that dis-reputation she knows how to house-wife to advantage, winking at the little talk of Neighbours, that by her silence she may give occasion for some to believe, that what is said of her is a truth, that thereby they may be encouraged to make the like attempt. Mistake her not, as she is no *Niggard* of her *pleasure*, so she is no *Prodigal* of her *profit*, the one being subservient to, and the supporter of each other; and that she may not lose any of her conquered people, she suffers them not to lie at *Rack* and *Manger*, but diets them for fear of *surfeiting*; for she knows their con-

conſtitution, and that their love is like their ſtomach, feeding on what it loves, and in the end loath what it loved, till a freſh Appetite rekindle the afore almoſt extinguiſht flame; which ſhe does by *Denyals*, *Put-offs*, *Jealouſies*, *Jarrings*, and an hundred other ſtudied humours; all which are as prevalent as the deluding faces of as many *Miſſes*. Her ways are *like a Serpent on a Rock*, and therefore I ſhall not trace her any further; yet I might have drawn ſome obſervations from her management of the Kitchin, and her profound advice to the Female-Servants, how they ſhall deport themſelves to the Gueſts, neither proſtituting nor denying, but ſubtilly decoying thoſe who make proffers of private kindneſſes.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

The Master of a Ship, and his Owners.

BEfore we come to display the *Wheedles* and fallacies that are too frequently practis'd, between the *Master* of a *Ship*, and his *Owners*, 'twill not be irrequisite to give an account of the Original of this *Master*, and by what means he came to rise to the dignity of a *Commander*.

As to his birth, we will not doubt but that he may be well extracted, but ill educated, or having too many aboriginal vicious inclinations in him, he too soon becomes an old sinner of a young man: for conceiving his youth to be the season of his Lust, and the hour wherein he ought to be bad, or never, full speed he puts on into all manner of extravagancies, and fearing lest he should lose this time, he spends it, and so is bringing on his head a deal of misery, yet is happy in this, that he is insensible; and though he be like a ship without *Pilot* or *Tackling*, driven to and fro, by every blast of his irregular desires, yet we oftentimes see such as he have been steer'd by *Fortune* only, into the *Haven* of an unexpected *Honour* and *Happiness*.

His Parents at length despairing of any Reformation, having used a thousand devices to reclaim him, resolve at once to be rid of their shame and care, by sending him to Sea, which willingly receives into her bosom, what is spewed out of the Land as nauseous.

From a leud Lad ashore he becomes a more wicked *Cabbin-boy* of a Ship; for every *Storm* is his *Tutor*, teaching him not only how to slight danger, nay, death it self, but also to curse and pray all in a breath; and when the *Tempest* is over, forget how to say his *Paternoster*; in stead thereof, his *Matins* and *Vespers* are the orderly repeating the *Points of the Compass*, backwards and forwards, not so much in obedience to his *Master*, or the *Captains Command*, as for fear of the *Captain*, to which his neglect in this, and his inbred *Roguries* besides, do cause him frequently to be seized, where the *Boat-Swain* rectifies his mistakes in the number of the *Points of the Compass*, by the quantity of blows he receives on his back from the *Cat of nine Tails*.

As he grows in years, so doth his knowledge encrease in the Art of Navigation, and in the confidence of that understanding, he looks out sharply for employment and preferment, being bold in his demands, as he is resolute in his designs, and fears not to speak to his Superiours, though with a misbecoming confidence, having been so accustomed to the astonishing Rhetorick of loud-speaking Canons.

His many successful Voyages he hath made, to many remote parts of the Universe, at length not only furnisheth his Pockets with money, but brings him into a repute and good esteem, among the Merchants of the *Exchange*, and elsewhere amongst other people; and to keep up his Reputation among them, his resort to, and about the *Royal Exchange*, is as certain, and as constant as a *Nun*, to the place of her *Devotion*.

To effect his designs, he finds nothing more expedient than the practice of Conformity, and therefore hath throughly studied the Art and Mystery

stery thereof; among sober persons he is very serious; among the lighter sort he is jocular, and merry, and let what will be the company, he never forgets to enlarge the benefits may be made by traffick abroad, and how successful and prosperous he hath been in all his Voyages, and all to perswade them, that he is not only a knowing, but a lucky man.

According as he finds his designing Discourse make an impression on any Person, he continues to urge it, with whatsoever Reasons and Demonstrations he can produce; and that you should not doubt the truth of what he says, for confirmation thereof, he refers you to such a Person, who is so much his friend, nay, creature, that he shall averr the verity thereof, after what manner best pleaseth you, either by *I Protest, I vow; let me never see my Wife, nor Children*; or *Damne its as true, as God's in Heaven*, Though it is as very a lye, as ever the *Devil*, that grand *Seducer* of mankind, prompted him to utter.

In every respect he studies to imitate an honest man, both in words and actions, which with his large pretences, and fair promises, procure him a Wife, with a round sum of money, and then he makes his projects hit as he please himself; if not, he hath got a credit to be believ'd, that what he says is real, and how advantagious such a Voyage would prove, had he but *Owners*, according to his mind, with whom he might Conjoyn, and that he might strike some, whilst he then is in discourse, he insinuates the smalness of the charge in fitting out a Vessel, that it will amount but to so much a man; that so many in Conjunction can be no great *Losers*, should the ship miscarry, but should she return in safety (which by Gods providence he questions not) how great will the income be

then, and that as long as she is able to float (which may be many years) she will be a moving *Indian-Mine*, and will bring them home gold enough, without any labour or digging into the bowels of the Earth to find it.

By many perswasions of great profits accrewing, he induces some to engage with him, in the purchase of a Vessel, but having not compleated his number of *Owners*, he gets into Partnership a *Sail-maker*, a *Rope-maker*, a *Butcher*, a *Baker*, and it may be too a *Block-maker*: All these are very necessary Implements to work upon, and Instruments to work by, as hereafter shall be demonstrated, all the rest are meer Novices in Sea-affairs.

Having compleated the four whole Parts of the Ship, by *Sixths*, *Eighths*, *Twelfths*, or from a *Third* to a *Sixteenth*: He then tries all his friends, acquaints them with his buying a Ship, that he wants money to perform the Voyage, that whatsoever they supply him with, he will faithfully repay upon his return, and by this means borrows considerable sums: to others that are more diffident, he will upon the loan of mony make over his *Quarter-Part* for their security, obliging them to silence, because if it be known, it may prejudice a credit he expects from several. Sometimes when he hath got so many real *Owners* as make up his Complement, by his subtle Insinuation, and deluding Promises, he draws in as many more, and so of his Ship makes two and thirty Sixteenths: This I can assure you hath bin done, but it is hard to conceal the Intrigue, unless the *Manager* have more craft than ordinary. At last, 'tis ten to one but that he *bubbles* the crafty *Scrivener* too; for when he hath engaged in Partnership as many as he can, and taken up what money is possible to be had among his friends and acquaintance

tance, he then ſingles out ſome *Scrivener* (*alias*, *Gooſe-quill*) to whom he relates his whole Concern, not truly as it is, but as he would have it, and by making him ſwallow the Pills of na unconſcionable and uncuſtomary intereſt, he enlarges his ſtock by *Bottomry*, or *Bomery*.

Rigg'd, Mann'd and Victuall'd to his hearts content, with his *Own* and *Owners* ſtocks aboard, he hoiſts up ſail, and having a fair Gale, he hath little to do but walk on the *Decks*, or go into his *Cabin*, and there ſeriouſly conſult with himſelf how he ſhall cheat the *Merchant* and his *Owners*. Coming to his Port, and finding his Markets good, he improves his own ſtock largely, by ſnipping from his *Owners*, and though he does it unreaſonably (beſides his Trading to Ports he had no Commiſſion to ſail to, keeping the Veſſel out longer than need, to the *Owners* great charge; for which he hath an excuſe ſhould they know it, ſaying, that he was put in thither by ſtreſs of Weather,) I ſay, not ſo ſatisfied, he charges them with ſuch a large account, that the expence of the Voyage eats not only through the profit, but into the very Bowels of the Principle. Had not the Voyage proved conſiderably gainful, undoubtedly the honeſt Maſter would have taken that care, that the Ship ſhould have been no eyeſore to them, or a *Remembrancer*, when they ſaw her, what a coſtly *Whore* ſhe hath been unto them, and in requital of providing for her ſo well, ſhe at laſt pickt their Pockets; but he brings her ſafe into the *Thames*, to the great joy of his Partners, whom he prevents coming aboard of him, by going aſhore immediately, left one and the ſame joy ſhould bring the real and deluded *Owners* together, and ſo his Knavery would be detected.

Who ſo brisk upon the *Exchange* as now he is? and well he may, having ſecured moſt of his own goods without paying Cuſtom, which he knew very well how to do, having the compleat *Art of Smuggling* at his fingers ends: his *Owners* treat him, and others court him, and nothing for a while is done, but feaſting; but the Goods being delivered, and the Ship clear'd, it is high time for our *Maſter* to come to an account with his *Owners*: If he meets them all at one time, he is utterly undone: Wherefore ſuch a day he appoints one part to meet, and a day or two after the other: his Friends and Relations, to whom he ſold what did not properly belong unto him, or ſuch, who either ſent Adventures by him, or lent him money, are the firſt he promiſes to meet, to be ſure, at ſome Tavern unknown to the other Party, where Wine and good Chear is his welcom aſhore: After dinner he acquaints them that his Voyage proved very indifferent, that they were for the preſent but ſmall Gainers, however, he queſtion'd not but the next time it would be more beneficial; that though his pains proved not ſo gainful as he expected, yet there was ſo much money for them, notwithſtanding the great charges he was at in the Voyage, the Particulars you ſhall underſtand hereafter. Indifferently well ſatisfied with his ſerious Proteſtations and future Promiſes, they depart, leaving him to that buſineſs he pretends doth immediately call him aboard, whereas all he hath now to do, is to put himſelf into a fit poſture to receive his other ſort of *Owners*, who we will ſuppoſe are met at a Tavern, expecting, according to his hour, the coming of their honeſt *Maſter*, who is a punctual man, for which they all commend him. Here note, the better to paſs his unjuſt Accounts, he hath

hath paid the *Baker* for the bisket, the *Butcher* for beef and pork, and the *Brewer* for his Beer, giving them their own Rates, and shipping with them in their over-charging the Ships Account for such Provisions: The *Rope* and *Sail-Maker* are satisfyed in like manner, whilst the other ignorant *Owners* are only in expectation of their *Dividend*.

Having eat and drank plentifully, the *Master* then produces his Account, which runs much after this manner: For so many men and boys aboard, amongst whom, (though the number be not so many as he charges his *Owners* with) he goes for two, that is, as he is *Master*, and yet supplies the place of a *Chyrurgeon*, whose Chest he pretends likewise to furnish at his own charge, for a general benefit to his sickly men, though there be hardly so much as will serve his own turn. *Item*, for fresh Provision, Fruit, Sugar, and the like, he took in at such a Port, for his weak and sick men, though he came not near that Port within 50 Leagues; which money he charges, though never disburst, to help out the expences of his own extravagancies. *Item*, for an *Anchor* and *Cable* lost riding in a dangerous *Bay*, or *Harbour*, which he was forced to cut, and stand off to Sea, to save the ship and Seamens lives, which *Anchor*, if lost, was no otherwise than by Mooring his *Crazie-Vessel* in a *Bawdy-House*, and by the same consequence, might have put to account the loss of his *Bow-Sprit*, and *Main-yard*. *Item*, for a *Fore-Topsail*, which was blown away, or out of pure kindness flew to shore, to make his female *Creditors* amends for taking up their *Linnen*, and not making Equivalent satisfaction. *Item*, for a new one (that cost forty shillings) four pounds. *Item*, for extraordinary charges in lying Wind-Bound

ſo long in ſuch a Port, and ſuch a Port, being forced to buy freſh proviſions to ſave their victuals, ſtowed for the maintainance of the Voyage; though his only ſtay was to traffick for himſelf that while. *Item*, for another *Cable*, which in the dead of the night crawl'd out of a *Port-hole*, and ſwam like an *Eel* under water, that it might not be diſcovered; for if it was, the poor thing knew it would be hindred of its deſign, in getting home before the Ship, that it might be tweez'd in pieces, and ſo be made capable of ſerving its Maſters Neck, in a ſlenderer condition. *Item*, for a *Main-topſail* a little cut on purpoſe by the *Boat-ſwain*, that by the connivance of the *Maſter* it might be doom'd as unſerviceable, and ſo taken off the yard to be made ſaleable, *Item*, for the dammage the ſaid *Maſter* ſuſtain'd in his part by the loſs of the ſaid ſail, by the Roguery of the Seamen, who, ſeeing their Officers commit greater offences than they had as yet committed, converted this ſail to their own uſes by cutting out each man his *Sgack*, one a Doublet, another Breeches, or what might ſerve to accommodate their nakedneſs. *Item*, for a *Main-maſt* that in a dreadful ſtorm came by the board, tho' they were becalm'd, or wanted a convenient brisk breeze all the Voyage.

Theſe are not half the *Imprimis* and the *Items* he gives them an account of, which one would think were enough to ſtartle a *New Sea-Adventurer*, who wondring how all theſe accidents ſhould happen, is ſilenced by the crafty *Sailor* or *Rope-maker*, and back'd by the *Brewer*, *Baker*, and *Butcher*, who unanimouſly affirm, that ſuch like caſualties are uſual, that they themſelves have wofully experienced them, and therefore were the leſs troubled at them now. The *Maſter* hereupon

upon drawing what money he had purposed to pay his *Owners* before-hand, throws it on the Table; some refuse to pass the Account, whilst the *major*-interested part cry, *Come, come, Gentlemen, the Account is fair enough, pass it, you see we do*, and so in the end, to their considerable loss, they are all wrought to a compliance.

The *Master* having perfected his Accounts, moves for a *Stock* against the next Voyage; after some pause it is granted, and the *Owners* aforesaid, whose Trades correspond for fitting out the Ship, act their parts as they did before; Nor is he negligent in *Wheedling* his other deceived *Owners*, who with much ado, it may be, contribute something to his Proposals, though not so much as formerly, yet enough with what he received from the rest to do his business; for having secur'd abroad in safe hands what was committed to his trust, in his return he knocks the Ship i'th Head, by running her aground wilfully, or otherwise; with a *Proviso*, that he is sure to save all their lives; after this being unwilling to be one of *Jobs Messengers*, he absconds himself in forreign parts, leaving his *Creditors* at home to bewail their misfortunes, and condemn their *Credulity*.

Some of them have an excellent way to cheat their *Owners* of their *Slaves* as they come from *Guinny*, thus; It may be the *Master* may take in threescore or fourscore *Blacks*, which he intends for the *Barbadoes*, or some other places; the *Purser*, according to orders and connivance, enters on board so many short; the *Doctor* or *Chyrurgeon*, supposing more in the Hold than entred in the *Pursers* Book, makes a private search for his benefit, for half a Crown *per* head is his due, and finding twenty it may be supernumerary,

acquaints the *Captain* or *Master* therewith, who tells him (probably after some dispute) that what he says is true, however he would not have him make any words of it, if so, he will give him his Fee, and somewhat over-*plus*; the same thing he promiseth likewise to the *Purser*, on this condition, they will set their Hands to an Instrument, that he shipt from *Guinny* such a number of slaves and no more; they relying upon his word and promise, frankly do it; but returning into *England*, and demanding of the *Master* the performance of his promise, he denies that ever he made any such thing, and peremptorily tells them, as he will not give them a farthing, so he values them not a Fart, and dares them to do their worst; irritated by this Language they complain to the *Owners*, and before the *Masters* face accuse him for cheating them of so many *Slaves*; he denies it, and cunningly drawing out their acknowledgment under hand and seal, asks them whether they know their own act and deed; They not denying it, *Look you here, Gentlemen* (says he) *are not these a Parcel of pure Rogues and Rascals, that durst offer to stain my Reputation, by accusing me of Cheating and Injustice, when here is their own Hands to condemn their lying Tongues.*

Another I heard of, who being *Masters-Mate* in a long Voyage, the *Master* dyed, and thereupon he assumed his place, and undertook the whole Concerns of the Ship, of which the Deceased had a considerable part, coming home, he applyed himself to the Widow, who was left in a very good condition, and so plyed her with Protestations of love and affection, that she verily believed him to be in earnest; and that she might not seem indebted to him for kindnesses received, she retaliated all his, not only by possessing him of what Con-

Concerns he had in the World, but also gave him liberty to taste those Sweets which properly belong to the Marriage-bed; by this means he made a total Conquest of her person and estate, and by their jugling together baffled the other Owners; but when he had gotten all into his hands, he baffled her that baffled them, for fear of being baffled himself also. I shall say no more of him but this, which was a pleasant repartie of his *Owner*, who asking him for a *Mean-jail* to save two, Replyed, *Two shalt have it Master to save two, since in all my life time I never knew thou couldest save one.*

A thousand of their tricks and Cozenages might be here inserted, which for want of Information, at present I omit, but in due time, as soon as they shall come to my knowledge, I'le freely impart them to my Reader.

CHAP. XIV.

The Scrivener.

THE *Scrivener* being already ingeniously dissected, in a *Character* not long since Printed, I shall forbear Killing him again, but only give you a short account of some remarkable Passages in his Life and Conversation.

Upon his first starting into the World, having but little moneys in his hands of his own, or others, being but a young man, and moneyed men fearful of trusting him, he is forced to employ what he hath by him to the best advantage; and

and like an honest man that intends to thrive in this World, though he be damn'd for it for ever in the World to come; he first tries how widely his Conscience will stretch, and, if he finds it hide-bound, he will pinch it with his Teeth, as a Shoomaker his Leather, but that he will make it give way. Having gotten the Conquest over that, he begins to feed on the *Poor*, as the *Great Eater of* Kent *did on Offals*, by lending them petty sums, and receive it again by so much *per* week: if fourty shillings were the sum to be lent, the Borrower had but five and thirty, and out of that paid twelve pence for the Bond, which money must be paid each week, by twelve pence for every pound. If the Sum were any thing considerable, though he had the money by him, yet he would make use of his accustomed delays, though he knew the Borrower responsible, and would not part with a farthing, till he had made enquiry after that he knew as well as any man could tell him; and in the end must have *Procuration* for his own money, and if *Continuation* be required, he shall pay sauce for it. Though the Law allows but six *per Cent.* yet he knows several ways to make forty, by making in the first place a *Bond*, which shall be due to a confident of his, a Prisoner in the *Kings-Bench*, and recovering the penalty at *Common-Law*, leaves the poor Debtor to sue for relief in *Chancery*, one that is a Prisoner; By lending half-money, half goods in the next place, fifty pounds in money, and fifty pounds in goods, which shall not be worth much above fifteen: By lending in the next place, fifty pound to a person, who shall become bound with one of his acquaintance for one hundred, who is going beyond-Sea, to whom he shall give privately a discharge, and the other shall be left to pay the mo-

money: And lastly, (not to trouble you with more instances) by taking *Judgements*, or *Warrants of Attourny*, and for a little money sweep away three times the value in commodities, to the utter ruine of many Families. A *Mort-gage* is a sweet gain to him; what a fine Bill of charges will he reckon: Fifteen shillings for two or three days Horse hire to view the estate, for his expences in the Journey eighteen shillings, though he did eat nothing but Bread and Cheese all the time he was out, so much for his pains, so much for loss of time, and so much for expedition; all which must be deducted out of what is to be received, and if the money be not duely paid, he infallibly seals a *Lease of Ejectment*, and enters on the *Premisses*, and (to make as sure of it as he can) he presently passes it over to another, one of his Confederates; and do so order the business between them, that the Borrower shall find but little satisfaction in a *Suit of Chancery*.

To be short, the *Tricks* and *Wheedles* of a *Scrivener* are so many that they are innumerable. How many devices hath he in *Last Wills and Testaments*, not only altering the mind of the Testator, but many times making himself *Executor?* How many Knavish Partialities does he use in *Leases?* What benefit does he not make by *Arbitrations*, by drawing up an *Award*, making it void or obliging to whom he pleases; by *Counter-Bonds*, and *Letters of Attorny*, by putting in *his use* for *my use?* Lastly, consider his dexterity and ability in counterfeiting Bonds, by which, and other indirect means he hath gotten a plentiful estate, to live pleasantly here, to be miserable hereafter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

The Wheedles of an Handsome Semstress.

AS there are Cheats in all Trades that men profess, so experience tells us that there are loose and dishonest Women in such Occupations as they follow: God forbid they should all be so; wherefore I onely say some, and those shall be the subject of my following discourse; to the better sort let this be my Apology:

As in tart Prologues Poets shew their Wit,
In railing Generally at the Pit;
Although they know there's some of such esteem,
They would not speak an evil word of them.
So Ladies when I write this Character
As for the Vertuous I design'd not her:
I onely aim'd at the Lascivious Jilt;
Sosbe that takes exception shews her guilt.
But you would all be modest ——, pray so be,
For then I'm sure y'are unconcern'd with me.

And now have at this huffing piece of Puff-paste, or bit extraordinary for those queasie Stomachs which cannot digest a Bawdy-house: What her extract was I cannot tell; neither did her Mistress at first inquire into it, so much as she did examine her Face, making a privy search into every feature considering what powerful Charms they may prove to bewitch those Customers she is already possest withall, or be irresistable attractions to decoy in more.

For

For the first year (if her Mistress be cunning) she is not permitted to carry Linnen to Gentlemens Chambers, being as yet but raw, and for want of experience may be drawn in; she must first be throughly tutored by her Governess in all the subtle defensive Arts of preserving Chastity, till time shall serve opportunely to open privately a Sallyport, and let in a friend, or so, into the Garrison.

For that time she is in a manner chain'd to the Shop, where she sits well dresst for her Mistresses future advantage, though for the present at some considerable cost and charges.

The Beauty and Maiden-head Hunters of the Town soon hear of her, and are impatient till they have a view; and that they may not be suspected to have any ill design; they have a special Covert for their loose intentions by buying or pretending to buy Linnen; the goodness whereof they mind not so much as some excellencies they observe in the Countenance of this fresh Country piece of Mortality.

Having laid out some small matter, they presently fall to dalliance; chucking her under the Chin, or catching her by the hand, with a many idle impertinent questions, as, What Country I pray? How long have you been in the City? and so forth, This and much more her sly Mistress winks at, till their heated bloods begin to make them grow rude, and then it is high time for the good Matron to bestir her self, who cries, Nay, I pray Gentlemen be civil; your carriage misbecoms an open shop; this is no proper place for the Exercise of Wantonness, *&c.* This Oration presently procures a cessation of Arms, though unlikely to hold long; as for her part she holds out as long as Nature will permit her; but not being able

longer

longer to endure the hot Rencounters of her fierce Assailants, she yields up her Fortress unknown to her Mistress, and so cheats the Person, she designed should be the Cropper of her Virgin-Flower.

This and some others bouts have so furnished her with confidence that she presumes to talk freely in the presence of her Mistress, who seeing the forwardness of her Servant, how well she handles her Tongue as well as Needle and how cunningly she mannages her face to the best advantage: she thinks it now time to give her some instructions how she shall behave her self abroad especially when sent to Gentlemens Chambers with what commodities are bespoke by them; in short that she must refuse all Treats offered her in the streets, that in Gentlemens Chambers she must have a special care of showing any willingness to receive their loose proffers; but to have a greater care not to be so nice and coy as to disoblige her Customers, but let them kiss, or so, but no further. The great attention she gives her Mistresses wholsome advice, would make any one believe that she intended to act the part of a chaste Nun, rather than that of a wanton *Venus*; but having already tasted the sweets of stoln delights her Mouth still waters after them and nothing can satisfie her but the continuance of their enjoyment; and though she do not prostitute her self to all who make their amorous addresses to her; yet partly for her Mistresses profit and her own mixt with Pleasure, she so often enters the Lists with sensual Combatants, that he that has the greatest Charity for her Reputation, can term her no otherwise than a Story above a Crack that is Common and when she falls from her Shop will inevitably drop into a Charnel or a Brothel-house.

Her carriage is so equally divided betwixt a natural

tural Levity and a forced Modesty, that one would take her for a Motlyed kind of Christian, or a new interposition betwixt Lust and Chastity. She seldom dresses her self without an absolute design on her own Vertue, and is the more inclined thereunto by reason of her being haunted with a thousand more Lascivious thoughts than Church-yards are with Ghosts and Goblins; and these proceed from the temptations of a company of gawdy brisk Fops, who having little to do, idle away a great part of their time in lolling on a Stall or Counter, humming in her ear a new Bawdy Song, or telling some wanton story to no other intent than by the provocation of her blood she may with more facility comply with their youthful irregular desires: and that she may retain those she hath conquered in perpetual captivity, she takes a world of pains in setting her self off to the best advantage and never shows greater ingenuity than in curling up her Tower, and her chiefest care in putting it on; but then observe how miserably she deludes her ignorant admiring Cols; to make this Tower sit right, she so bedawbs her Brow with Gum and Powder, that it glisters like a *Woodstrett* Cake Iced over with Sugar. When she is ready for her shop, she is so for a Tavern or any other place of Assignation; whither (after the buying of a Cravat or two, and in hopes of future dealing) she is as easily invited as a Country Parson to a Sundays Dinner, or a starving Prisoner to a good Collation, for not to belye her, she is as fond of a Treat as the Devil is of a Catchpole, and to the intent he may melt every way the freer, she squeezes him by the hand, which he looks upon as so great a token of her Affection, that overjoy'd with the thoughts of so happy a possession, he swears to be her Vassal to Eternity.

Look

Look but a little farther into this Wheedling ſhred of Linnen Drapery, and you will find her a Critical thing to deal in, having more Prizes, riſes and Falls, than Hops, Pepper and Indico's. Though ſhe be but one Commodity, yet it goes off at ſeveral Rates; partially diſpenſing thoſe favours to one for a Bottle of Claret, which ſhall coſt another a pair of Silk Stockings, with laced Shoes and Flaps, and a coſtly Treat to boot. And here obſerve how ſhe Wheedles for the indulging of her Palat; for ſhe holds the like league with Oyl-men and Vintners, as ſome City Conſtables have done with the Counter Turn-keys; or as Suburb Headboroughs with the Juſtices Clerks, receiving a ſnack for bringing them Cuſtom: the one ſends her Anchoves, Neats-tongues, Weſtphalia Hams, *&c.* to Reliſh that Wine the Vintner ſent in; and to prepare her for a hot Rencounter or Engagement at their next meeting, he forgets not to ſcud her ſome provocatives of his own Occupation to wit, Caveer, Potargo, *&c.* and becauſe Mr. *Dab* does intend to drink with her too himſelf in private, her *French* Wine ſhall be the beſt, and the *Spaniſh* the chiefeſt Flower in his Cellar: She has an Art ſo to ſweeten the Confectioner, that ſhe is ſeldome without his Compoſition; The Fiſh-monger for *Lobſters, &c.* She can ſo claw away that ſhe has made ſome of them Fike off; and by taking up of Linnen, ſhe hath made the Linnen Draper march out of his Shop into *Holland* or *Low-Countries*; all this ſhe hath done and much more, bringing her Taylor to be not worth a Liſt, and her Shoemaker to his Laſt, that by their means ſhe may appear in the ſtreets like *Juno*'s proud Bird with a ſpreading Tail, and at home like an inſatiate *Meſſalina* or the Daughter of ſenſual *Epicurus*, for ſhe hath ſold her Honeſty

to

to feed her Luxury and will pawn her very Soul to feed her Lechery.

An Outlying Crack of Western breed who kisses for her bread and might starve but for her Buttocks is not half so dangerous as this fleet-Sailing well-rigg'd Privateer: the Habitation and Apparel of the first are like two friendly Sea-marks which will forewarn us of our Shipwracks if we sail in that Channel; but this Lady of the Needle's like a Fatal Rock hid under a mild superficies, will split the Vessel that contains our Health and ruines men before they can say; *Lord have mercy on us.*

Permit me now to rake up the Dunghill from whence this spotted Viper did proceed: some say her Original was from an Alehouse, and therefore no disparagement to her beginning, it is like that of *Venus* as the Poets say from froth, not of the Sea, but the Tap, which being Tunn'd up in the musty Vessel of some goury Hostess lives there till broacht like Sack upon Garrion; at length being drawn off, it leaves the Lees behind, and that is the reason that some of these productions are tollerably handsome, but not half so honest. If Ale-selling do equally swell and fatten their Baggs as well as Bodies the young Baggage is then (through the Parents Ambition) sent to a Boarding-School where she stays so long till she can sing Prick-song at sight, and can sing in Consort—— *Gather your Rose-buds whilst you may*——, then she is called home again to be compleated in the necessary ingredients of Confidence and Impudence, which intermixt with her Boarding Schools imbellishments sufficiently accomplish her for a *What d'ye want Sir? Bands or Cravats? Hoods or Scarfs Madam?*

Others

Others say she was a By-blow begot between an Huff and Ding and a Waiting Gentlewoman whom her Lady had turn'd out of doors for being first too familiar with the Coachman and afterwards the Knight her Husband, and not knowing what to do, necessity constrain'd her to accept of a Bully for a Bedfellow, whose raging Lust scorn'd all opposition, and lying in bed (not so quiet you must think as Statues on Tomb-stones) they never desisted till they begat a perfect *Inheritrix* of those Venerial delights. Now by a particular prerogative derived from her Parents, she anticipates her Age and is as forward at twelve years old as others at eighteen. Her Father studying her Inclinations finding them as loose as his own actions, being willing to put her in a way agreeable to her humour, wisely designs her for a Semstress.

Lastly others are of opinion that she was sent out of the Country to *London* in hopes that her face would preferre her, though she had no other good quality that would add a step to her advancement. She was intended for a Gentlewoman, but now her Father being stript of his Bishops Lands and forced to vomit up all his ill got Treasure; and knowing his Daughter too stout for a Chamber-maid, advised her to follow this Trade whereby she may live of her own earnings. As to her Original, there are so many opinions, that I know not which to choose; therefore I shall suggest no more but in brief Characterize her and her Wheedles.

A little before she is bound, if her Mistress be wise and would make all advantages of her servant she then gives out to all her young Customers, she has a fresh face a coming besides one already come, which makes them flock to her shop as fast

as

as to an *East-India* Sale, and bid as fast for her Apprentices Maidenhead, as if it were to be sold by Inch of Candle, and indeed it is little less, he always carrying it that bids most for it, let him be *Turk* or *Jew*. When the bargains concluded on, she tels the Girle, *She must be obliging to her Customers, especially to Mr.* (meaning him she hath contracted for her Maidenhead) *acquainting her that he is a person of great worth, and of so sweet a disposition——, that if he does but fancy her, 'tis twenty to one but he will make her a Woman* (a Whore she means) *for ever; and withall tells her, she must carry his Linnen to his Chamber to morrow morning.* The silly Girle makes her a Country Curtesie, and promises her to be complaisant to all his Civil desires. But he soon spoils her exception, for having laid an Ambuscado of two or three bottles of Wine, a Neats-tongue, some Sweet-meats and fine sweet Language, raising her desires with a little obscene description of the sweets of enjoyment, he tells her the craving Bed invites them to Action; with much ado with a willing unwillingness she consents, where after he has enjoy'd her in half an hours time, he sends her home as honest as her Neighbours.

After she has been used so often as that she is relinquished by the Masters, she begins to grow subtle, and resolves to revenge her self on their Prentices; of whose company she is as fond of, as a Gamester of a Bubble, and with like cruelty she Debauches and ruins them at the same time. If a Gallant visit her at her Shop, she then commends the Play-houses, Spring-Garden, and the Park, and never desists till she hath perswaded him to Coach her to one of them. While they are abroad, she admits Hands and Lips fair play, and onely reserves the last Favour for his Ruine.

If

If she lays hold of a Watch, *Jacobus*, or any thing else valuable, she takes it in jest, and keeps it in earnest looking upon it but as an earnest for that dear bought pleasure he intends to purchase; in this jollity she forgets not to enquire whether he keeps Cash, which if she find he do, she computes to her self how long it will last. She exceeds, a Common-Plyer in Policy as much a good Housewife do's a gadding Gossip; or as a good Husband do's a flaunting Prodigal ever calculating the prosperity and protracting the destruction of her Bubble, till she is assured of another to supply his place; and then as if she repented her former mildness, like a Lyon arrived at his cruel Age, she falls on and devours the Puppy she but play'd with before.

To conclude, The smiles of this Wheedling Cockatrice, are more Treacherous than the tears of a Crocodile; and her dalliances more dangerous than the imbraces of a Serpent. She has as many Gallants as acquaintance, and whilst she prostitutes her body to one of them, swears by her soul she was never concern'd with the rest; which the Bubble believes till meeting with some of his Brother *Starlings* (for by this time she has ruin'd most of them) and comparing notes, they are fully convinced, she hath been equally perfidious to them all. This discovery renders her notorious, and totally devests her of her City-Customers, so that wanting the convenience of her former Entertainments, and being by an accustomated lewdness rendred uncapable of confining to the stricter method of a civil life (her rigging too beginning to be scandalous) she quits the City to seek relief in the Fields, where she Petitions the Bawds for Letters of Recommendation to *Moll*—, and *Bab*—, who thereupon most graciously receive

ceive her into the Society of their Hackneys to litter among them, and lye at Rack and Manger. Here she lives so long, till like a Phœnix she blazes till she's almost quite consumed, and then turn'd out of doors carries such a hogo along with her, a man may smell her from *Aldgate* to the remotest part of the Suburbs.

One remarkable story I had like to have forgot, how this Wheedling Semstress (in the time of her prosperity) was out Wheedled by a Person who n t long afterwards (such was his cruel Fate) suffer'd at *Tyburn* for many unparalleld Villanies he committed: And thus it was; Coming to this Semstress Shop he bespoke a good quantity of Linnen to be made up for him by such a day; the best *Holland* he could choose in the Shop, which amounted to a considerable Sum; in the parcel he bespoke half a dozen of the finest Smocks for his Wife, charging the Semstress she should make them so large that each might contain the bodies of three ordinary Women at least; for said he, she is so monstrously bigg that never any of her Sex could match her bulk; the Semstress promised to satisfie his desires in every thing according to the time appointed; and he to blind Suspition gave her a Guinny in part of payment. According to the time he came and found the Linnen ready, all which he liked, excepting his Wives Smocks; and his pretended dislike proceeded from no other cause (as he said) but that he feared they were too scanty; and therefore desired her to retire into the back-shop, and draw one of them on as she was then in her Cloaths, that he might fully satisfie himself in what he was doubtful: She consented, and whilst the Smock was on, he surrounded her, and taking his opportunity

portunity, he took a great Pin, and ſtuck it through the out Smock, Cloaths, and her own Smock too; that being done, he haſtily gets into the Shop, ſnatches up the Linnen that lay on the Counter, and nimbly ran away with it; ſhe ſeeing that, ran out into the ſtreet after him, but remembring that ſhe was in no fit garb to purſue, thought firſt to draw off the Smock, but pulling it a little too violently, drew up therewith her own Cloaths, Smock and all, and expoſed her Nakedneſs to the view of the Standers by, *Spectatum admiſſi, risum teneatis Amici.* She has taken up Linnen Before, but methinks it was a little too much to take it up behind too; wherefore ſince ſhe can play ſuch tricks with her Linnen, it was not much amiſs that ſomebody ſhould ſhow her a trick and take her Linnen from her.

A Poſtſcript to the Miſs Diſplay'd.

HAd I not lately publiſhed a Book, called, *The Miſs Diſplay'd*, wherein I have given a full and true account of the notorious Life of a late famous *Bona Roba*, I ſhould here recount the crafty Wheedles of many more; ſhould I have done it, it would have ſeemed but little elſe than, *actum agere*; I have an averſion to *Cramben bis coctam apponere*; not but that ſome will feed heartily on a Loin of Veal minced after they have fill'd their Bellies with it, when firſt roaſted; one cold boi'd joint of meat I have ſeen ſerv'd up to a Table ſeveral ways dreſt and garniſh'd, which have been ſo far from nauſeating any particular mans Stomach

mach, that a critical Pallat has not known, but that they proceeded from raw flesh *de novo* to them. Pardon this digression, and assure your self it is not my design so to serve you now; all that I intend is only to add one observation, which is omitted in the *Miss Displayed*, which I read in that incomparable Book, written by *Monsieur Sennault* and called *L'Usage des Passions*; speaking of a gentile Courtezan, says he, *When she meets with any who subject themselves to her power, and patiently suffer themselves to be born away by her motions, she then takes the freedom and liberty to fly at all, and believes she may promise her self any thing from a Slave who can refuse her nothing. If she possess the Soul of a great man or a man of a great Estate, who hath neither courage nor resolution sufficient to defend himself against her Tyranny; she makes use of the weakness of his mind, and the strength of his purse to execute her designs: the subtlety of her Wit penetrates the grossness of his and makes the Dunghill of his little understanding manure and fatten her barren Land; and seizing on his head, she takes possession of the whole Man, and converts him and his appurtenances as much as she can to her own proper use and benefit.*

CHAP. XVI.

A Supplement to the Wheedles of a Tavern, with a more exact draught of a Ruby-faced Drawer.

A Tavern is an Academy of Debauchery, where the Devil teaches the seven deadly Sins. 'Tis the Rendevouze of Gallants, the Good Fellows Paradise, and the Misers Terrour, who sits here in fear of his Life because of the Shot.

It is an Engine of the largest Size for draining of mens Pockets; or 'tis a Sessions-house, for as you come in to show that you are going to a Trial of your Lives, you must first appear at the Bar; where Madam Minks with her head behung with as many Toys as their Bush, sits like the Goddess *Semele* (Mother of *Bacchus*) under her all commanding Canopy casting the Nativity of Men's Estates in strange *Egyptian Hiroglyphicks* and *Tithonian* Characters, and finds by the Horoscope of the Board, and frequent ill directions of *Score in the Half Moon*, that your Fortunes are short liv'd and your Purses declining into an irrecoverable Consumption.

Next the Blew Apron'd Captain of this Inchanted Castle comes into view. At first sight you would take him for an Hogshead set on two Stumps, and mov'd by Screws or Clockwork; for his Belly is big enough for a *Polish Limbus*; yet coming

coming nearer, you may discern somewhat like that which in man they call a Face; but broader than the Pewter Platter in St. *Johns Street*; studded and embossed all over with Vices Heraldry; in the midst of which his Nose blazes like a Comet, and infallibly portends drought. He thinks Nature gave him a mouth, not so much to speak, as to drink off his Liquor; and that by accustoming himself so to do, when he comes to set up for himself he may get so much a day by racking off Wines of all sorts into his own ungodly Belly; the main use he puts his Mouth and Belly to, is to receive and discharge what others have too dearly paid for already; and of all the Miracles that ever Christ wrought, he thinks none so meritorious *as the turning Water into Wine*; and as for their turning Wine into Water, I think they deservedly merit the Pillory; which is too frequently done among them. Did they do it no otherwise than one *Ratford* a Vintner, and yet a Quaker, who seeing he could hold no longer, as he drew off his Wine, he fill'd the Cask up again with Water, that by the fulness thereof his Creditors might not suspect his non-payment since their Wines were undrawn; by this policy he march'd off with a good sum of money; when gone, and the deceit discover'd one wrote these lines on him.

Christ the Divine
Turn'd Water into Wine,
But Ratford *the Quaker*
Turn'd Wine into Water,
And with a round sum he ran away after.

But to return to these Knights of the Blew Apron: Pray observe how we are forced to pray, intreat, crave, beseech and implore those Animals

for a Bottle that's neat, brisk and racy, and at last go without it, unless we bribe Deaths Emissaries, those Dregs and Lees of Mortality, your yawling, saucy, impudent, nimble-tongu'd Anon, Anon Sirs; to whom once more you must begg as heartily as a condemn'd Person does for a Reprieve, That they would graciously be pleas'd not to poison you at your own charge.

And now believe me Gentlemen, ——*Experto crede Roberto*; And I believe you your selves know it true by woful Experience that there is scarce a Pint true and wholsome drank, which the Guests do not twice pay for; first to the Drawer, and then to the Master; and there is more Wine vended in a year in this one over-grown City, under the notion of Canary, than the whole *Canaries* can produce.

Now here lies the Excellency and Mystery of the Trade; he that is best at Brewing and Balderdashing Wines, is most esteemed, and this they call managing a Cellar; and he that undertakes it, and goes through with it, with the greatest Sophistication, is termed a most incomparable Cellarman; the end of whose Labours is to cheat mens Palates, and the effect to destroy their Bodies. The Mountebanks *Pharmacopeia*, or the Quackeries of *Mount-fields* befriend not the Grave-makers so much as these Squires of the Fosset do; for *Pandora's Box* never gave vent to the Tythe of those mischiefs, which are broacht with a Pipe of Sophisticated Wine; which hath made me think, when I have heard the Bar-Bell ring for the Drawer to fetch t'other Pint, at the same time I heard, methought the Passing Bell of those that call'd for it; and when the Splay-mouth'd Rascalls cry, *D'ye call Sir*, methinks the sound is like *Charons* voice summoning us to the Ferry-boat; and to hear them

bawl

bawl out their *Hypocritical Welcome*, the Satyre would as much wonder at it, as at the Man that blew hot and cold; for they welcom you when you go in, and welcom you when you go out, and yet 'tis not you that are welcom at all, it is your Money.

Nor is it with their Cups (like *Circe*) that they enchant us, they can help you to a dainty Morsel too, at *Lucullusses* price; their Fricacies and Phagoons, Dishes you must pay four times over for. First for the meat; Secondly for dressing; Thirdly for sauce; and Fourthly for the hard name they bestow upon the Dish.

When they provide you a Dinner, you had better keep open house all *Christmass*, and if the Cloth be in the Great Room, the Guests shall severely pay for the laying on't; the largeness thereof, richness of Furniture, and delectable Painting are effectual Decoys to some or other who have seen it, to have his Wedding Dinner there, where the young Bridegroom many times spends half his Wives Portion for the conveniency of Dancing and Fiddles; no Age could ever produce the Twentieth part of such stately Rooms of Entertainment as the time since the dreadful Conflagration; and as the Taverns have since multiplyed in Number, so have they encreased in Glory and decreased in Trade, unless here and there one, whose Stock of Wines and Pride and Impudence are equally very large. And now since I have spoken of Great Rooms in Taverns, I cannot be so unjust to my Friends Ingenuity as to omit a Copy of Verses he writ on the *Sun*, and the Great Room in the *Sun* Tavern behind the *Royal Exchange*. They are these, and the Title was thus,

The Glory of the *Sun* Behind the *Exchange.*

Behind! I'le ne're believ't; *you may as soon*
Perswade me that the Sun stands behind Noon;
We should be then more than Cymmerian *blind,*
If the Worlds Eye (the Sun) should stand behind.
Nay rather then Heavens Lamp should so estrange
His proper Site, the Change *it self must Change;*
Gresham *must face about, under the Rose,*
The Kings themselves must go as the Sun goes:
Yet, notwithstanding what is here confest,
I am a Brownist *as to East and West.*
Cornhil *may in the South-side still take Pride;*
But where the Sun is, there's the warmer side.
Of all the Taverns, this a Palace is,
A Superstructure on a Base of Bliss.
And when the lofty Arch I me passing through,
Methinks in Triumph I to Tavern go;
To Tavern said I? Out upon it, no,
Methinks I rather to a Temple go;
Where the Great Room (and who would judge it less?)
A Church is, and the rest Chappels of Ease;
At least a Presence fit to entertain,
(As once thy Predecessor) Kings again.
So pompous, so Pyramidal, as if
It would on tiptoes Check-mate Tenariff:
The Turkey *work about the Dining Room*
Would make a Sultan think himself at home.
The Chimny-piece do's modern art surpass;
No hand could do the like but Phydias.
Pictures so quaint, so to the life excel,
You would not think them hang'd they look so well.
Cathedral Windows carry there the Bay,
Wo're many Quarrels are, but not a fray:

I need no stories of the Hangings tell
Arras it self's sufficient Chronicle.
There ev'ry Chamber has an Aqueduct,
As if the Sun had Fire for water truct.
Water as 'twere exhal'd up to Heav'ns shrowds,
To cool your Cups and Glasses in the Clouds;
Which having done from the Cœlestial Towers,
Like Jove *himself, you send it down in* showers.
But to the Cellar now, that happy Port,
Where Bacchus *in the Arches keeps his Court.*
No more of the Exchange *let People talk;*
Here's your High German, French *and* Spanish *Walk:*
In this Low-Country *is* High-Country *Wine.*
Here's your old mellow Malago, Muscadine,
Canary, Florence, *and* Madera *here,*
Or in a word, here is Wine with one Ear.
What shall I say? In vain I further write;
Here's all that's rare, that's rasy, rich, and right;
Such choice of choices, none amiss can call,
'Twould almost puddle me to name them all,
But that's a task no Poet can fulfill,
Except he write with a Canary *quill.*
And thus the Sun, *as with invisible Ropes*
Draws all the Change, and makes 'em Heliotropes:
You'd think, to see the Crouds that thither run,
A Man in Pauls *is but a Moat i'th' Sun.*

In short, a Tavern is a Scene of Confusion; a Gulf to swallow up a mans Money, and his Time, which is yet more Precious; a Nursery of Extravagancy, and a necessary place for Assignation between the Cracks and their Cullies, wherein the Devil at any time can never miss of a Factor for Sin and Debauchery.

CHAP. XVII.

The Character and Wheedles of an Engliſh *and* French T*aylor.*

BEfore I give you an account of the Tricks and Devices, Policies and Inſinuations of theſe two bloody Knights of the Round Table, it will be neceſſary to lay down ſome ſhort and due Character of them both; and ſince the *Engliſh* Taylor is the better Man of the two (if I may ſay a ſingle Taylor makes a man) I ſhall firſt begin with him. The Antiquity of his Profeſſion he deduces from the beginning of the World; *viz.* the Fall of *Adam*; and glories therein, ſince the Emperor of the whole World was not aſhamed to handle his Needle (ſuch a one as it was) to cover his own Nakedneſs, which was his onely ſhame; and this makes it his whole buſineſs to cover the Sin and ſhame of others; and has a Covert too for his own ſin of Theft and when detected in it, he has the impudence to juſtifie the fact, by ſaying, *It is a neceſſary part of his Calling*: But oh horrid! that that thing (Pride) which was the Fall of Angels ſhould be the Inſtrument of his Setting up.

I know not what to make of him, for let him be of any of thoſe opinions which are profeſt by the Diſſenters from the Church of *England*, yet he joins with it in an high eſteem of ſolemn Feſtivals, and he has reaſon ſo to do, for againſt *Chriſtmas*,

mas, *Easter* and *Whitsuntide*, he is a man of some repute, and multiplicity of business, but most of the year besides, like a thick Cloke in Summer, he is onely fit to be hung up and neglected.

You shall know him by the bloodiness of his Thumb-Nail, which alwayes carries the Trophies of his Victories over his Enemies, a certain sort of *Canibals* or Mans Blood-suckers, making continual incursions into his Territories, though he often surprize them with Terrible Slaughters.

Monsieur Stitch on the other side, not knowing well what to do in his own Country, and hearing how much we play the Apes in imitation of *French* Fashions, though unimaginably ridiculous he comes over with a Horse-load of rich Goods, *viz.* Patterns for Fashions (for other goods he left behind being possest in the right Owners hand) and all these Patterns were in their swadling Clouts, which he swears are not six Weeks old. This impudent Fellow (to raise himself to a reputation among the Gentry) that a little before his arrival he made the King of *France* a Suit; a gross mistake; for it was a Winter Suit he made for a *West-India* Gentleman called *Grimace Bare-breech*, who was brought thither to see fashions, and learn some Mimick Gestures that never Nature yet had taught him.

This Fellow certainly has an excellent invention for new shapes in Apparel; otherwise the speediest conveyance of them from his own Country, could never supply him with the Tithe he monthly doth produce. For the Champaigne Coat doubtlesly he was beholding to our Tankard-bearers for what they wear about their Shoulders to defend their Galling is exactly like the Cape, or like the rounded seat of an House of Office about the Neck instead of a Ruff. I wonder how he came to imitate the *Spaniard* since each Nation has such a

natural Antipathy each againſt other, and that he might hit him to a hair, he made a Gentlemans Breeches ſo narrow on the Thighs, and ſo ſtreight in the Seats, that ſtooping down, and the ſtuff of the Breeches being very tender, his Buttocks forced their way through, and ſeemed to look out of two Caſements in ſearch for that Bougre that had put that affront upon them and their Maſter in making him appear ſo much like a Bare—— Baboon.

What phantaſtical Garb his working thoughts can contrive, that he runs withall to ſome of the Nobility, hoping that if he can perſwade one or two of them to be Preſident to the reſt, that they will follow their Example, and that he may engage them to tell lyes for him (ſuch is his unparallel'd impudence) he ſwears to them that that Faſhion is ſo new that it rid poſt to him from the Court of *Paris* out of pure love, and hath ontrid all other Intelligence of the ſame, whereas it never travell'd a ſpit and a ſtride from his own Shop-board.

He makes it his buſineſs to decry every ſhape that is not in the *French* Mode to the credulous Ladies, and ſuch who he knows are famed for Faſhion-mongers, he cries, *Begar Madam, de Engliſ Faſhoon is no ting*; *is no ting begar*; *ma foy you be no Ghentlewoman if you be not alamode de* France; he means by *alamode*, a ſuitableneſs to the fooliſh humours of other Gentlewomen, who by his deluſions half ruine their Husbands in Apparel, whilſt this inſinuating Raſcal laughs in his Sleeve to think that the Gentry believe there is little Gallantry in Habit but what is ſpun from the Fancy of a *French* Taylour.

Now ſince Monſieur hath ſo much infected this Kingdom with the itch of Faſhions, we may thank our ſelves if we are not cured thereof. This fond humour

humour is a diſeaſe in the body politick; that deſerves a ſharper Corroſive than a Satyr; a nipping Penal Statute to eat away this proud fleſh that perſons may ſuit their dreſſes to their qualities, and *Joan* may be diſtinguiſhed from her Lady; at leaſt in the day-time, what-e're ſhe is in the Night. If this care were but taken, Taylors would ſoon low'r their Top-ſails, and ſtrike to thoſe they will not move their hat to. Taylors in *Adams* time were none of the twelve Companies, neither do I know how they ſhould; for doubtleſs his iſſue follow'd their Parents Example: We read his Summer ſuit was but Figg-leaf, and I dare ſay that for Winter was but Sheeps-skin, and *Eves* beſt Gown was of the ſame. *Taylors-Hall* that now is as big as ſome Towns in the *Netherlands*, was then I'le warrant it, not ſo big as a Pig-ſtye. Faſhions then were counted a Diſeaſe, and Horſes died of 'um, but now (thanks to Folly) 'tis held the only rare Phyſick for Taylors life, though ſome Gentlemen are undone by them. Much more might be ſaid as to the Character both of the *Engliſh* and *French* Taylor, but let theſe brief touches ſuffice for the preſent; Let us now in as ſhort a manner as is convenient look into the Wheedles and Circumventions of their Myſtery or Profeſſion.

You may perceive how deſirous he is to live, ſince he uſes his Thimble as a Gantlet for the ſecuring the top of his Middle-finger, for his Life at leaſt lies there, as *Achilles* his death did in his heel; this is his defenſive Weapon; he hath an offenſive one and much delights therein, and that is the long Bill, which he manages to the great prejudice of young Gallants Eſtates, I mean before their Fathers dye, and are really poſſeſt of them: For if the Parents be cloſe ſiſted, and will not contribute Oyl to their Sons Lamp to make it ſhine, the wheedling

dling Taylor does it; first he makes him a splendid suit, and trusts him with it; nay, more than that, puts Gold in the Pockets when he carries it home; and if that will not engage a young Prodigals heart, I know not what will; and all this upon trust; but in the end, he shall dearly pay for his credit. It may be this Gentleman lies in the Taylors house, and that adds very much to his gaining a propriety in this young Heirs Estate; for the expence alone of his Diet shall maintain the whole Family besides his Lodging. This crafty Wheedle never lets him go far in debt for Cloaths, Logding and Diet, but he takes Bond for it; and then lets him go on a fresh; the Father at last dying, and the young Gentleman invested in the Estate; a considerable quantity of Mourning is to be made, by whom, but by his Confident the Taylor; this rises to apother considerable Sum; and now it is high time the Taylor thinks that he should be paid; Money is demanded, but since there was but little left at the Decease of the Father, Land is offer'd (the Debt being very considerable) and the Taylor accepts it at a Robinhoods penny-worth: Portions to the rest and Legacies to Relations must be paid, for the satisfaction whereof the Major part of the remaining Land must be Mortgaged, and the Taylor is sure to go his Snack; and thus do's this Leech suck the blood of his Estate so long till there be hardly a drop therein left to help the poor Heir in his languishing condition. He values not a ready money Customer so much as one that goes on trust and is able to pay, though not at present; the first will not be overreacht by reason of present money; whereas the other will not scruple his Bill for his Credit sake, and so puts what rates he pleases; so that his gain is very great, and credit larger, for if he want

money

money to pay Mercer, Draper or any else he deals with all; a turn-over of a Bill or Bond makes them good payment for he will deal with none but such as are substantial.

However I cannot but commend our Taylor for his Skill in Geometry, for he boasts of rare performances in palliating Crookedness; for Monsieur Stitch will swear, *Begar when me have de Lady like de twisted Battoon of de Lacquay, so dat you wud tink de Modra had be twisting of de Guts, when she conceived de child; begar be art me make her appear as strait as any one in de Varld*; and this our Countrymen avoucheth he can do in all respects proportionable; yet must he confess he is not able to take measure of his own Conscience; for though he have many bottoms yet that seems is wholly bottomless.

These men differ altogether from God, for with them the best pieces are still markt out for Damnation, and are cast into Hell without hope of recovery; I mean the Hell under his Shop-board which like the Grave is a continual Devourer of Good, Bad, and Indifferent. Next observe what a cunning Alchymist he is, for he extracteth his own Apparel out of other mens Clothes and when occasion serves makes a Broakers Shop his Limbeck and can turn Silks into Gold and having furnish'd his necessaries after a month or two (if he be forced unto) reduce them again into their proper substance; he never makes Garments for Man or Woman but he snips some pieces from them sometimes out of a Suit and Cloak enough to make a Boy a pair of Breeches or a Doublet and sometimes for both; and as I have heard, one Cloak out of another, though the Owner stood by to see him cut it out for fear of being cheated.

He drives a Trade with Sadlers for pieces of Cloth

Cloth to make ſeats for Saddles; the courſe Cloth makes Spatterdaſhes for Country Plowmen; Woollen Caps and Mittens for old Women. If a Suit and Cloak of good Cloth, or a Silk Gown of Rich Silk be to be made; he perſwades as many as he can to buy off the ſame (pretending it is the onely Stuff in faſhion) and out of them all he will pilfer a whole Suit and Cloak or Gown for his own diſpoſe; Cloth of Silver, brancht Sattin, and the like goes for Pin-cuſhions, Pin-pillows, Womens Purſes, and if black they are excellent for Church-Wardens Caps, *&c.*

I will not ſpeak of his ſtretching Gold and Silver Laces; of his taking up a much more for an ignorant Cuſtomer then he knows will ſerve; of his confederating with the Mercer or Draper in the price when the Cuſtomer goes with him, of which a ſpill is to be return'd in private; nor of his bubbling people in putting in any rotten Stuff, for lining where it is not ſeen. A pleaſant Story (very well known) to this purpoſe I ſhall here inſert.

A Gentleman bringing a Suit to a Taylor, that he might have his Breeches the warmer brought two yards of Bayes to line the inſide; the Taylor thought it too good for that uſe and therefore took it to himſelf and ſupplied it with old painted Cloth; it hapned ſhortly after the Gentleman wearing thoſe Cloaths to *Iſlington*, as he went over a Style ſomething took hold of his Breeches and rent a great ſlaſh or gap in them that diſcovered the theft; for right againſt the hole was the picture of a Devil with a Muckfork in his hand, which made the Gentleman admire how the Devil he ſhould come there, ſearching further, he found more of his Fellows all arm'd as aforeſaid, Tormenting of *Dives* in the Flames, which put him in a great

Rage

Rage to consider how that by the Knavery of the Taylor he should carry Hell-fire in his Breech and reserve the Hell wherein it was contain'd to himself and wish'd that Sir *Stitch* had been there to carry it to the place from whence it came.

Now as the Master cheats his Customers, so do his Journey-men rob him if they have opportunity, Silk Pieces, Laces, Whalebone, all is Fish that comes to the Net. Nay the very Trotter has his Intrigues too; for to raise a Sum he shall run to Shops where his Master has credit and desire them to send him some patterns of the newest fashion'd Gold and Silver Lace, and having gotten what he can from several Shops, he melts them into his Pocket to the value of half a piece or more.

To conclude, certainly our Taylor is a man of good Parts, being double Yarded, and yet his Wife complains for want of Measure. He is able to out-cant a Quack or Mountebank, and when he runs over the Catalogue of his Stuffs, you would think him going to conjure, for he talks of *Parragon, Burragon, Philipine, Chenty, Grogrum, Damasil'y, Novars Pinkadilly*, &c.

His Wheedles are so many, they cannot be numbred and therefore shall take my leave of him onely saying this, He lives to the destruction of half penny loaves and young Gallants, and perhaps dyes miserable of a Surfeit of Cucumbers; but before that time come, I pray God give him the Grace of Repentance and Restitution that he may at last cheat the Devil as he hitherto has done his Customers.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Smithfield Jockey.

AN *Oſtler* is an *Icicle*, begot by a cold *Northern* blaſt; which being blown to the *South*, by good Fortune is there thaw'd into a warm Employment: Or is a part of that Snow which falling in *Yorkſhire*, and afterwards diſſolved, ran gladly out of the Country, with a reſolution never to ſee it more; and if ever after you find him worth any thing for that he may ſay *Gramercy-Horſe*. He hath certain charms for an Horſes mouth, that he ſhould not eat his Hay; and behind your back, will cheat your horſe to his Face: beſides he hath a penſion of Money or Liquids from the next *Smith*, and *Sadler* for Intelligence. If he chance to leap from other mens Horſe-heels, into a Saddle of his own; he then becomes his own *Hackney-man*; for he lets himſelf out to hire, as well as his horſe, and is a great afflicter of the High-ways, beating them out of meaſure, which injury is ſometimes revenged by the *High-Pad*. Flying from the Dunghil from whence he ſprung; goes on *Pilgrimages*, which are *Horſe-Markets*, and *Fairs*, and his chiefeſt devotion conſiſts in buying *Robin-Hoods penny-worths*; and, ſo that he purchaſe a good bargain, he cares not though the Seller loſe his life for his labour. He is a notable Shuffler in the World, wherein he is ſo oft putting off that at length he puts on, and is ſo fierce in his getting money, that he verifies the Proverb; *Set*

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A Beggar on Horſeback, and he will ride poſt to the Devil. His face is now Armour of proof, which nothing can daſh out of Countenance. He is in league with the *Tapſters*; not ſo much for the ſake of the *Worſhipful* of the Inn, as by drinking high to engage *Tapſter* and *Oſtler*, to tell a thouſand lyes for him; and ſwears how much he is their friend, whereas he is but the Picture of one; and as Pictures are generally obſerved to flatter, ſo he frequently ſhews fairer, then the true ſubſtance. If he be yoked with any, it muſt be one that has money, not him that ſtands on the loweſt ground, but thoſe whoſe Fortunes may tempt him to deceive them; for which he is not wanting as to cunning deviſes and contrivances. For Example, he hath a trick to *blow* up *Horſeflesh*, as a *Butcher* doth *Veal*, which ſhall waſh out again in 'twice riding from *London* to St. *Albans*. No man domineers more in his Inn (though an *Oſtler* t'other day) nor miſcalls his *Hoſt* with more Impudence and preſumption; and this Arrogance proceeds from his Ignorance, or from the health and number of his Horſes; which plainly appears from the alteration of his ranting humour into a ſordid ſubmiſſion, when he ſees his Stables ſo filled with Diſeaſes, that a man might rationally conjecture *Smithfield* was an *Hoſpital* for Horſes; or a *Slaughter* Houſe for my *Lord Mayors Doghouſe*. For his Sale of Horſes he hath variety of falſe covers, and diſguiſes, as ſo many blinds for all manner of Diſeaſes incident to Horſeflesh, onely comes ſhort of one thing (which he deſpairs not utterly to bring to perfection) and that is, to make an Horſe go on a Wooden Leg, and two Crutches; as for poudering an Horſes ears with *Quickſilver*, giving him a *Suppoſitory* of five Eels; riding a foundered Jade, full of diſtempers, from Sun to Sun with

without drawing Bit, that is to say, from the Sun in *Charterhouse Lane*, to the Sun in *Aldersgate-street*; these are old inventions he cries, and therefore scorns to use them; his Knaveries are of a later *Impression*, and better *Printed*.

There are such plenty of *Jockeys* in this Kingdom, they swarm every where, but none so expert as I can find, than such as were spawn'd in *Yorkshire*; like Horses, that are much the better either for the breed or Country from whence they came; hence grew the Proverb; *shake a Bridle over a* Yorkshire *Tikes Grave, and he will rise again*; the natural love of some of them to Horses, may be easily seen by their frequent adventuring both Liberties and Lives for their sakes. By the purchase of a Bridle there is three parts of the horse already secured, and the little Pad-Saddle, which with much ease can be carried in his Breeches, fully perfects the work: fraught with this success he rides for *London*, and by the Sale of his Goods (unjustly gotten) he gets into the Employment of an *Hostler*; or, for some miscarriage being whipt out of his own Country, he marcht to *London*, hoping there to find as good fortune, as other of his Countrymen, who have hardly let an Inn escape them either in City or Suburbs; so that they have in a manner monopolized all the Offices belonging thereunto, as *Tapster*, *Chamberlain*, *Hostler*, &c. The first Inn he came at, he had the luck to be entertained, as a man that could go through much and variety of business; as the rubbing of Horse-Heels, Boot-catching, running of Errands, emptying the Chamberlains jordans, and Close-stool-pans, as yet his services had not gain'd him so much Credit to be Assistant to Sir *Timothy Nick and Froth, Overseer of the Taphouse and Vic-*

Vice-Roy of the Low-Countries *next adjacent.* Theſe hard-hearted hide-bound new Maſters of his engaged his ſervice without the Allowance of Wages for one whole year, and well contented he was at the concluding the bargain, ſince he knew he could not want proviſion, being *Yeoman of the Dripping-Pan*, under the *Skullion of the Kitchin.* As for his Lodging, he could not deſire better than to litter with a parcel of *Four-Legged Bedfellows*, whom he loved ſo dearly well, notwithſtanding he had ſtolen one of their Species, and *in perpetuam iſtius culpæ memoriam*, had a mark given to attend him at his Funeral.

After the expiration of an year, preferment did ſtrangely proſtitute it ſelf to him, and Fortune ſeemed to make him her Favourite, for he was removed from all Kitchin ſtuff drudgery; ſince by his ſtrength and Stature he was look'd upon in a condition to be more ſerviceable to Whores and Horſes, than to waſhing of Diſhes, and immediately thereupon was dub'd *Under-Hoſtler.*

In the firſt place he indeavoured, by all means imaginable, to poſſeſs his Maſter with a good and real opinion of his honeſty, care and induſtry, in the next place; he got acquainted with the Smith, who was principally employed by the Maſter of the houſe, with whom he contracted for three pence in the Shilling, for what he by his Rogueries had occaſioned. Neceſſity, the Mother of Invention, would not ſuffer him to want crafty contrivances to effect his many advantages; in what manner they were done, I ſhall give you a brief account as followeth, not reſpecting order as they were gradually acted.

Firſt,

First, If a Gentleman did ſet up his Horſe, though it be but for an hour, he would be ſure to draw ſo many Nails, that when the Gentleman came to remount, he was informed, that ſo many ſhoes were looſe, ſo that there did lye a neceſſity for the Farrier to be ſent for immediately; who it may be without a cauſe, finds fault with the Shoes, telling him that a Shoe is either too wide behind, and will occaſion the Horſe to cut; or too little, and ſo he will fall Lame, e're he be gone ten miles; this bait does frequently among credulous Gudgeons, and are this way furniſh'd worſe, it may be, than before. If you have two good Girts he will be ſure to have one by putting the change upon you.

Miſſes are ſo cuſtomary made uſe of here about the Town, that to be in Faſhion, he muſt have a *Crack* too, and indeavours her maintenance, as he hath purchaſed his pleaſure, and that is in *Hugger Mugger* by Stealth; for he ſeldom goes into the *Oſtlery*, but that the poor Rogue will make a very hard ſhift, but that he will fill his Pockets with Corn, or ſome other pitiful ſhammocking deviſe, he is got in his Breeches; this is conveyed privately to his *Phebe*, and when made a Buſhel, ſold to ſome *Hackney-Coachman*, or *Carter*, who go ſnips with him in non-payment of the full rate.

Lying thus at Rack and Manger, he begins to inſpect the profit of his Maſter (the *Head-Oſtler*) and having inſinuated himſelf into his good eſteem by his ſeemingly fair and honeſt carriage, he at laſt is intruſted with all, which gives the one an opportunity to ſerve himſelf, and not his Maſter, whilſt he is a ſleep in Bed, or in a worſe place, and *Jack*, *Tom*, or what Name you Pleaſe, is then buſie in conveying Hay, Straw, Corn, *&c.*

out

out of the House, taking another opportunity to convert what he has thus stolen into ready money.

Now if any Gentleman loves his Horse so well, that he will see him feed, before he will feed himself, yet this crafty Knave shall cheat him to his Face; as thus; he will tell the Gentleman that if he please he will put his Horse by himself, to the intent he may eat quietly, in which Manger (it being the darkest place in the whole Stable) is a Slider, not much unlike that of a Tinder-box; taking a wisp of Hay to cleanse the Manger, he opens his own little Theevish Granary, and throwing the Corn against the Hole, pretending to shove the Corn for better advantage of the Horse, he takes the opportunity of shutting the Slider; if he have not time to do it before he espy the Gentleman coming to observe how heartily his Horse doth feed, he then advanceth, stopping him in the way, and saying; *Pray Master don't disturb your Horse, he eats his meat very well.*

If at another time a man should put up his Horse for a very little time, and give no order to give him Hay, yet he certainly shall pay for what the Horse did never touch: and if he finds him a raw unexperienced young Gentleman, and not accustomed to ride, he has his Comb about him always ready, and with much pretended care, combs the Main, and Tail, thrusting the Lock of his forehead round the upper part of the Bridle, and when my young Gallant is about to mount, this Fellow, in hopes of reward, is all Cringes, and observance, and with an eye fixt on the Gentleman, which begs more powerfully then his Tongue, he takes hold of Bridle, and Stirrup, and

and ſo Tenter-hook'd him, till he hath received a voluntary Fee. By being thus frequently rewarded, and by his Theſts aforeſaid, he gets more than his Maſter the *Head-Oſtler*.

If any have Horſes which ſtand at Livery, I adviſe them to look narrowly to their Water; otherwiſe the Owners ſhall pay ſo much *per Week* for his ſtanding, and theſe Raſcals ſhall receive the profit of his Labour. For if any Perſon (they very well know) has an occaſion to Ride ten or twenty Miles, upon the condition he will return that day before Night, they will furniſh him with a Livery Horſe; if the Owner ask for his Horſe in the Morning, he is gone to Water remotely off: If in the Evening, he is gone abroad to be Air'd; and if it chance that his Knee or Knees be broke, they then plead *Ignoramus*, and pretend they know not how it ſhould happen, but by the next Horſe, having the full length of his Halter, and ſo turning Tail, ſtruck him unfortunately.

This younger Raſcal, or Under-Oſtler, having behaved himſelf ſo Circumſpectfully, that his Fidelity was never ſuſpected, and having gotten ſome Money by his Illegal Practiſes and ſubtle Inſinuations; he now reſolves to add a better Title to his ill-got Money; and therefore hearkens out for the Place of an *Head-Oſtler*; his former ſeemingly honeſt deportment ſoon hoiſted him into employment; but knowing how falſe he was to others, he would not admit of any of his Countrymen into his *Oſtlery*, leaſt they ſhould cheat him, and ſo ſerve him in his own Coin.

By his frequent Converſe and Dealings with Farriers,

Farriers, he improved his *Jockey-ship* to a great height; and being puft up with that Knowledge, he heretofore could not reasonably expect to attain to, he deserts his *Office*, and makes *Smithfield* the onely *Rendezvous* of his Intelligence and Acquaintance; and here having provided himself with a Chamber, Stable, and Hay-loft, all the Stock that he had, he lays out in Horse-flesh; and therein, as he cheats others, he is sometimes cheated himself; but that is *aut raro, aut nunquam*. One would think that now and then such *Jockeys*, that are of a long standing, were very Fools to buy a Foundered *Jade*, only for shape sake; knowing how soon by that means they can hook in some Person or other upon that Account, and therefore they care not (though they know it) whether an Horse has never a good Leg, so that he have good shape; and that their Knavery may not be discovered, the *Jockey* will not be seen to sell him himself, but employ some confident of his; and as he sees some likely Chapman approach, and bid Money, he is at his Elbow to bid likewise; and by this means frequently draws in a Customer; and if he cannot light of one, 'tis usual for him to buy his own Horse, or Mare, supposedly anothers, and expose him to Sale the next Market day as his own, or some others, that have bought the like Horse of him, so often till such time he hath got him off his hands.

Give me leave now more particularly to discover the Tricks of this same *Smithfield Jockey*. First, When he hath bought an old Horse, and yet resolves to sell him for a good Price; the first thing he do's is to put him into good Case, and to make him seem young, he has an excellent invention by taking a small Iron, about the thick-

nes

neſs of the ſmall end of a Tobacco-ſtopper, or not ſo thick, and heating it red hot, he burns a little black hole in the Tops of the two out-moſt Teeth of each-ſide the neather chap before, next the Tuſhes, and then with an Awl-blade pricks it, making the ſhell fine and thin, then with a ſharp ſcraping Iron makes all his Teeth white and clean; to perfect his work he takes a fine Lancet, and above the hollow of the Horſes eyes, which are ſhrunk down, he makes a little hole, only through the skin, and raiſing it up, puts in a Quill that is very ſmall (either Duck or Ravens) and then blows the skin full of Wind, till all the hollowneſs be filled up; having taken out the quill, he lays his finger on the ſmall Orifice a little while, and the Wind will ſtay in, by which means, to all outward Appearance, the Horſe will ſeem but ſix years old at moſt.

There is another Trick he hath to make an Artificial mark appear in an Horſes mouth, which hardly can be diſtinguiſhed from what is natural; and thus he do's it: When the Horſe is grown old, he then makes him firſt fat, and that is done ſeveral ways, either by mingling Carrots among his Oats, or by Mr. *Markhams* farning Balls, *&c.* having ſo done, he takes an Awl, or Bodkin, and having wrought the Horſes Tooth therewith, he claps in a piece of Sheath, this looks ſo naturally that *Horſe-Courſers* themſelves have been deceived thereby, much more may other men, who are not acquainted with ſuch Helliſh-Plots to wrong the ignorant. Theſe are a dangerous ſort of Cattle to deal with all; for their Profeſſion does daily inſtruct them how to fight cunningly, and if you ingage them, you will find leſs danger in their *Battery*, than *Undermining*.

Let

Let the Hair of an Horſe ſtare ever ſo much, he knows ſpeedily how to make his Coat ſmooth, ſlick, ſoft, and ſhining: It is but preſerving ſome of his Horſes Blood, after he has had an occaſion to open a Vein, and therewith anoint him all over, letting the blood lye on his Coat eight and forty hours; then curries, and dreſſes him well, and this makes the Hair lye even, and ſhine like Jet.

He hath ſeveral ways to eat off hair from any part of an Horſes Body; as with unſleckt Lime boil'd to a fourth part, and an Ounce of Orpiment added thereunto; by ſpreading this on Leather and laying it where he would have the Hair removed, and it ſhall do it in ſix hours; Ruſt and Orpiment ſcalding hot applied will do it; but let the *Jockey* have a care of ligging to a Tree, if he uſe it as ſome have done, who have been juſtly hang'd for their Roguiſh ingenuity by taking out a Star in the Forehead of the Horſe they have ſtolen or ſome other obſervable Mark, making Hair grow there of another complexion; by which means the right Owners have not known their own Horſes when they ſaw them. Here will neceſſarily follow a ſhort Account how the Jockey makes Artificial Stars for his advantage.

If he hath an Horſe well coloured, and for a further Ornament to his Body, he would have a White Star, he then takes a long ſharp Bodkin, and as long as he would have the Star, ſo far upwards he thruſts the Bodkin between the Skin and Bone, hollowing the Skin as he thruſts it, then he forms Lead to the ſhape of the Bodkin, and withdrawing it, makes the Lead ſupply its place; after this he thruſts in the Bodkin croſs-

wise underneath the Lead, adding more Lead to that place, and this represents the form of a Cross; then he takes Packthread and puts it underneath the four Corners of the Lead, and then drawing it strongly, contracts the hollow Skin to a Purse, letting it rest thus four and twenty Hours, the Skin will not return to its former place; the Leaden Pins being removed, he closes the Skin to the Forehead; after the first hair be fallen, the next that comes assure your self will be white. A Crab roasted and laid excessive Hot to the Horses Forehead will do the like.

If he have a White Horse, and would have an ornamental black Starr, he only takes Rust of Iron, Galls and Vitriol, and pounding them in a Mortar, with Sallet Oil, and therewith anoints the place, and it will convert white Hair into Coal Black. When he is desirous to have a Red Starr, he takes *Aqua Vitæ*, *Aqua Fortis*, and a little *Quicksilver*, and shaking them together in a Glass, anoints the place therewith; this will convert any colour'd Hair into Red immediately.

When he is minded to go on the Pad, he hath an incomparable Art to keep his Horse from neighing, either abroad when he lies in Ambuscado for some Travelling Booty, or having gotten his purchase, he Chambers his Horse to avoid discovery. It is done by taking only a Woollen Cloth, and tye it fast in many folds about the midst of your Horses Tongue, and as long as the Horse is so Tongue-tyed, so long will he forbear Neighing. This Project I should like well for the preservation of a man when in War upon service, but no otherwise.

If

If at any time he perceive his Beaſt to grow reſtiff, through a naughty nature or ſullenneſs, to cure him of this ill quality, which proves ſo detrimental to his profit he makes a running Snickle of a ſmal cord, and puts it about his Cods and Stones, ſo that it may not ſlip, then draws the reſt of the Cord between the Girths and the Horſes Body, bringing it up juſt between the Horſes Fore-Legs, and as he ſits in the Saddle, holding the end of the Cord in his hand when he perceives him to begin to grow reſtiff, then by pulling the Cord he cramps his Stones, and by that means forceth him to go forwards; thus uſing him a dozen times he cures him ever afterwards of ſtanding ſtill: if he finds his Horſe upon the Road begin to faulter, he ſoon mends his Pace by putting into each ear ſome ſmall Pebbles.

He hath ſeveral ways to make an Horſe exceeding nimble at the Spurr, that is of a dull ſlothful Nature, I ſhall inſtance this one among a great many; he firſt ſhaves him on both ſides the breadth of the Palm of a mans hand juſt upon the ſpurring places, then with a Lancet he makes half a dozen ſmall Orifices on both ſides, then raiſing the Skin from the Fleſh, puts into each hole ſome burnt Salt, this rankles the ſore, which he lets be ſo three or four days; after this he mounts him, and ſpurs him ſeverely in the ſore places: having ſo done he waſheth the ſore with ſtale Urine, Salt and Nettles boiled together, this will cauſe the Spurring-places to ſmart ſo inſufferably, that he will never indure the Spurr afterwards; now to cure this ſore he onely anoints it either with Honey or rubs it with the powder of Glaſs.

He hath an Art of quick fatning poor hunger-ſtarv'd ſickly and diſeaſed Horſes, by which means

he hath put ſeveral Cheats upon the Buyer, purchaſing Horſes fair to the Eye, which in a very little time after have diſcovered themſelves what they are infirm and bouſter'd up only by Art and not worth the riding. Now though *Jockeys* and Horſecourſers make uſe hereof to cheat and abuſe people, yet it is a moſt Soveraign Medicine not only to fatten any Horſe, but it is alſo a moſt admirable ſcourer, not only feeding, but cleanſing the Body from all peccant and malignant Humours whatever; for which Cauſe I will here inſert the Receipt. Take of Wheat-meal a ſufficient quantity, of Cummin-ſeeds two Ounces, of Anniſeeds a quarter of a Pound, of Carthamum two Drachms, of Brimſtone two Ounces, of Sallet Oil a Pint and half, a quart of Honey, and of White Wine a Pottle; Firſt take your hard Simples and Pulverize them, then commix them with your humid Simples work them together into a Paſte, and make thereof Balls or Loaves, crumbling it between your hands into Water, and let him drink thereof.

You cannot pleaſe him better with a handſome plump Wench of fifteen, then with the ſight of an Horſe well ſtatur'd and well complexion'd with little Feet (for broad Feet are marks of dulneſs) ſhort Paſterns, large Legs, broad and flat, a thick large Breaſt, with well rais'd Shoulders, and a quick Full Eye.

How crafty and ſubtle is he in diſcovering the Glanders by feeling between his Chaps; as for all other Maladies and Imperfections lurking internally and not diſcernable to the Eye, he has a pretty way to find them out by letting the Horſe run at the Halters length till he ſweat by which an old cold will be diſcovered by his Cough, and by drawing his breath that he is either Purſie or ſhort-

winded

winded, or if he be lame he will find where the grief lyeth, by his favouring one Leg more then another. When the mark in his mouth is so obliterated that his Age that way is not to be known, he will read his Age in his Tail, feeling it all down, and if his Strunt be smooth, without any knobs at the end on't, the Horse he concludes (and 'tis true) hath not seen half his days, on the contrary, the knobs do declare he hath few good days to come.

And now observe the cruelty of our *Smithfield Jockey* to his poor Beast, being a dull heavy restiff Jade, to make him seem otherwise by prancing and capering, both without and in the Stable, as if he were all Spirit and Mettle. He first takes him out of the Stable in a morning, and having in readiness a Bulls Pizzle, or a smart Whip, he beats or whips his dull Jade most unmercifully; turning him into the Stable, in the Afternoon he comes again and punisheth him in like manner, in this manner he fails not to deal with his Horse for above a Week together; after this when ever he comes into the Stable he whips him more or less: the Horse being thus accustomed to continual whipping, the very sight of his Master only will make him Dance and Caper; as if he had been laboriously taught so to do, to be qualified for a Raree Show in *Bartholomew-Fair*. Here note, that this cunning *Jockey* will never use his Whip or Rod when he brings any Customer to look upon him, that he may infuse a belief that this Prancing is the effect of his High Mettle, and not the product of fear of further punishment.

Moreover, that he may thus Prance and Bounce when rid in the Horse-market, the Boy that rides him (for there are plenty of young arch Rogues whose only substance proceeds from their atten-

dance on the Market) I say this Whores Egg new laid, will have a fling at him too, before he is offered to Sale, this makes the poor Jade afraid of the Boy as well as his Master, and thinking him to be his Deputy punisher he flings and flounces like *Alexanders* great Horse *Bucephalus*. Thus is the ignorant Buyer abused, for though at his first mounting he may fear the breaking of a Neck in half a score miles riding he must not trust to his Horses, but his own Legs to bring him home again.

He has another way to make an Horse go very merrily without Rod, Whip or Spur a little way although he be the veriest Jade living, and that is by taking a quarter of a Peck of Oats, and mingle them with the root of *Elicampane*, well wash't and cut into small pieces with a spoonful of Honey, and let him eat thereof the night before Market day: The next morning as he is ready to go out, he takes a glass full of Sack, and pours one half thereof into one Ear and the other half into the other, clapping his hands upon his Ears, and holding them fast a little time that he may not shake out the Wine, then letting him go, he immediately mounts him, and for two or three Hours he will go as merrily as any Horse whatever.

If any Gentleman sets his Horse with him at Livery, or so much *per* Night, being desirous to sell him; if the *Jockey* like him, he first perswades the Gentleman, it will be disadvantagious to him to send his Horse into *Smithfield-market*, for if once blowed upon there, he will never after yield near his value. If the Gentleman meets with a Chapman for him, who desires to try him for two

or

or three Miles, the *Jockey* then takes his opportunity to clap betwixt the Hoof and Shoe a little thin Wedge that is not to be discerned, by this means er'e the Rider has got a mile off the stones he is glad to return; for the Horse will be down right Lame, and any one will imagine thereupon that he is founder'd, this hinders his Sale, so that the *Jockey* has him at last at his own rate.

As Youth plays its little Waggeries till they seed into great Villanies, so our *Jockey* at first practiced an innocent trick to make an Horse lame for the present, and that was by taking up a Vein on the inside of either hind Legs, and with an Horse hair tying it very hard, he shall immediately Halt, but the Hair no sooner slipt but the Lameness shall be instantly removed.

He has a notable invention of a Saddle, so new that I am very certain, the Jockies of former Centuries were never acquainted with; it is made after this manner. The Tree of his Saddle has a plate of Iron on the forepart of the Ribbs, with holes ingeniously drill'd thereon; I can compare it to nothing more like than Tortoise-shell hafted Knives, with a spring within thrusting out when you cut (any thing) small prickles through holes in a row, like those of a Lamprey. In like manner, through these holes little pieces of sharpned Wire, which in mounting the Horse push through the holes and prick him; when mounted, if he sit backward, they draw in again, and when he would have them shoot out he sits forward, by which means without Spur, Switch or Whip he makes the Buyer believe that though it be a dull heavy Jade, it is the height of his Mettle only that makes him thus restless in his motion. Our *Jockey*

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in his Travels has often practiced this notorious trick and roguish project either to get ready money of Gentlemen; or swop his surbaited founder'd Jade for one of thrice the value. Riding to some Fair or Market, either baiting by the way or being come to his Journeys end, setting up his Horse (which though he appear fair to the eye, he is notwithstanding a meer Jade) I say putting his Horse into the Stable he observes what good Horses there are in the Stable, and fixing his eye on the best demands of the Hostler to whom such a Gelding belongs, reply is made, that Sir *Thomas*, or Squire—— such a one is the Owner who now is drinking Wine, with some Gentlemen within. He seems to take little notice of that, but pretending to give his Horse some Ale, sends the Hostler to the Tapstry for three Pots, two for his Horse, and one for the Bearer; and i'th' interim conveighs a pretty bigg round stone into that Horses Fundament, having so done he leaves his Horse and Hostler to play the good Fellows together; but in a little time the Hostlers sport is spoil'd, for having tippled off his Ale, and then looking after his business, he perceives that brave Gelding which was so lately well is now in a dangerous condition by some suddain desperate distemper that's befall'n him, for viewing him well he observes that not a part of him is free from Trepidation, his Eyes do stare and swell, as if they were ready to start out of his head, and sweats so violently, that you may sweep it off his back with your hand; by reason of these bad Symptoms and the Hostler not knowing what to apply he runs instantly to the Gentleman, and in few words tells him his Horse is dying, the Gentleman strangely surprized at such unwelcome unexpected tidings goes hastily to the Stable: the

Jockey

Jockey observes his motion and follows after; the Gentleman at sight of his Horse believes the Hostler by what he sees with his own eyes, and despairs of his Recovery; the *Jockey* hereupon makes his advantage either by buying him for little or nothing, or by swopping. But the usual benefit that he makes of this opportunity is after this manner. Seeing how much the Gentleman is concerned for the suspected loss of his Horse, he Addresses himself thus in these or the like Terms; Sir, though I am a Stranger to you, yet I am willing to do any Gentleman what kindness lyes in my power; then know Sir, I am the Son of as eminent a Farrier as lives within the Circumference of *London* and its Suburbs, and was his Servant so many years; that I have since practiced for my self commonly with success, and if you think fit to be at half a piece charge to the Apothecary, if I cure him not in less than an hours time, I will not only lose my labour, but pay you the price of your Gelding. The Gentleman believes him, and very loth to lose a Beast, he so much values, gives him the money with a promise of reward. The *Jockey* hereupon goes seemingly to the Apothecaries, and returning brings with a Horn a Drench, that might be safely given an Horse whether well or ill; then sends away the Hostler in some sleeveless Errand, and in the mean time withdraws the stone out of the Horses Fundament, which done he is instantly at Ease, and although before he refused his meat, by that time the Hostler return'd so did his Stomach, and falling roundly to his Food, the Gentleman was sent for who much admired the speediness of the Cure whose joy hereat pick'd his Pocket of a Guinny more, besides the ten shillings for the Apothecaries Ingredients which

which were never designed to be bought by this politick *Jocky*.

His subtle Tricks and Projects are so many it is impossible to number them: wherefore I shall conclude thus, A Man almost may as safely trade with Satan for Salvation, as to buy of a *Jocky* a sound Horse and a good Pennyworth,

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FINIS.